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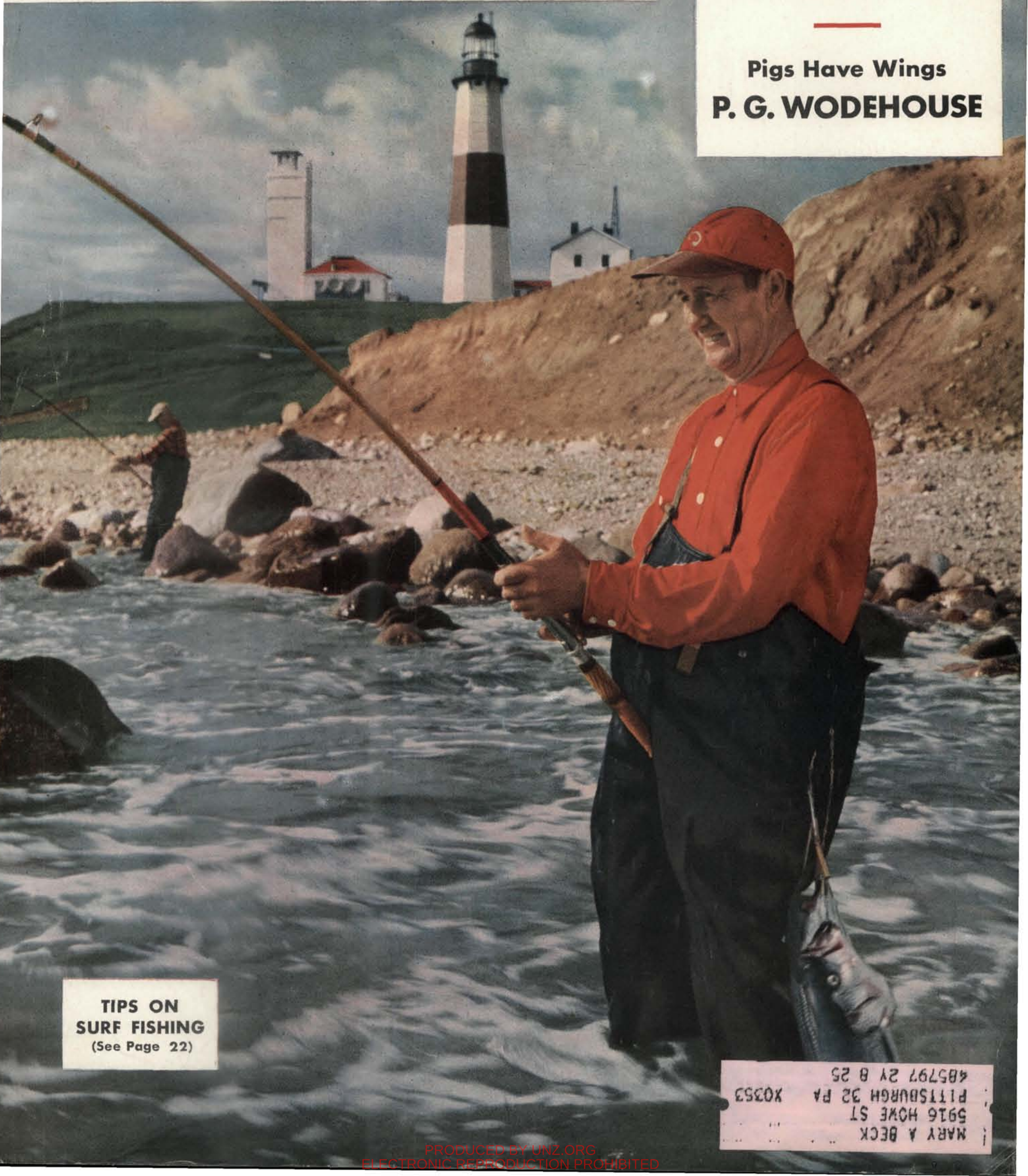

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(See Page 22)

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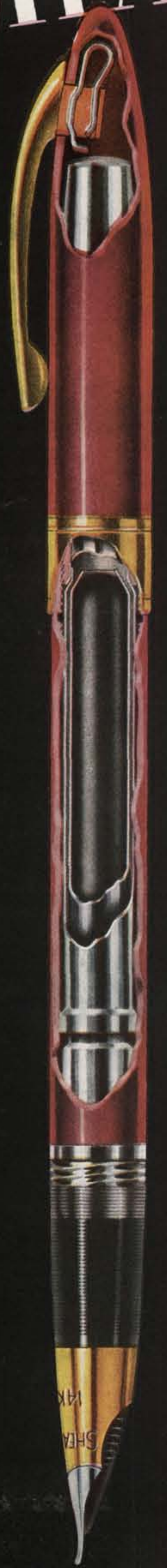

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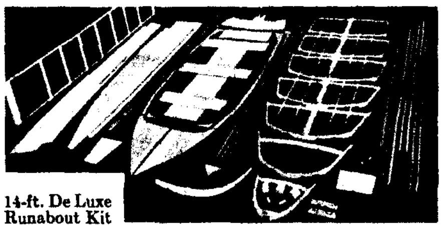
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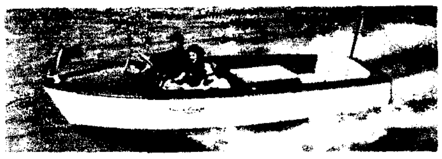
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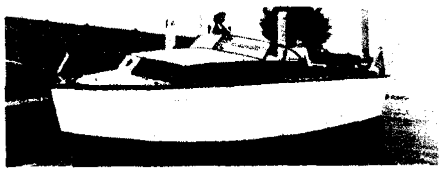
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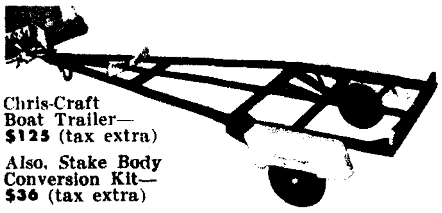
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August 16, 1952

ARTICLES

Week End with Major Ike . . . . COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 10
Antivivisectionists—Are They Finished? . . . . BILL DAVIDSON 15
Surf Fishing . . . . RAYMOND R. CAMP 22
Salad Days . . . . HARRY BOTSFORD 26
Model Space Ship 30
Beanie Takes a Look at the World . . . . ELIZABETH BEAN 32
My Battle Inside the Korea Truce Tent . . . . VICE-ADMIRAL CHARLES TURNER JOY, USN 36
(PART ONE OF THREE PARTS)
Gardening in the Sky 60
"Let the Fire Fall!" 66

FICTION

Pigs Have Wings . . . . P. G. WODEHOUSE 19
(PART ONE OF SIX PARTS)
Virginia . . . . GORDON FORBES 44
The Unbeliever . . . . DOROTHY M. JOHNSON 50
Inside Call . . . . DONALD MacKENZIE 54
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Debt of Honor . . . . JOHN SAVAGE 55
A Place for a Beginning . . . . VALERIA WINKLER GRIFFITH 68

●

48 States of Mind . . . . WALTER DAVENPORT 8
Last Night on What Back Porch? . . . . E. C. K. READ 12
Editorials 74
Cover . . . . CHARLES KERLEE

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The handsome striped bass hanging at his side proclaims Frank Tuma (photographed at Montauk Point, Long Island, by Charles Kerlee) an expert, and fortunate, surf fisherman. For only the proficient surf casters can count on catching stripers—and then only if they're lucky. On page 22, Raymond R. Camp discusses the problems peculiar to the sport, and offers some tips on solving them.

Week's Mail

Exposing Dictator's Methods

EDITOR: I have just finished reading the article Inside Perón's Secret Torture Chambers, by Dr. Alberto Caride (June 28th-July 5th), an outstanding piece of reporting. Here is another field in which Collier's is giving valuable service. I feel that the free peoples of the world must continue to make the dictators uncomfortable by exposing their inhuman tactics. More power to your fine magazine.

MRS. RUPERT N. YOUNG,
Bennington, Vt.

Poignant Memories

EDITOR: The writer, now long past the trials and tribulations of helping his wife have a baby, was nevertheless much interested in and appreciative of your How True Are Those Old Wives' Tales About Pregnancy? (June 21st).

It is more than 45 years since my wife and I went through her first pregnancy, but from my vivid recollections of some three weeks of very trying nausea on my part, I feel you failed to warn present-day prospective papas of the possibilities, yea, even the danger, of serious *mal de mer.* Just a short paragraph would have sufficed. Anyway, thanks for what you did. Young mothers and hopeful husbands may henceforth disconnect their hearing aids whenever Old Wives' Tales are on or in the air.

HENRY R. MOORE, Saltillo, Mexico

Joint Effort

EDITOR: It seems to me to be beside the point and somewhat ridiculous to require from the various candidates for office any public expression of their views on various controversial "issues."

Whatever may be the immediate or ultimate solution of national and international problems of the moment will be determined by a combination of President, Congress, press and people, not by what a candidate may think about them.

Moreover, it is obviously impossible for any candidate to agree with all the voters who may possibly unite to elect him. Equally impossible that all such voters should agree with any one candidate.

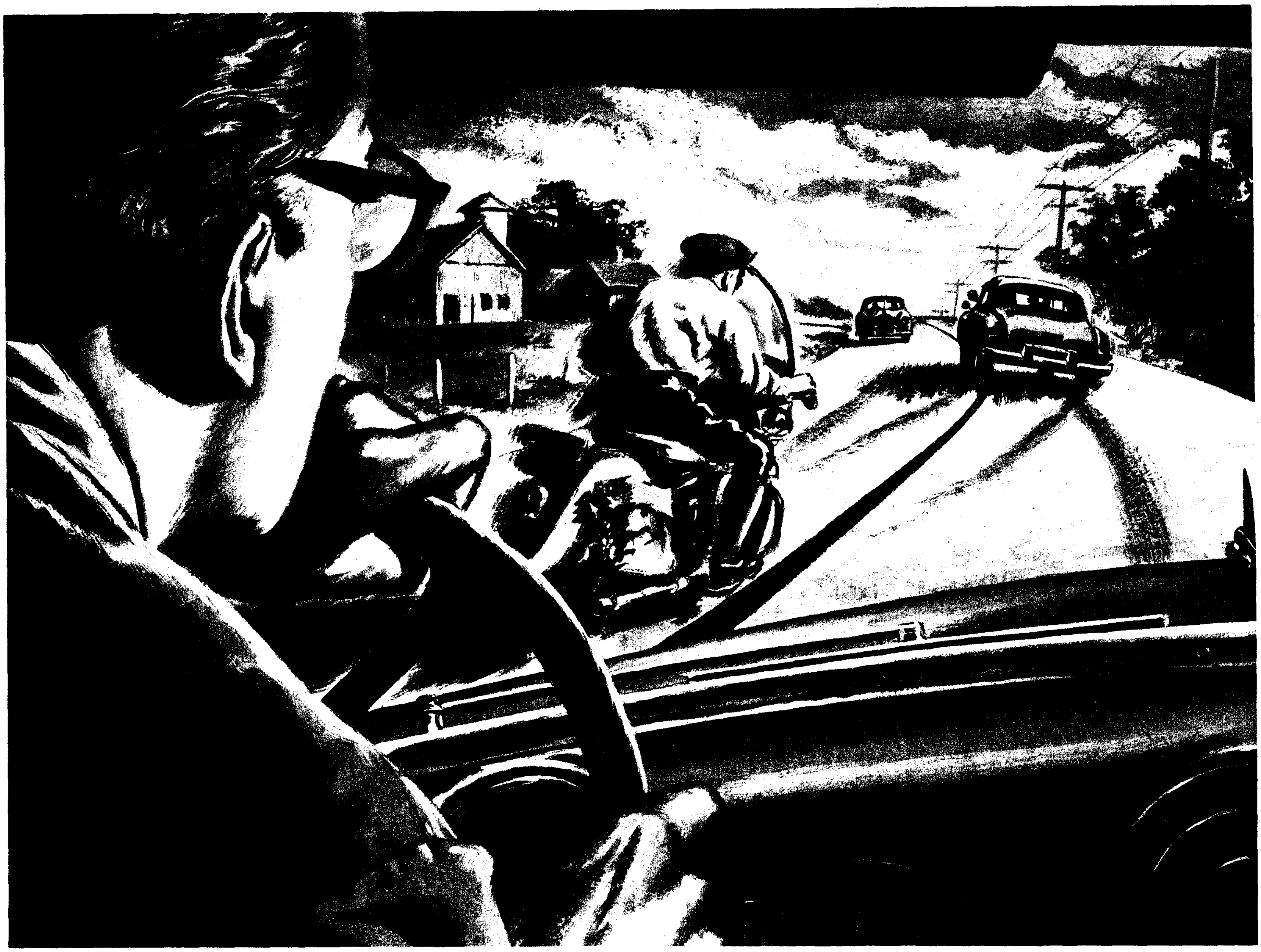
The essential thing this year is that thoughtful voters shall elect a man who has the courage, integrity, experience in leadership, good will, faith and devotion to duty, justice and humanity which have been so sadly lacking in our national (not to mention state and local) administrations for, lo, these past 20 years.

H. E. COTTON, Appleton, Wis.

About Our Fiction

EDITOR: My thanks to Collier's and to Ray Bradbury for his very fine and imaginative story, A Sound of Thunder (June 28th). His idea of an election being changed by some *trivial incident* which happened about 6,000,000 B.C. intrigues me no end.

I shall be watching the result of this



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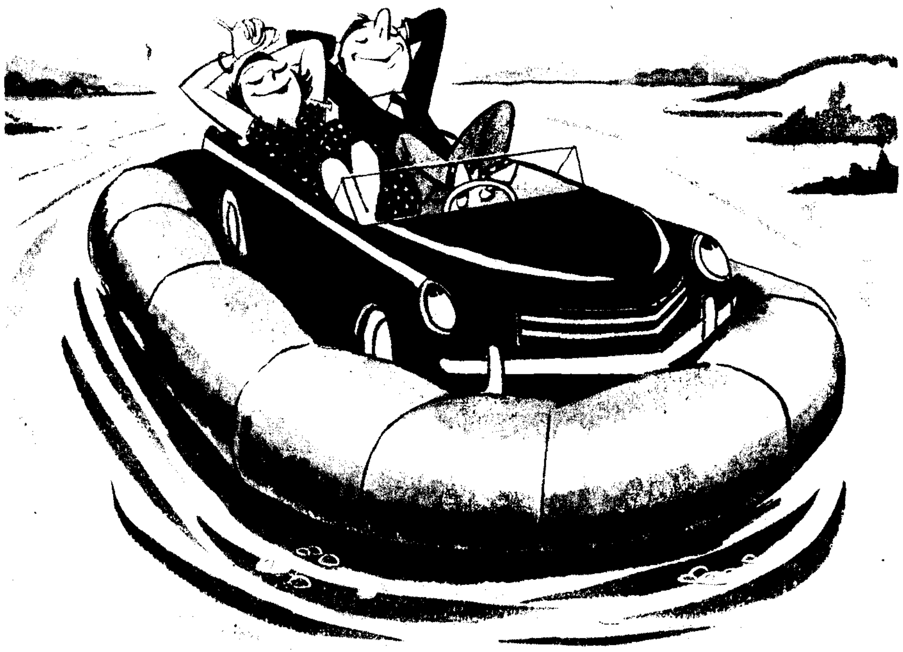

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fall's election, and if the wrong man wins I assume it will be because a butterfly was stepped on back in the dim past.

I wonder if the actions of the present administration could be due to some remote ancestor being kicked on the head by a dying butterfly!

E. L. Stone, Akron, Ohio

. . . A Sound of Thunder is about the most fantastic story I ever read. It opened up possibilities to the imagination.

Suppose that man who was time-machined back into prehistoric times had set up a chain reaction which had done away with the ancestor of all the Russians. What a difference in modern times!

Suppose one of the hunters in some other age killed an anthropoidal ancestor of man. It might have been the so-called missing link. Then modern man would not have evolved at all, or perhaps would have waited for thousands of years to evolve.

Mrs. Roy R. Gibson, Bard, N.M.

Bigness (Cont.)

Editor: Congratulations to you and David E. Lilienthal on his series Big Business for a Big Country (May 31st-June 28th). I feel confident he will prove his thesis, and this will surely knock the old economic theories we learned at college 30 years ago into a cocked hat.

However, it is good to know that there is some original thinking going on in our higher echelons, and that Collier's is alive to the need and desirability of the public's being made aware of it.

Jerome L. Levy, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . Referring to the Lilienthal articles, let me say that the trusts outlawed by the Sherman Antitrust Act are as dead as the dodo. The contract by which a person restrained himself from exercising his trade was void as common law. He might compete or not compete, just as he pleased. The problem posed by Lilienthal is exclusively the problem presented by the holding corporation.

Stripped down to its pertinent verbiage the Sherman act should be read, "Every . . . *combination . . . or conspiracy* in restraint of commerce among the states or with foreign nations is hereby declared to be illegal." You cannot compel competition by statute. The Sherman act has never been a legal instrument to restrict the measure of any industrial installation.

If Congress intends to prohibit and punish intercorporate price fixing or division of territory, a new statute should *specifically denounce these practices.*

Samuel Russell, Salt Lake City, Utah

. . . In announcing Mr. David E. Lilienthal's recent series of articles you promised he would toss cobwebbed clichés and misconceptions out the window. Yet the very title of his articles, Big Business for a Big Country, is an empty cliché, a euphemism, and the articles are full of more of the same, such as that this is 1952, not 1890, as well as of misconceptions innocent of the science of economics.

The laws of supply and demand, the price system, the law of diminishing returns, these are as inviolable as the law of gravity, and they were equally as applicable to the conception of capitalism in 1890, or in the Garden of Eden, as they are today.

It seems to me that a stupendous degree of sociological myopia is required for a viewpoint that all is well excepting for governmental bungling. In its truly bungling, collectivistic way, is not government striving to solve the major breakdown of modern capitalism that occurred in 1929?

Arthur W. Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Congratulations to you for publishing Lilienthal's articles on Bigness, Big Business, etc.!

My highest regard for Lilienthal's intellectual powers, his courage of convictions and his pioneering spirit in the realm of ideas notwithstanding, the sad fact remains that so much, far too much, that is good in Bigness still remains latent and potential, and, like Prometheus Bound, is waiting to be released and to be enjoyed by the masses of the people.

Bigness has neither spelled astounding efficiency, proper conservation of human and natural resources, nor the spreading of the good life to the majority of our population. Who will deny that large, far too large, sections of our people are still underprivileged so far as enjoying the full blessing of our industrial civilization?

Sad but true, the issue of Bigness, Big Business, etc., is as acute, as inescapable and as challenging as it was in the days of Teddy Roosevelt and of Wilson—whether the natural and human resources of our fair land shall be directed toward the welfare of the many or the glory and the private gain of the few. Lilienthal's excellent and logical justification of Bigness and Big Business notwithstanding, the majority of Americans are still harboring the Great American Dream and are still looking for a big heap of living, of economic security, of peace of mind, of sufficient medical care, extended recreational facilities, and a gigantic program of conservation of human and natural resources to come out of the Bigness that Mr. Lilienthal so lyrically extolls.

Eric Steffenson, Omaha, Neb.

No Skier She

Editor: In regard to your article, Splash Rash Cash Smash? (June 28th), I noticed a picture of Miss Willa McGuire supposedly doing a "swan" on water skis . . . I am sure that Miss McGuire will agree that the "swan" is being performed on an aqua board, since water skis do not have ropes attached directly to them, as shown in this picture.

In doing a front water-ski "swan," the rope and handle are held by the heel of one foot, while the skier stands on the ski with the other foot. In a back "swan," the skier has his back to the boat and procedure is reversed, holding the towrope with the toe of the free foot.

This is meant as no criticism of Miss McGuire, as I know she is an expert skier, being more than well known in this locality.

Francis Cain, West Palm Beach, Fla.

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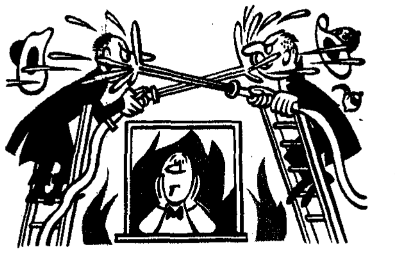
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Let Presidential aspirants bumble, fumble and rant about reducing taxes. Let those who seek Congressional seats weep, wail and choke for the emaciated state of the voter's wallet. The Louisiana legislature has gone in for practical statesmanship. From Baton Rouge comes the inspiring news that both House and Senate have voted $150 monthly expense accounts for state legislators when *not* in session.

★ ★ ★

Got a note from Bill Stapleton, Collier's globe-girdling photographer. Says, while in Berlin he lived at No. 7 Argentinische Allee. Above the telephone was the notice: "Call 160 for military aid in case of fire. Call 75-160 for civilian aid in case of fire. The grid co-ordinates for this building are 4.54—N.05." The last, military-map type of information, he claims, gave him the apprehensive feeling of being an alternate target for somebody's artillery. Furthermore, there was nothing to indicate what to do if the civilian and military fire laddies arrive simultaneously and start fighting about whose fire it is. Probably have to get the extinguisher and put it out yourself.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

If, while you're fishing this summer, you're attacked by wood ticks, you'll appreciate this bit of what-to-do-about-it advice from Jim Owen of the Arkansas Gazette: "Light a match. Blow it out. While it's still red hot apply it to the rear end of the burrowing tick. He will back out to investigate. Then light another match and polish him off."

★ ★ ★

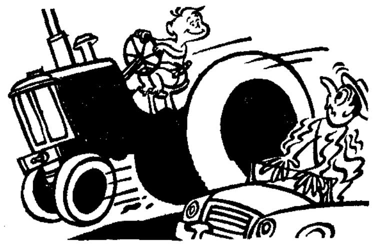
We pause to look over Russia's latest contribution to our mail. Here's the magazine USSR, until recently issued monthly from the Soviet embassy in Washington. Nice piece about lilacs. Starts out with the news that, whereas dowdy old non-Russian lilacs usually consist of many four-petaled flowers, Russian lilacs—"omens of happiness"—have a minimum of 25 petals. Wouldn't you know! The article goes on ecstatically with the words of Comrade Leonid Alexeyevich Kolesnikov, the current lilac commissar, whose predecessor was liquidated for petal failure: "Forward, my fellow citizens! For peace and more lilacs!" Also, a paean about the well-nigh unbearable beauties of Moscow, with rapturous emphasis on new streets and apartment houses. Some of the streets have not yet been named, but the majority of them have been—after J. V. Stalin. True, so many streets called Stalin would cause some confusion in any other country, but the deliriously happy people of Moscow are hard to ball up. Too joyous. From the cradle to postsenility, Muscovites are besotted with bliss. The piece tells us they are gleeful, entranced, overjoyed, ecstatic, in transports of delight, enchanted, enraptured, glad, their hearts bursting with song. (We pause again—to say, "Gosh!") The article is illustrated with attar-drenched Moscow street scenes. We were puzzled for a moment by the absence of people and vehicular traffic from these boulevards—variously designated as New Stalin, Great Stalin, Comrade Stalin, Marshal Stalin, Papa Stalin, J. Stalin, J. V. Stalin, and so on—but soon recovered ourself. The people of Moscow must have been just too weak from rapture to stagger out of their sumptuous new apartments.

★ ★ ★

You've doubtless heard of landlords who refuse to rent to families with children. Good many of them have adamant objections to pets. But we've just been informed that in Wichita, Kansas, there are those who object to human beings. This on the theory that you regard your wife or husband as a human being. Suppose we explain. In less complicated days certain Wichita landlords charged couples more rent for apartments than individuals. Came a directive from the Office of Price Stabilization saying that such discrimination was illegal. Thus, these chagrined landlords now have decreed that no married couples need apply.

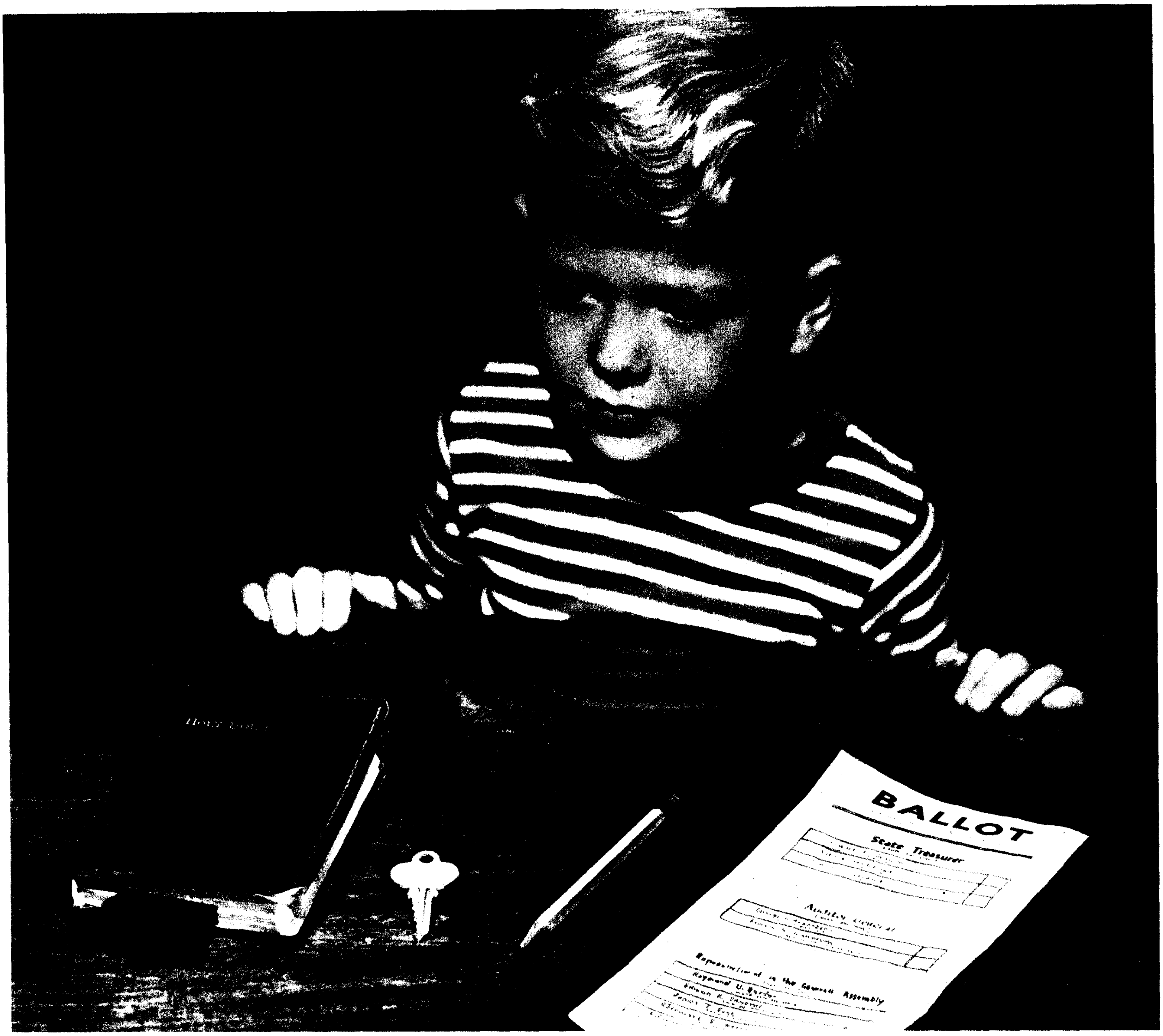
★ ★ ★

Let's see. We've got something here about a lady who bit a dog catcher. Nope. That won't do. But here's something. It's somewhat unlikely that, while driving your car through New York State, you'll pass (we hope) a large farm tractor to which is hooked a trailer of proportionate dimensions and being driven by a child of ten or twelve. Or a child of any age who can reach the pedals. But if you do, don't bother calling a cop. The gentleman giving us this startling bit of information may not be named, but he saw such a juggernaut hookup on an upstate road. It was bowling along at a fast clip with a kid about thirteen at the wheel. Our informant wrote to Governor Dewey. And presently a state trooper stopped by to admit there is no legal minimum age in New York for drivers of farm vehicles, on the road or off it. Furthermore, no driver's license is needed nor any license plates. Thought we'd better warn you.



★ ★ ★

Mr. Peter Hardcastle has received a medical brochure which informs him that sufferers from arthritis may be helped "by an injection of gold." Mr. Hardcastle reports that it is not specified who gets the injection, the patient or the doctor. ▲▲▲


BALLOT
State Treasurer
Representative in the General Assembly

You can get reprints of this advertisement, at no cost, by writing to this magazine.

Will you leave these to your children?

Men have died to leave you these 4 symbols of freedom:

A Holy Bible—symbol of your right to worship as you wish.
(First Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

A door key—your right to lock your door against illegal government force and prying.
(Fourth Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

A pencil—freedom to speak or write what you think, whether you agree with the government or not.
(First Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

And a free ballot—your right to choose the people who represent you in government—your protection against government tyranny.
(Article I, U. S. Constitution)

HALF the world is trying to destroy these symbols—and what they stand for.

Even in this country, there are people who attack our freedoms, by trying to give the government more and more control over American life.

"The government should take over the doctors," they say, "and run the railroads, and the electric companies." But what they *mean* is, "Let's have socialized medicine, socialized railroads, socialized electricity."

Even though socialism is one thing *most* Americans *don't* want!

It is wise for us always to question and weigh the forces that influence our government. It's up to us all whether we'll leave our children freedom—or socialism.

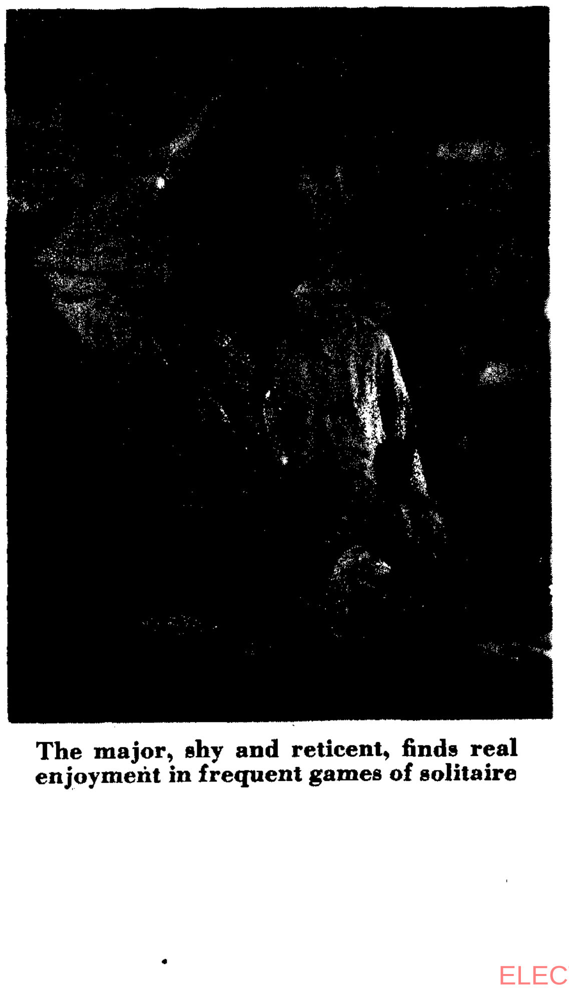
• • • •

Socialized electric light and power is one of the first goals of the people who want to push America down the hill to socialism. They've made headway, and are working for more. Each step they gain is a serious threat to *every* home and farm and business—and *everybody's* freedom. That's why this message is brought to you by America's **ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES***.

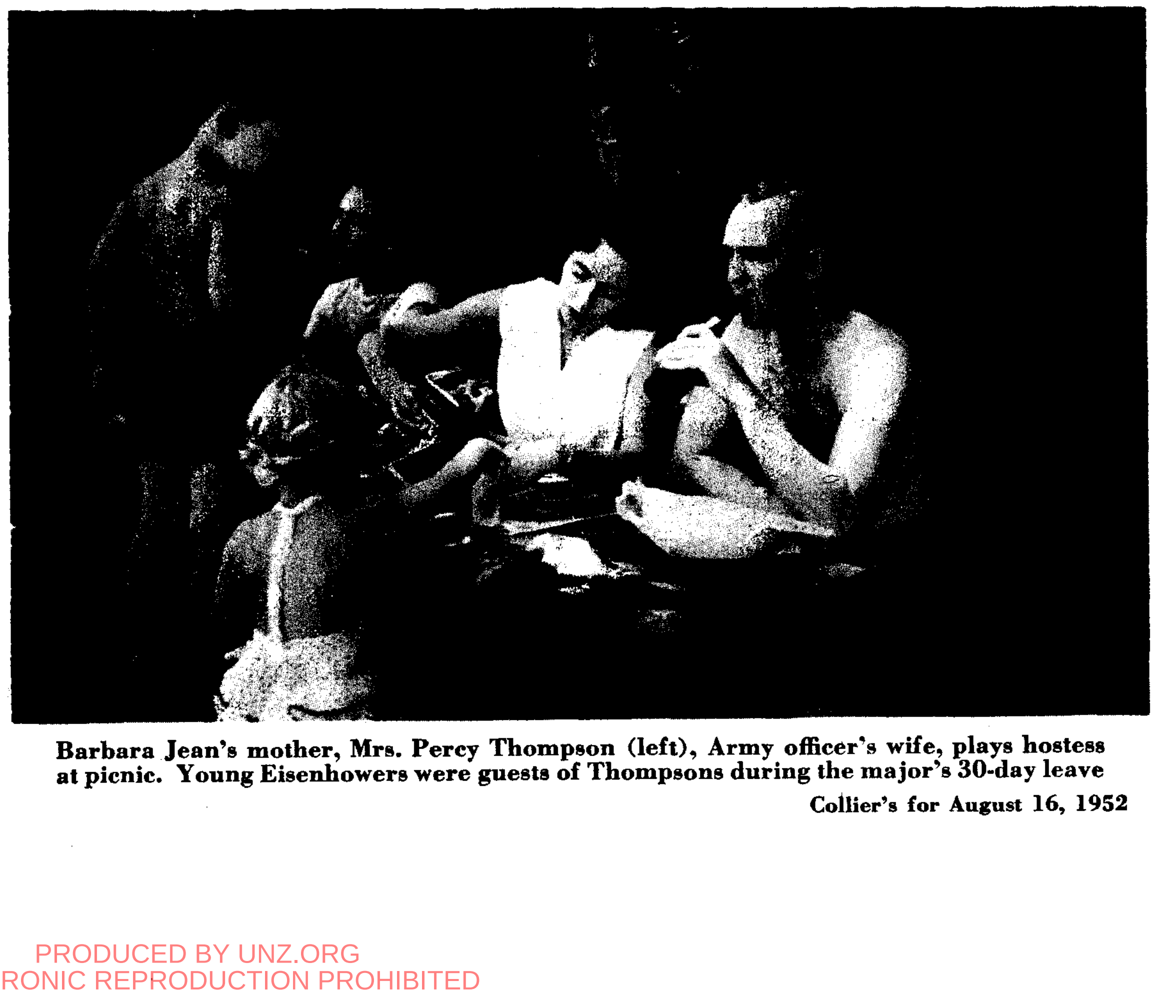
**Names on request from this magazine*

On leave, Major John Eisenhower, wife Barbara Jean, Dwight David II and Barbara Anne walk along Lake Michigan at Fort Sheridan, Illinois

Collier's COLOR CAMERA Week End



The major, shy and reticent, finds real enjoyment in frequent games of solitaire



Barbara Jean's mother, Mrs. Percy Thompson (left), Army officer's wife, plays hostess at picnic. Young Eisenhowers were guests of Thompsons during the major's 30-day leave

A devoted couple, young Ike and Barbara Jean both grew up in the service, accept the major's Korean assignment as part of Army way of life

with MAJOR *Ike*

WHILE Ike and Mamie Eisenhower were caught up in the hurly-burly of a hectic Presidential campaign, their only son, thirty-year-old Major John Doud Eisenhower, was coping with problems of his own. Major Ike was getting ready for an assignment in Korea. During most of the last year, the major and his wife and children lived near Fort Knox, Kentucky, where he was studying in the Army's Armored School. The major finished his course at Fort Knox at the end of June. He got a 30-day leave to put his business in order and to prepare for his next job. He chose, as any soldier would, to spend that time relaxing with his family.

After a quick, busy week end in Denver with his folks, the major ducked the political fireworks surrounding his mother and father, and took Barbara Jean and the children to visit his in-laws at Fort Sheridan, on the shores of Lake Michigan. He settled down for several weeks of doing practically nothing in the big, old house of Colonel Percy Thompson, his wife's father. There, on the quiet streets and the wide green lawns, four-year-old Dwight David II rode his tricycle, three-year-old Barbara Anne walked with her daddy, and eight-month-old Susan sat in her mother's arms in an old-fashioned rocking chair on a tree-shaded veranda. Major Ike devoted most of his time to his children. "I'm a fiend for golf," he said, "but this trip the kids come first. The boy is pretty much a devil on wheels . . . on the go all the time. But the girl—Barbara Anne—right now, she's in the complaining stage. I spend hours trying to pacify her. It's fun, though."

One week end, while Grandpa Eisenhower was 40 miles away in Chicago accepting the Republican nomination for the nation's biggest job, the major allowed photographer Dan Weiner to come up and take pictures for Collier's. "I haven't many week ends left," he told Weiner. "Please don't ask us to stand on our heads." Photographer Weiner did his best to preserve the week end's calm. Unobtrusively, he went for walks on the beach with the family, watched young Ike play his favorite game, solitaire, stayed in the background while they shared a picnic with Grandma Thompson, and recorded the small personal fact that John and his son Dwight are the spirit and image of Presidential candidate Ike.

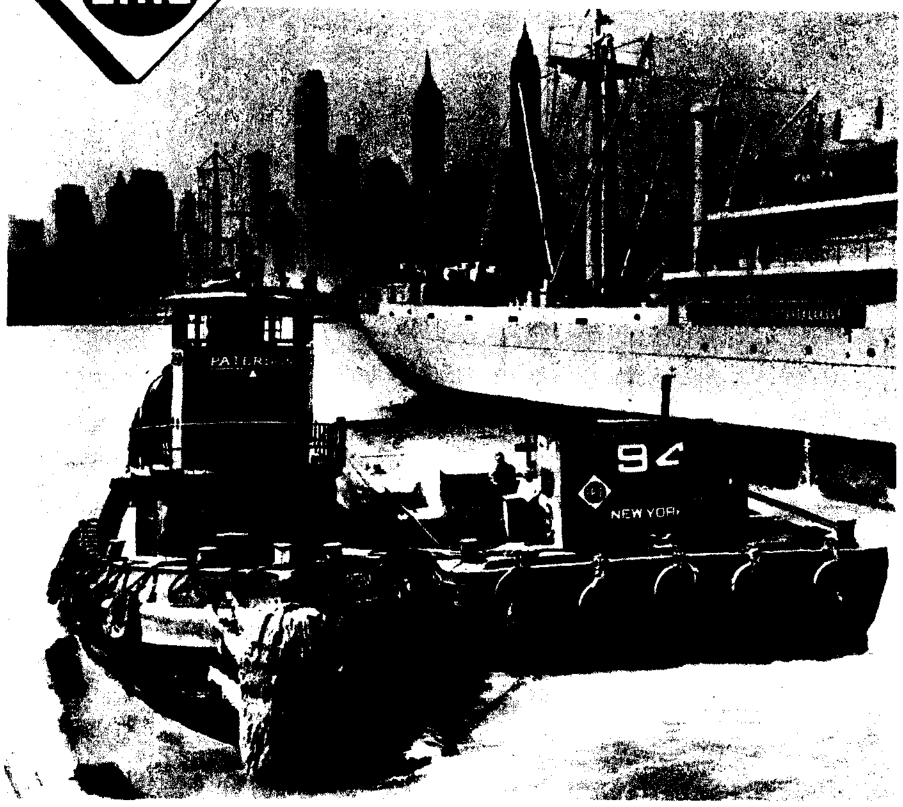
When the quiet week end was over, John and Barbara Jean left the children with the Thompsons and went East. In Highland Falls, New York, near West Point and old Army friends, they found a house and installed their belongings, preparing it for the twenty-six-year-old mother and the three youngsters to live in while the major is overseas.

The young father was now ready to return to duty. Like thousands of his fellow soldiers, he was trading the green and pleasant hills of home for the thundering valleys of Korea. ▲▲▲

Barbara Jean feeds Susan, 8 months. Dog is grandson of one given Ike during war

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

ERIE ...Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading



Why a railroad runs a navy

● You are looking at a diesel tug head-on as it shepherds a lighter in New York Harbor. The picture shows an activity of the Erie Railroad you probably aren't aware of—yet an operation that is just as important to you, to industry and our country's defense as railroading with locomotives, cars and tracks.

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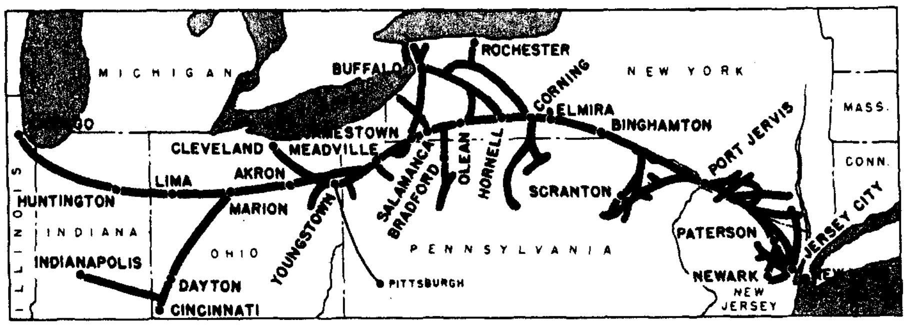
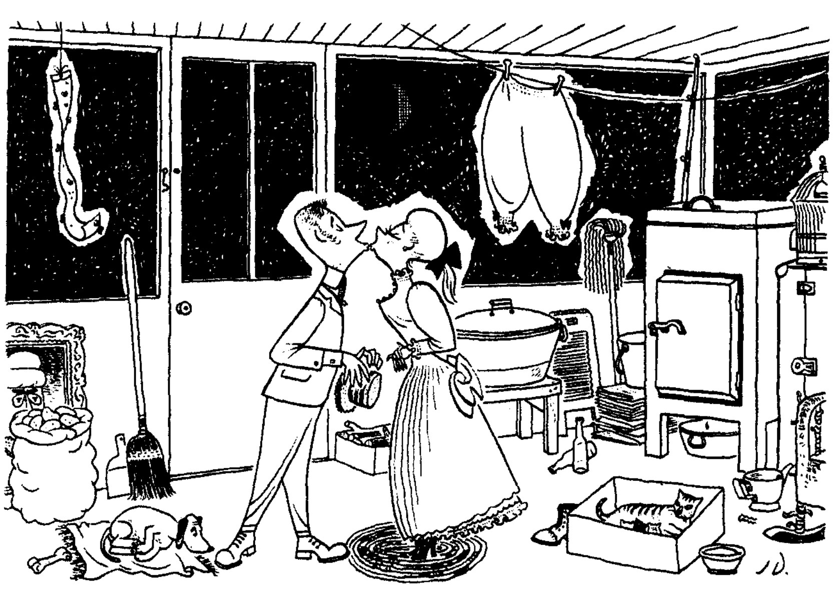
Whole train loads cross the Hudson on Erie car floats. Refrigerated or heated barges, lighters, floating cranes—a great assortment of boats—move food for New York's millions and the products of industry for domestic or overseas delivery. Erie's diesel tugs do the hauling, always in touch with shore by radio-telephone.

That's another chapter in Erie's role of providing complete, dependable transportation for both passengers and freight—one more reason why Erie has earned the reputation of one of America's most progressive railroads!

Erie Railroad

SERVING THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA




JOHN DEMPSE

Last Night on What BACK PORCH?

By E. C. K. READ

THE 10:45 for Elmwood—that's the old home town—had just left. There wasn't another train until midnight, and it seemed necessary to sit in the station waiting room. This was rather a depressing experience, since the average waiting room is not loaded with wits, *bon vivants* and devil-may-care fellows.

The only cheery note, in fact, was a middle-aged chap who kept whistling a tune I had heard but did not at once recognize. A cursory search of my subconscious, however, revealed that it was an old favorite of which the last line—and possibly the title—is: "Last night on the back porch, I loved you best of all."

It did not seem of particular significance at the time. I took the midnight train, bailed out at Elmwood and tooled my speedy convertible back to the house. As I walked up the back steps I contrived without any great effort to wedge my foot between the dog's dinner bowl and the milk-bottle box.

The haunting strains of "Last night on the back porch . . ." came back to me as I lay moaning in a mixture of Fido Food and broken glass. Who could love anybody on my back porch—much less love them best of all? There obviously wasn't room enough to accommodate even a solitary adult male in combination with the dog and dairy furnishings.

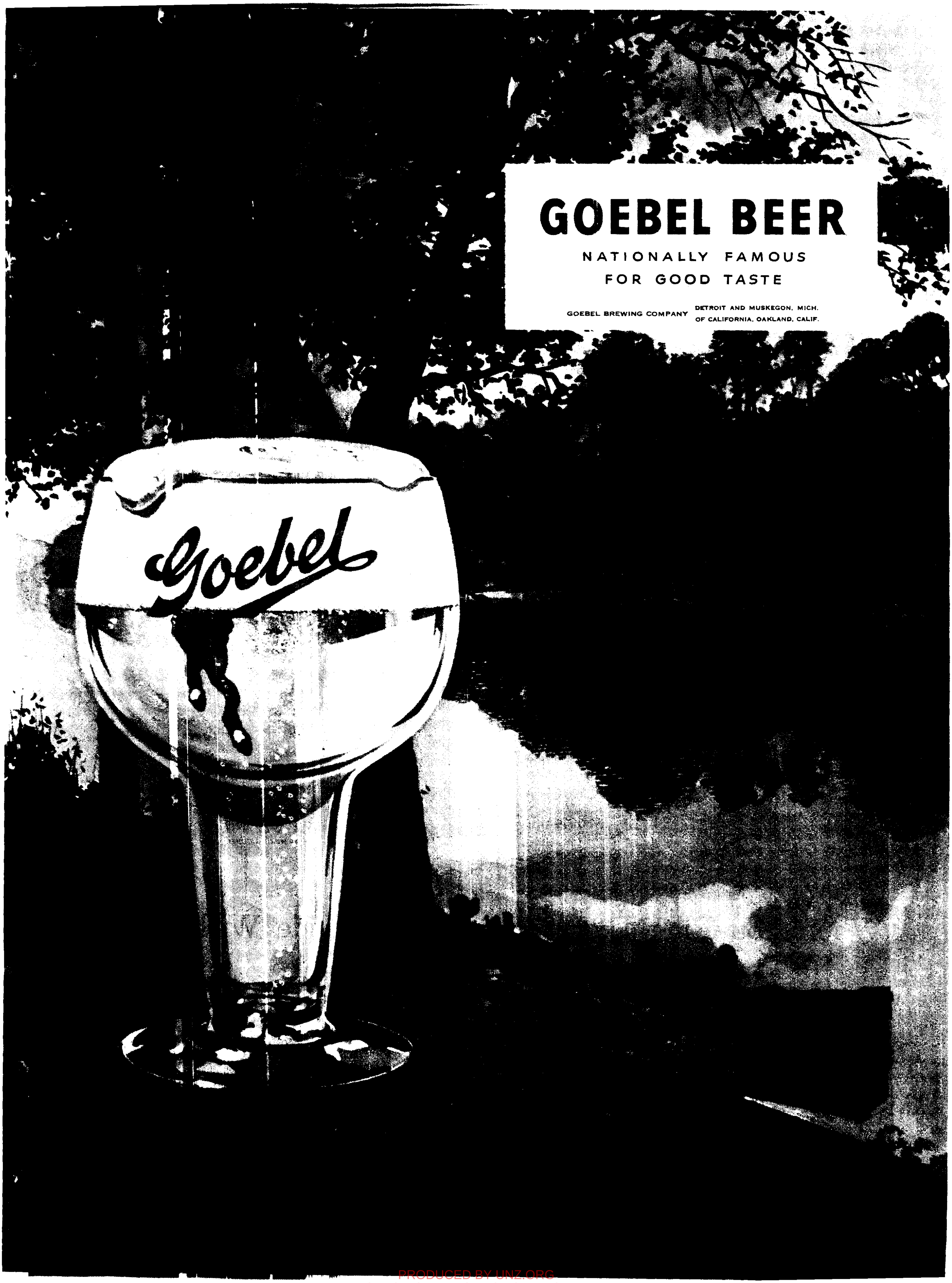
What's more, the miniature booby trap affixed to the rear of my little grass shack is only one example of the decline of the back porch as a national institution. Mine, indeed, represents a kind of transitional period so far as size goes. With the dog and a half-dozen milk bottles aboard, an experienced homeowner can still balance a small garbage can on the west edge. Even in the love department, I suppose it would not be impossible for a couple of midgets to hold hands out there, providing they both stood on one foot and the dog was out of town on business.

Not so with most back porches built since World War II. The slate-covered postage stamp is the new note at the rear door, and love has flown away (possibly to the rumpus room, a subterranean vault usually set aside for Ping-pong matériel). The back porch today is nothing but steps. You can try sitting on the steps with Sugarplum if you want to, but when her old man opens the screen door it will likely fetch you a stunning blow in the kidneys and leave you nose down on the greensward. This, you may be assured, is not topflight wooing.

Sometimes, in the mind's eye, I go back across the years to the back porches of my childhood. Those, by the lord Harry, were the days of the giants. There was always room for an uncommon amount of bric-a-brac. One stepped out the back door onto a broad plateau completely equipped with mop racks, five unmatched overshoes, several cardboard cartons to be thrown out, an old wooden icebox, two cases of dead ginger ale bottles, two seedy wicker chairs, a glider-type settee, firewood, the usual garbage receptacles, and a newspaper-lined maternity box for any cats that happened to be in a family way.

This noble expanse of yesteryear has withered to a nub. The ranch-type house is here, accompanied by the dwarf-type back porch. Present-day contractors apparently get winded in the course of putting up picture windows, radiant heating plants and breezeways; by the time they get around to the back of the house, they've shot their bolt and have only enough strength to fling down a brick and a promise.

I don't know where or when contractors and/or architects do their courting best of all, but it wasn't last night on any back porch of my acquaintance. As a matter of fact, most of my friends take theirs indoors after dark to use as paperweights. It's better than having the mice carry them away. ▲▲▲



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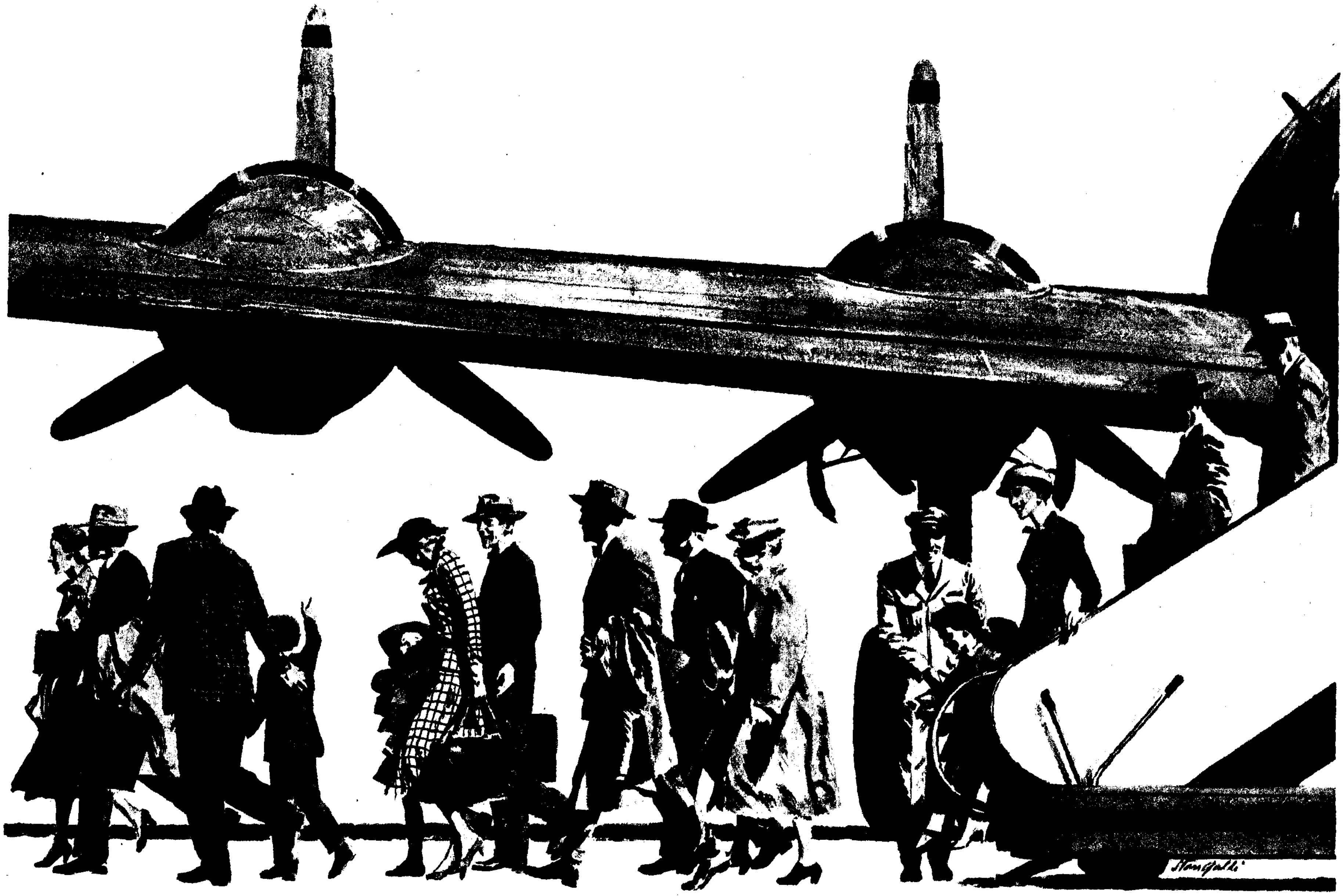

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If you are the kind of motorist who places a premium on performance and dependability—then here is significant news for you.

Today, Champion Spark Plugs are used by every major airline in the U. S. and by most overseas operators. In fact, the majority use Champions exclusively. And the airlines, as a group, are unquestionably the world's most exacting spark plug buyers.

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FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

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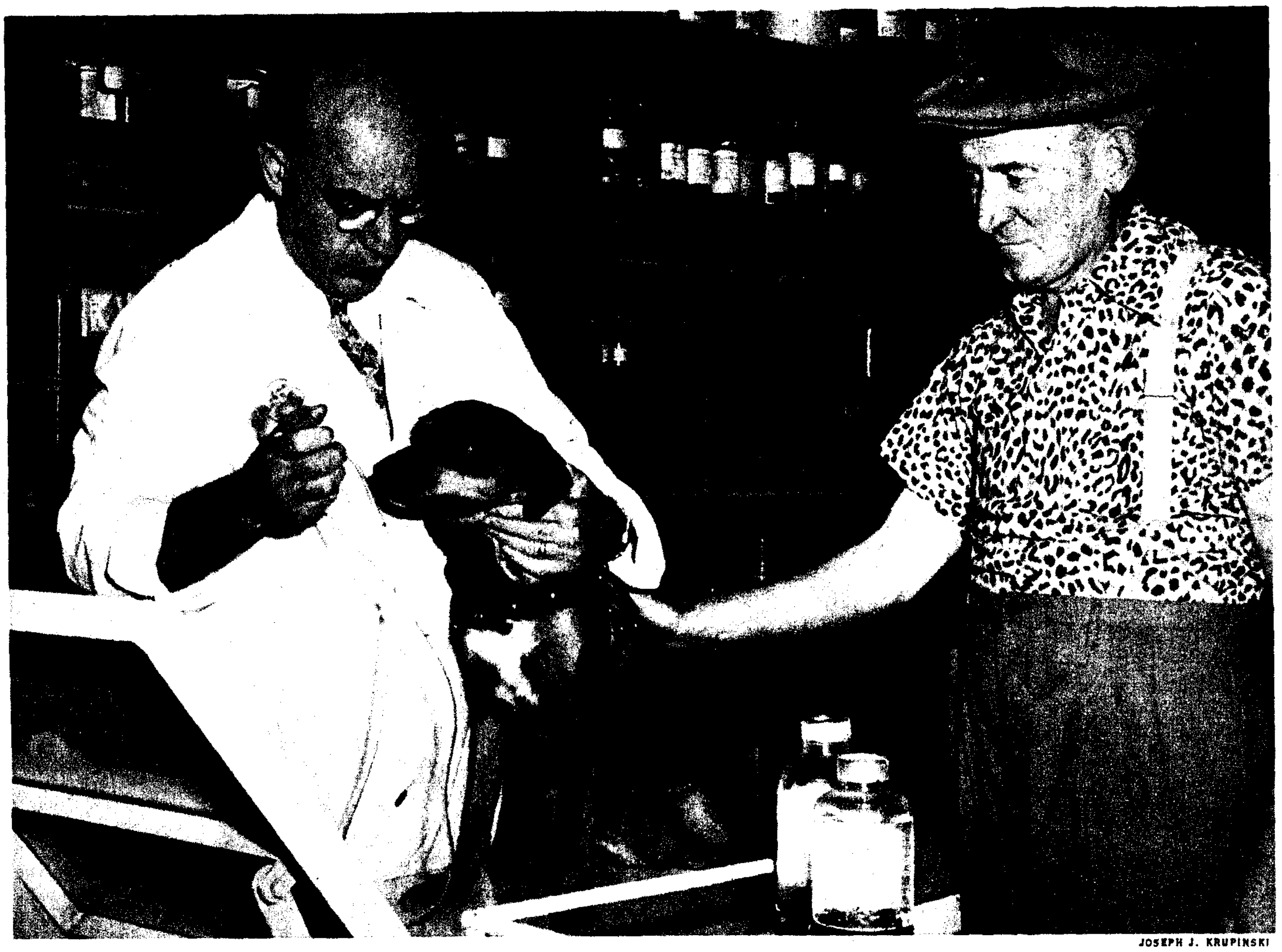
DEMAND CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

ANTIVIVISECTIONISTS—
Are They Finished?

By BILL DAVIDSON


JOSEPH J. KRUPINSKI

Vital experiment performed on this dog, Annie Okra, by Marquette University's Dr. Hiram Benjamin (l.) helped develop promising substitute for blood plasma. Dog is now owned by Carl Anderson (r.)

These misguided animal lovers who hamper medical progress are under the heaviest attack in their history, as aroused doctors, armed with new laws, strive to deal them a knockout blow

NOT long ago, Dr. Harold C. Wiggers, one of the country's leading heart researchers, received what he calls a fan letter. It read in part: "We'll blow up your laboratory where you torture animals. We'll torture you and your family. We will leave you a mental wreck, fit only for the confines of an institution, to spend the remainder of your miserable life as the subject of medical experiments."

Presumably the letter was sent to Dr. Wiggers because he—along with nearly all other New York doctors—was backing a bill then in the state legislature, requiring dog pounds using public funds to surrender, for medical research purposes, unwanted, unlicensed, about-to-be-gassed animals. The bill eventually passed and New York became the 33d state or municipality to enact such a law.

The FBI is still trying to find out who sent that letter to Dr. Wiggers. But almost certainly the writer is an antivivisectionist. It would be unfair to imply, however, that the lunatic fringe is representative of the whole antivivisectionist movement. Most of the movement's members are without doubt well-intentioned animal lovers, deeply concerned over the fate of dogs and cats used in medical experimentation.

Still, the antivivisectionist movement is a strange phenomenon. The active members have never numbered more than a few thousand, yet they have forced the passage of legislation which has affected the lives of millions.

They are a squabbling conglomeration of tiny independent cells which never have been able to unite nationally, yet, at the peak of their power in 1945 and 1946, they actually compelled dozens of vital cancer and atomic-energy research projects to close down.

Part of their great power—perhaps the greatest part—was the support of the Hearst newspapers. It is significant that since the death of William Randolph Hearst, and the subsequent withdrawal of Hearst paper backing, the antivivisectionists have deteriorated into a handful of weak, although still voluble, organizations.

Today, subjected to the withering attack of an aroused medical profession and battered by repeated legislative reverses, the opponents of animal experimentation appear to have lost their long, bitter battle against the research essential to medical progress.

Nevertheless, the ideas the antivivisectionists have planted among the American people are still strong and may take years to change.

Too few people, for example, realize that almost all medical advances—not just a handful—involve preliminary tests on animals before they are considered safe for humans. A good illustration may

"Facts must be faced," says one leader

HARRIS & EWING

Leslie Gilday, 4, and Marvin Mason, 15, both of Baltimore, owe lives to Anna, the dog on which famous "blue baby" operation was perfected

CHICAGO PHOTOGRA

Jill ZumBrunnen, 7, Monroe, Wis., recovers at Chicago hospital after an operation first tried on dog Caesar, now retired at age 10

be found in three stories that appeared almost simultaneously in newspapers a few months ago.

In Champaign, Illinois, a baby swallowed some of the deadly new rat poison, 1080. After the doctor, a woman, arrived and learned the name of the poison, she called the University of Chicago. There, she knew Dr. John Hutchens and his colleagues of the department of physiology had worked on mice, then rabbits, then dogs to discover—several months before—that alcohol and barbiturates combat the effects of 1080.

The doctor, acting on advice received over the phone, fed the child whisky and luminal—and prevented the dreaded convulsions from developing.

Frostbite Relief for GIs in Korea

Story two was about the cases of frostbite suffered by GIs during their first winter in Korea. A high percentage developed into gangrene and many amputations were necessary. But researchers in the United States, experimenting with mice and dogs, discovered that the customary slow thawing and rubbing snow on the frozen limb increases the likelihood of gangrene. Rapid thawing, at the comparatively high temperatures of 104 to 107.3 degrees Fahrenheit, reduces tissue damage.

The fact was relayed to Korea and today our troops and the troops of the United Nations have arms and legs that might have been amputated if it hadn't been for the availability of a few animals for experimentation in laboratories 7,000 miles away.

The third story was about the work of a group of surgeons headed by Dr. Claude S. Beck at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Heart disease will kill 750,000 Americans this year, many because an interior wall of one of the heart arteries has thickened and a blood clot has formed stemming the normal flow of blood.

But some who might have died will live because Dr. Beck and his associates have devised an operation to get a good flow of blood around the damaged area and through the heart. The operation was perfected by experimentation on 37 dogs, 33 of which survived the operation.

These stories could be matched by thousands of others culled from the records of recent medical progress.

If anyone in your family has recovered from asthma, influenza, pernicious anemia, smallpox, ulcers, tetanus, diabetes or goiter, you can credit an animal in some doctor's laboratory. If your friends or relatives should be afflicted by dysentery, polio, cancer, epilepsy, lead poisoning, or cirrhosis of the liver, their chances of survival depend on procedures being worked out on animals even as you read this.

Some antivivisectionists, unable to belittle medical achievement, still make the point that it is morally offensive because, they claim, it means the torture and carving up of thousands of household pets. But that assertion is simply untrue. In most experiments, the subjects are mice, rats and guinea pigs. The researchers move on to larger animals only when they are one step away from trying the procedure on human beings.

And, as Dr. Norman T. Kirk, former Surgeon General of the Army, points out, many of the experiments are harmless psychological or nutritional tests. (The iron lung, for example, was developed through experimentation on 24 cats who did nothing but sleep all day.) Moreover, all surgery is performed under anesthesia. Many dogs survive and spend long, happy lives in the laboratory kennels and in the homes of researchers as pets.

At Johns Hopkins University Hospital in Baltimore, Dr. Alfred Blalock and Dr. Helen Taussig worked out an intricate heart operation which now has saved more than 2,000 blue babies, who otherwise would have been doomed; the dog, Anna, on which they successfully performed the first blue-baby operation in 1944, still is a pet on the Johns Hopkins campus. When she dies—and everybody wishes her a long life—her heart will again be useful to humanity. Autopsy may give a clue to how well the blue-baby operation will stand up under the deteriorating process of old age.

A basic weak spot of the antivivisectionist's argument against medical use of pound animals is the assumption, never clearly stated, that the usual humane society is a rest home for aged, unwanted or lost pets.

The truth is that many so-called animal shelters function principally as execution chambers.

Unwanted Pets "Humanely Destroyed"

The best and largest of the humane organizations (and one which is entirely ethical) is the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York. According to its official report, the New York organization handled 233,114 cats, dogs and other animals for the year ending April 30, 1952. Of these, more than 98 per cent were listed in the report as "humanely destroyed."

Some operators of the shelters (again, not those who run New York's ASPCA) are among the loudest of the antivivisectionists and, from pity or profit, have fought the laws which would permit doctors to have even a small percentage of the

he humane societies. "Animal experimentation is the foundation of modern medicine"

LARRY FRIED

Many doctors are animal lovers, and some even get pets from labs —as did Dr. Harold C. Wiggers of Albany (N.Y.) Medical College

JACK MANNING

Dr. Morris K. Barrett of National Cancer Institute, who has done important experiments on dogs, owns rare clumber spaniel, Snooks

available doomed animals. They manage to keep their own execution figures quiet while reiterating the claim that pound laws will enable doctors to grab and butcher household pets.

Medical men, as a class, are certainly not sadistic monsters, although that is how they are pictured by some antivivisectionists. By and large, doctors love animals in about the same proportion and degree as nonmedical citizens.

Dogs Became Pets After Experiments

Many doctors take dogs home from their laboratories to keep as pets, often after they have used them for experimentation. Dr. Harold Wiggers, for instance, owns a mongrel he got at the laboratory; and Dr. Gordon Searle, his associate, has a beautiful Irish setter the laboratory rescued after the dog's owner had turned him over to the local pound to be destroyed.

Doctors hate risking the life of a friendly animal, just as anyone else would. They recognize the moral problem involved, too. Catholic physicians take their guidance on the subject of vivisection from the Catholic Encyclopedia, which says, in part: "There is no branch of medical science that cannot be essentially benefited by experiments on animals. In the last instance, the results of the experiments do good to humanity. Consequently it appears inadmissible to declare vivisection a means morally forbidden, and to characterize experiments on animals as the torture of animals."

It took many years for doctors to get around to defending their moral position however. The battle with the antivivisectionists for a long time was a decidedly one-sided affair. It began in 1905, after Dr. Anton J. Carlson came to the University of Chicago as a young physician from Stanford University to teach physiology in the College of Medicine. He noticed an amazing incidence of goiter in dogs running about the Chicago streets, although he had seen none on the West Coast. He began to wonder about a possible connection between what he saw in Chicago dogs and the high incidence of human goiter in that part of the country.

Dr. Carlson asked Mayor Edward F. Dunne for some of the 10,000 dogs destroyed by the Chicago pound every year at that time. Dunne shook his head. "It's against the law," he said. "Dogs must be killed at the pound." Then the mayor rubbed his chin and thought for a moment. "Well," he said, "I guess I can pardon some of those dogs." So with this informal arrangement, Dr. Carlson went to work on the dogs and forged a link in the chain of scientific knowledge that led to the discovery that goiter is caused by a lack of iodine in the diet.

Antivivisectionists took pot shots at Dr. Carlson's informal arrangement, but the real battle began in 1934 when the deal was formalized by a law. The fire grew hotter when similar legislation was passed over a period of years in suburban La Grange, Wilmette, Park Ridge and Des Plaines, giving the great complex of medical schools and research centers in the Chicago area a bountiful supply of research animals for the first time.

The great power of the Hearst press was thrown into the battle during this period and for more than 10 years the antivivisectionists enjoyed great success. By 1945, they had become strong enough to sponsor a bill in New York State forbidding animal experimentation altogether—and to get it through the state Senate. All work in some of the key centers of heart, cancer and atomic-energy research was threatened. Until then, most doctors had regarded the antivivisectionists as members of an annoying little cult who would go away eventually if they were ignored. The state Senate's approval of this catastrophic bill galvanized the doctors into action for the first time. As a result of their efforts, it was killed in the state Assembly.

After the doctors had caught their breath, they decided that the days of passive resistance were over. At the 1945 meeting of the Association of American Medical Colleges, they set up the National Society for Medical Research, which immediately launched an attack against the antivivisectionists. The still-crusading Dr. Anton J. Carlson was named president.

Soon more than 200 of the country's leading scientific and civic organizations had joined as member associations—among them the American Medical Association, the American Dental Association and the American Veterinary Medical Association. The society's main purpose was to present the facts of medical progress to the American people—on the theory that only facts could defeat the emotional arguments of the antivivisectionists.

Poll Shows Results of Crusading

The theory proved correct. A poll conducted by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago, only three years after the doctors began to present their case, asked this question: "In general, do you favor or oppose the use of live animals in medical teaching and research?" Eighty-five per cent of the people polled answered, "Favor." Only eight per cent said, "Opposed."

Even more important, the doctors for the first

To doctors, it boils down to this: if we don't use dogs, what then? Humans?

time found themselves urging positive legislation to aid animal experimentation, instead of merely fighting negative legislation proposed by the antivivisectionists.

In 1949, Minnesota became the first state to enact a law permitting qualified experimenters and doctors to use otherwise doomed animals from the public pounds. Soon after that, Wisconsin became the second state; South Dakota and Oklahoma followed in 1951, and New York in 1952.

Opinions That Damaged the "Cause"

The doctors' educational program won the victories. But the antivivisectionists helped to defeat themselves, too. In a poll conducted by the Philadelphia Bulletin, four out of five antivivisectionists who were parents actually stated that they would not sacrifice a dog to save their own children's lives; and no less than 100 per cent of the nonparent antivivisectionists who answered indicated they would sacrifice a child before a dog!

One of the key battles over pound laws was fought in 1948 in Baltimore, where, in a jammed, tumultuous public hearing before the Board of Estimate in the vast War Memorial Auditorium, the antivivisectionists (according to the Baltimore Sun) stirred up public revulsion by booing a small child who was a former "blue baby" cured by Blalock's operation.

The antivivisectionists further compromised their case at the same hearing when one of their spokesmen said she would base their entire stand on the fact that a British physician, Dr. R. C. Brock, had perfected a blue-baby operation in England *without* previously experimenting on dogs. She made that statement despite the fact that Dr. Brock, having got wind of her argument, announced from the audience shortly *before* she spoke that he had based his experiment on Dr. Blalock's work with dogs—and that he just happened to be at Johns Hopkins at the time to do a little operating on dogs himself.

Shortly thereafter, the antivivisectionists hastily mailed out a refutation of a pamphlet they had distributed on the subject, and the doctors went on to score an impressive 15 to 5 victory for the pound law in the city council.

Next, the antivivisectionists called for a public referendum on the subject—an action they later came to regret. The doctors staged an old-fashioned political campaign with doorbell ringing, radio speaking, billboard posting and poll watching. The result was a staggering four-to-one victory.

That vote came on November 7, 1950, a red-letter day for the doctors elsewhere too. A similar referendum victory was scored in Los Angeles. And in Illinois they defeated State Representative Adam Mioduski, up for re-election, who had wrecked the state's animal experimentation bill by loading it with crippling amendments when it had reached the floor of the preceding session of the legislature. The doctors won with a political unknown, Mrs. Marie Suthers, whose campaign was waged largely on the antivivisection issue.

In 1951 and 1952, there were temporary setbacks for the doctors in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, but they were more than overbalanced by the 1952 victory in New York. The New York campaign got under way in earnest when the State Society for Medical Research discovered that 133 research projects had been delayed or abandoned because of lack of animals.

Among the 27 canceled were two in diabetes, two in obstetrics and several in cancer and heart. At the same time, unwanted animals were being destroyed at the rate of more than 400,000 a year in New York State.

The doctors asked for help, and, in a short time, housewives, society women, students, chamber of commerce members and Kiwanis Club people were out ringing doorbells and writing letters to their state legislators.

At the hearing before the state Senate the antivivisectionists made another blooper. Marian Parks Grey, president of the Legion Against Vivisection, flourished a letter which she said was signed by the chairman of the chemistry department at Fordham University. She read from the document, "We have worked on a cancer project for the past six or seven years and have never used a single dog in our experimental work."

Lady's Argument Was Easily Refuted

The next speaker was Father Eugene A. Gisel, who said, "Mr. Chairman, after hearing the preceding speaker I have somewhat of a doubt as to my identity. I happen to be chairman of the chemistry department of Fordham University." He then looked at the letter and said that it was an old one, signed by his predecessor, Father Joseph B. Muenzen. At the time it was written, said Father Gisel, it was true that no dogs had been used by the department; however, since then both Father Muenzen and himself had used dogs for certain experiments in connection with their cancer work. He added: "There is nothing in Catholic doctrine that would warrant anybody opposing the bill."

The bill passed the Assembly easily when the powerful A.S.P.C.A. refused to oppose it, and when Speaker Oswald D. Heck descended the rostrum to make an impassioned plea for its passage, "for the lives of untold generations yet to be born." But the antivivisectionists still weren't finished. A week later, when everyone was looking the other way, they tried to slip an amendment through the Senate which would have given Bentley Sook, one of the most ardent of the bill's opponents, a say in the appointment of the new Animal Experimentation law's administrators. This maneuver was detected just in time, and defeated.

Animals in Labs Closely Supervised

Today, as a result of all the doctors' efforts and the campaign of facts against emotion, the antivivisection movement is rapidly losing strength. More and more, sincere humane society people are coming over to the doctors' side. In New York, there were a few loud resignations from the A.S.P.C.A., but an overwhelming majority of the membership remained intact. In New York City the organization joined with a committee of laymen and doctors to form a co-operative advisory council which is now working with the city health commissioner to make sure that strict regulations for the humane treatment of animals in laboratories are carefully observed.

In Louisville, Kentucky, one of the nation's foremost humane leaders, Miss Carolyn Verhoeff, recently wrote, "Is a compromise possible? I believe it is not only possible but necessary. The time has come when the directors of research and the directors of humane organizations must sit down to abolish suffering in our laboratories. Facts must be faced. Animal experimentation is the foundation of modern medicine."

As the result of the Baltimore fight, Albert H. MacCarthy, treasurer and former president of the Maryland Animal Welfare Association, resigned and came over to the doctors. He now devotes himself mostly to making sure that humane regulations are observed in laboratories.

When you speak to the scientists about the pros and cons of animal experimentation, they smile incredulously. To them there is only one side to the question. They know that you use either humans or animals, and that—as more than one doctor has pointed out—the only country that ever abolished animal experimentation to use humans was Nazi Germany.

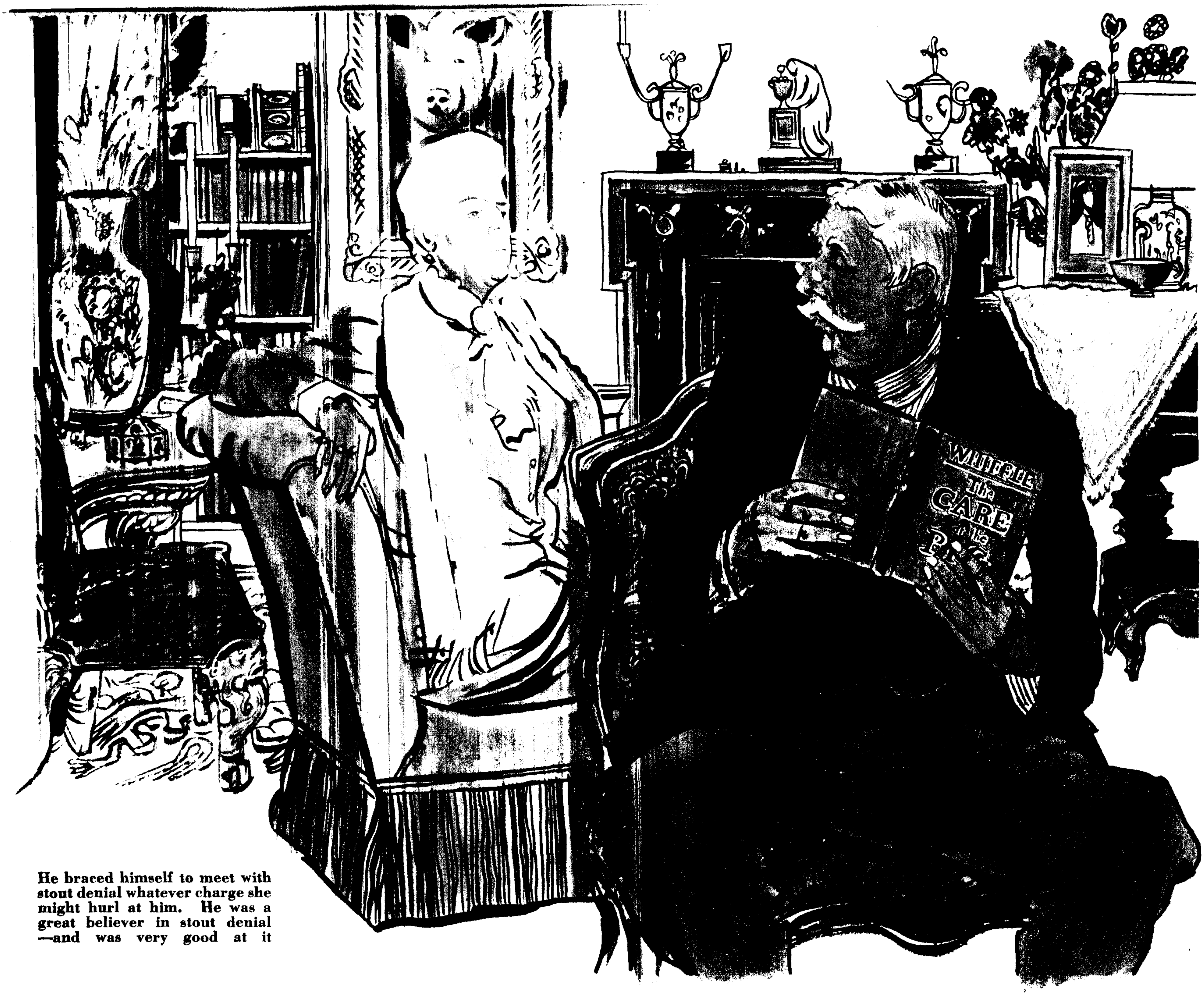
The doctors are winning their fight, and more and more it looks as if the antivivisectionists, as a real force, are finished in America.

Marian Grey of Legion Against Vivisection testifies in vain effort to block New York bill making pound animals available for research

UNITED PRESS

Another losing fight against "pound bill" occurred in Los Angeles. Women opponents crowded around microphone at city council hearings

LOS ANGELES TIMES



He braced himself to meet with stout denial whatever charge she might hurl at him. He was a great believer in stout denial —and was very good at it

PIGS HAVE WINGS

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

The Empress of Blandings had to win the Fat Pigs contest. Love affairs and fortunes depended on it. But it would take ruthlessness and dark cunning to outwit the underhanded owner of the rival porker

I

BEACH the butler, wheezing a little after navigating the stairs—for he was not the streamlined young underfootman he had been thirty years ago—entered the library of Blandings Castle, a salver piled with letters in his hand.

"The afternoon post, m'lord," he announced, and Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, looking up from his book—he was reading Whiffle on The Care of the Pig—said, "Ah, the afternoon post? The afternoon post, eh? Quite. Quite." His sister, Lady Constance Keeble, might, and frequently did, complain of his vagueness—("Oh, for goodness' sake, Clarence, don't *gape* like that!")—but he could on occasion be as quick on the uptake as the next man.

"Yes, yes, to be sure, the afternoon post," he said, fully abreast. "Capital. Thank you, Beach. Put it on the table."

"Very good, m'lord. Pardon me, m'lord, can you see Sir Gregory Parsloe?"

"No," said Lord Emsworth, having glanced about the room and failed to do so. "Where is he?"

"Sir Gregory telephoned a few moments ago to say that he would be glad of a word with your lordship. He informed me that he was about to walk to the castle."

Lord Emsworth blinked.

"Walk? What does he want to walk for?"

"I could not say, m'lord."

"It's three miles each way, and about the hottest day we've had this summer. The man's an ass."

To such an observation the well-trained butler, however sympathetic, does not reply, "You said it, pal!" Beach merely allowed his upper lip to twitch slightly to indicate that his heart was in the right place, and Lord Emsworth fell into a reverie. He was thinking about Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, Bart., of Matchingham Hall.

To most of us, casual observers given to snap judgments, the lot of an earl dwelling in marble halls probably seems an enviable one. "A lucky stiff," we say to ourselves as we drive off in our charabanc after paying half a crown to be shown over the marble halls; and in many cases, of course, we would be right.

But not in the case of Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth. There was a snake in his Garden of Eden. He had good health, a substantial enough fortune even after the depletions of the war and income taxes, and a first-class ancestral home with gravel soil, rolling park land and all the conveniences. But these blessings were rendered null and void by the fact that the pure air of the district was polluted by the presence of a man like Sir Gregory Parsloe, a man who, Lord Emsworth was convinced, had evil designs on that pre-eminent pig, Empress of Blandings.

Empress of Blandings was the apple of Lord Emsworth's eye. Twice in successive years winner in the Fat Pigs class at the Shropshire Agricultural Show, she was confidently expected this year to triumph for the third time, provided—always provided—that this Parsloe, who owned her closest rival, Monarch of Matchingham, did not hatch some fearful plot for her undoing.

Two years before, this sinister baronet had lured away into his own employment Lord Emsworth's pigman, the superbly gifted George Cyril Wellbeloved. And it was the strongly expressed opinion of the Honorable Galahad Threepwood, Lord Emsworth's younger brother, that this bit of sharp practice was to be considered just a preliminary to blacker crimes, a mere flexing of the muscles, as it were, preparatory to dishing out the real rough stuff. "Dash it all," said Galahad, reasoning closely, "when you get a fellow like young Parsloe, a chap who for years before he came into the title was knocking about London without a bean in his pocket, always one jump ahead of the *gendarmerie*, is it extravagant to suppose that he will stick at nothing? If such a man has a pig entered for the Fat Pigs contest and sees a chance of making the thing a certainty for his own candidate by nobbling the favorite, he is dashed well going to jump at it." That was the view of the Honorable Galahad Threepwood.

"Parsloe!" he said. "I've known young Parsloe since we were both in our early twenties, and he was always so crooked he sliced bread with a corkscrew. You can't tell me he's any different now. You watch that pig of yours like a hawk, Clarence, or before you know where you are this fiend in human shape will be slipping pineapple bombs into her bran mash."

The words had sunk in, as such words would scarcely have failed to do, and this caused Lord Emsworth to entertain toward Sir Gregory feelings similar to though less cordial than, those of Sherlock Holmes toward Professor Moriarty So now he sat brooding on him darkly and would probably have gone on brooding for some considerable time had no Beach, who wanted to get back to his pantry and rest his feet, uttered a significant cough.

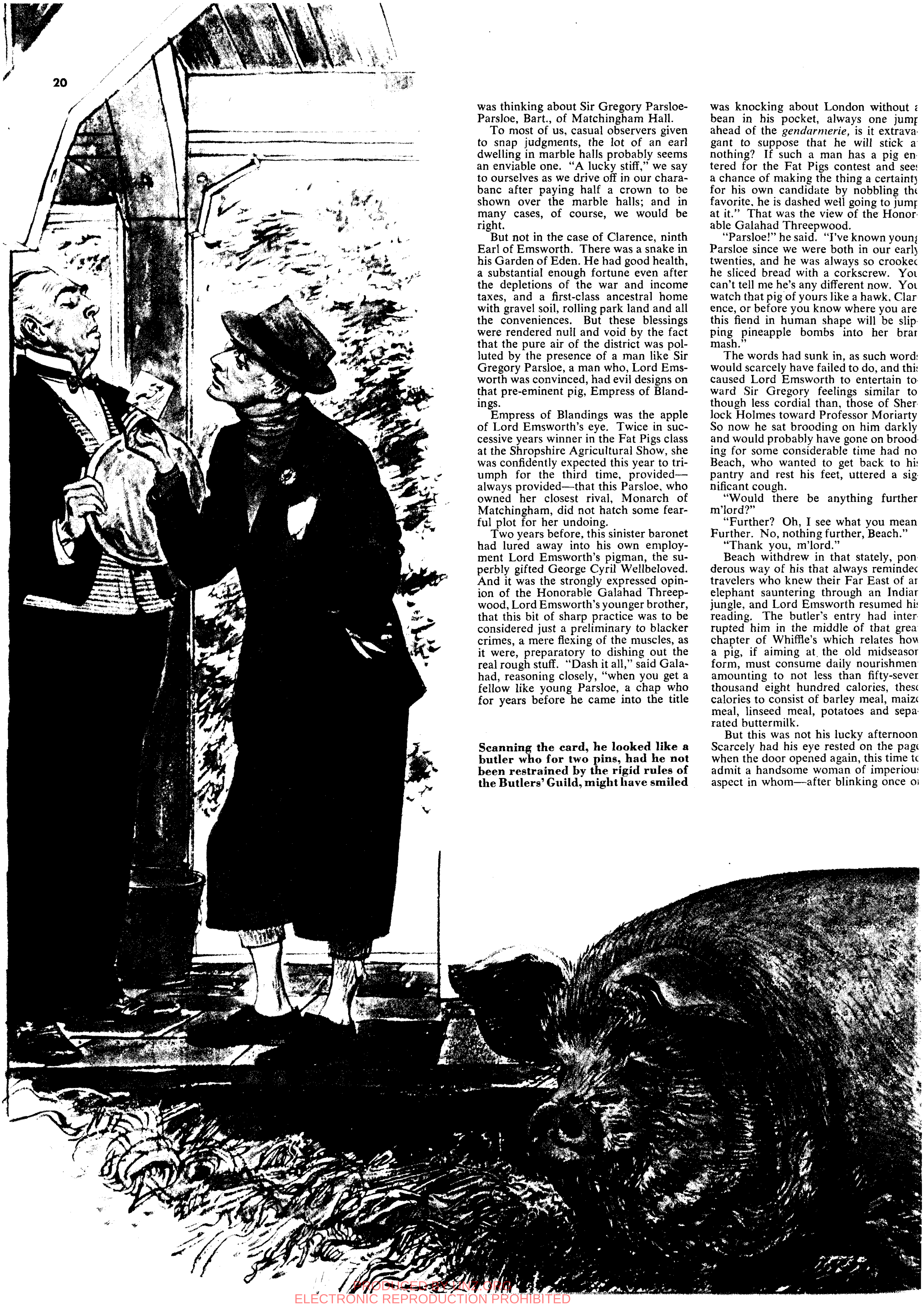
"Would there be anything further m'lord?"

"Further? Oh, I see what you mean Further. No, nothing further, Beach."

"Thank you, m'lord."

Beach withdrew in that stately, ponderous way of his that always reminded travelers who knew their Far East of an elephant sauntering through an Indian jungle, and Lord Emsworth resumed his reading. The butler's entry had interrupted him in the middle of that grea chapter of Whiffle's which relates how a pig, if aiming at the old midseason form, must consume daily nourishmen amounting to not less than fifty-seven thousand eight hundred calories, these calories to consist of barley meal, maize meal, linseed meal, potatoes and separated buttermilk.

But this was not his lucky afternoon Scarcely had his eye rested on the page when the door opened again, this time to admit a handsome woman of imperious aspect in whom—after blinking once on



Scanning the card, he looked like a butler who for two pins, had he not been restrained by the rigid rules of the Butlers' Guild, might have smiled

twice through his pince-nez—he recognized his sister. Lady Constance was the widow of the African millionaire, Joseph Keeble, whose death some years before had left her with nobody to bully but the unfortunate head of the family, a task to which she devoted all her considerable energies.

He eyed her apprehensively. Painful experience had taught him that visits from Lady Constance Keeble meant trouble, and he braced himself, as always, to meet with stout denial whatever charge she might be about to hurl at him. He was a great believer in stout denial and was very good at it.

For once, however, her errand appeared to be pacific. Her manner was serene, even amiable. "Oh, Clarence," she said, "have you seen Penelope?"

"Eh?"

"Penelope Donaldson."

"Who," asked Lord Emsworth courteously, "is Penelope Donaldson?"

Lady Constance sighed. Had she not been the daughter of a hundred earls, she would have snorted. "Penelope Donaldson," she said, speaking with the strained sweetness of a woman striving to be patient while conversing with one of the less intelligent of the Jukes family, "is the younger daughter of the Mr. Donaldson of Long Island in the United States of America whose elder daughter is married to your son Frederick. To refresh your memory, you have two sons: your heir, Bosham, and a younger son, Frederick. Frederick married the elder Miss Donaldson. The younger Miss Donaldson—her name is Penelope—is staying with us now at Blandings Castle. This is Blandings Castle, and what I am asking you is: Have you seen her?"

It has already been mentioned that there were moments when Lord Emsworth could be as quick as a flash. "Ah!" he cried, enlightened. "When you say Penelope Donaldson, you mean Penelope Donaldson. Quite. Quite. And have I seen her, you ask. Yes, I saw her with Galahad just now. I was looking out the window, and they came past. Going for a walk or something. They were walking," explained Lord Emsworth, making it clear that his brother and the young visitor from America had not been mounted on Pogo sticks.

Lady Constance uttered a sound which resembled the noise caused by placing a wet thumb on a hot stove lid. "Galahad ought to have more sense. Ever since she came to the castle he has simply monopolized the girl. He must know that the whole point of her being here is that I wanted to bring her and Orlo Vosper together."

"Who—?"

"Clarence, if you ask, 'Who is Orlo Vosper?' I shall hit you with something. You know perfectly well who Orlo Vosper is."

Lord Emsworth nodded intelligently. "Yes, I've got him placed now. Fellow who looks like a screen star. He's staying here," he said, imparting a valuable piece of inside information.

"I am aware of it. And Penelope seems to be deliberately avoiding him."

"Sensible girl. He's a dull chap. Furthermore, the man's unsound on pigs. When I showed him the Empress, he yawned."

"He is evidently very much attracted to Penelope."

"Tried to hide it behind his hand, but I saw it. A yawn."

"And it would be a wonderful marriage for her."

"What would?"

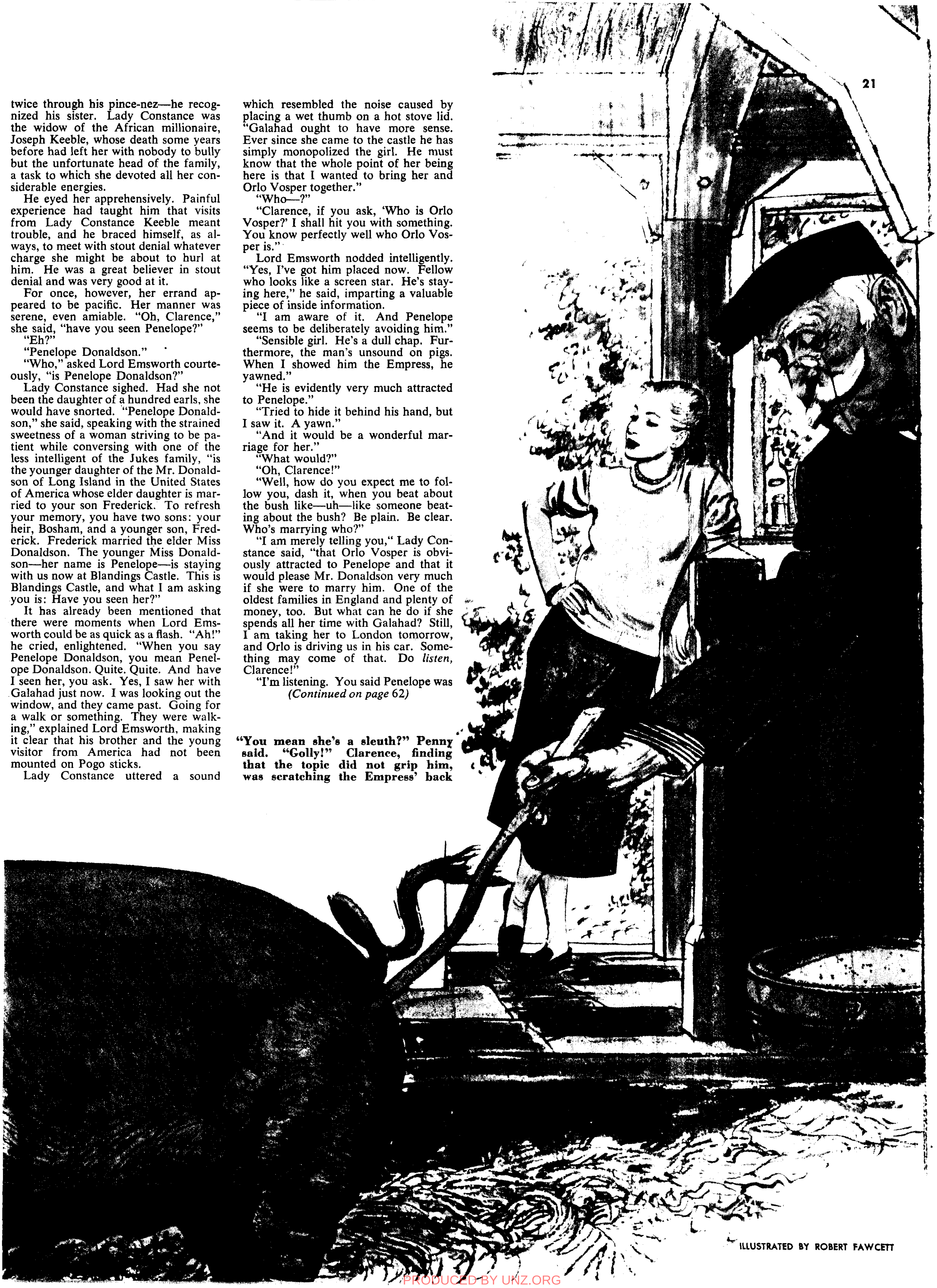
"Oh, Clarence!"

"Well, how do you expect me to follow you, dash it, when you beat about the bush like—uh—like someone beating about the bush? Be plain. Be clear. Who's marrying who?"

"I am merely telling you," Lady Constance said, "that Orlo Vosper is obviously attracted to Penelope and that it would please Mr. Donaldson very much if she were to marry him. One of the oldest families in England and plenty of money, too. But what can he do if she spends all her time with Galahad? Still, I am taking her to London tomorrow, and Orlo is driving us in his car. Something may come of that. Do *listen,* Clarence!"

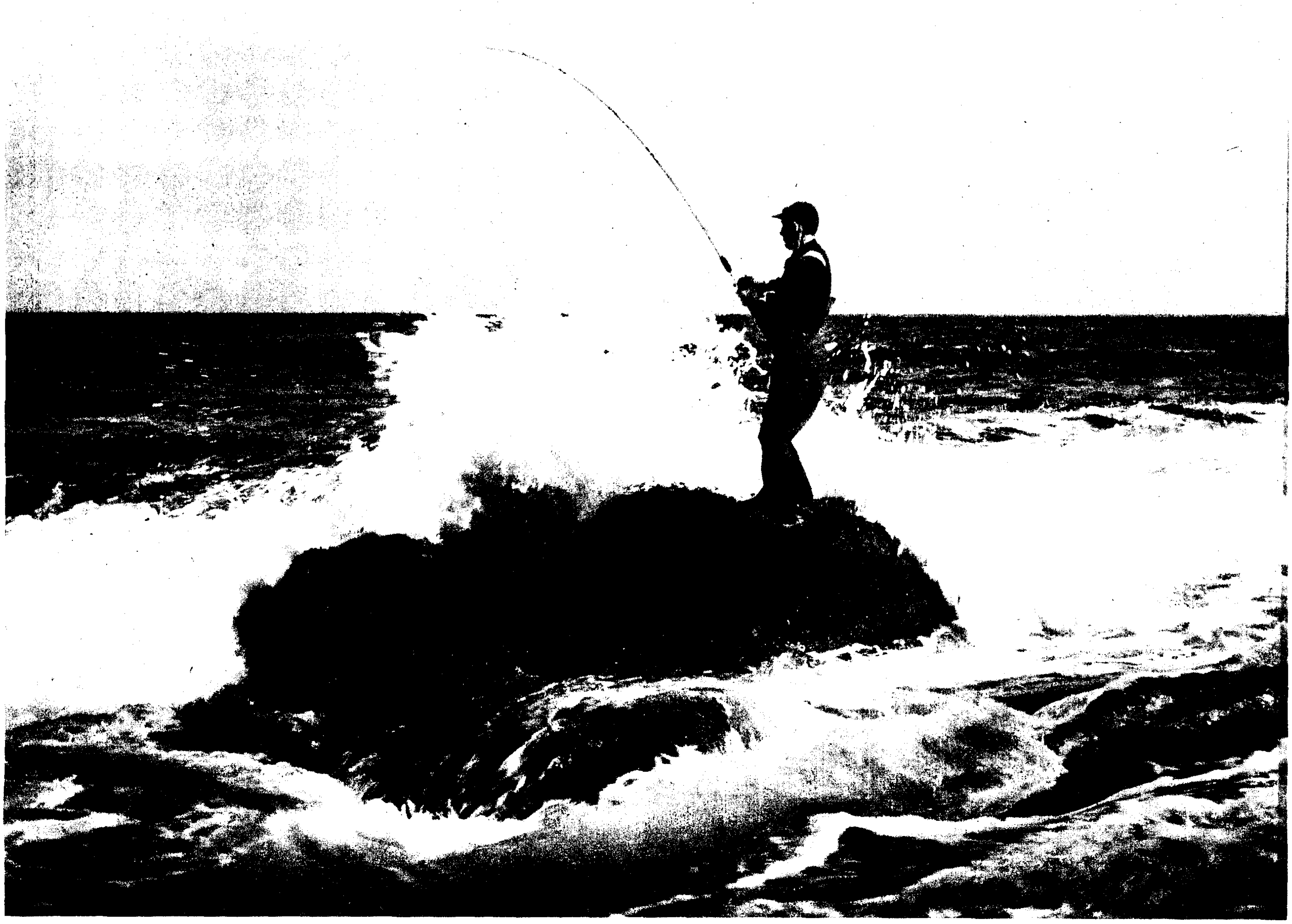
"I'm listening. You said Penelope was

(Continued on page 62)



"You mean she's a sleuth?" Penny said. "Golly!" Clarence, finding that the topic did not grip him, was scratching the Empress' back

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT



ARTHUR GRIFFIN

SURF FISHING

By **RAYMOND R. CAMP**

The kinds of fish in the sea are legion, and beach anglers get a crack at many of them. But given a choice, experts will take the striped bass, which is big, tough and elusive

WHEREVER the wave curls white on an outer bar or lashes in foam against a rocky beach, you will find that hardest-working member of the angling brotherhood—the surf caster, purist of the tidal margins.

No other fisherman labors longer and harder in the face of disappointment. Through scorching sunlight and chilling moonlight—and the night seems more productive—through ebb tide and flood, he haunts the beaches of both oceans, patiently sweeping his long rod in a snapping arc to probe the turbulent water. Too often his only reward is exercise, but he is eternally hopeful.

Like the salmon specialist and the musky expert, most surf casters have a special quarry. The ocean is a gigantic grab bag, and you never can be certain of the species that *may* grab up your lure. The man who fishes the surf may take hundreds of lesser fish, such as bluefish, weakfish, croakers, fluke, or even channel bass, before he hooks and beaches the prize he seeks, Roccus saxatilis, the striped bass.

It is the number and size of the stripers he takes that measure the success or failure of the surf caster—although where the striped bass does not exist, or in waters where its numbers are hopelessly thin, certain other fish have advocates almost as stanch as those who seek the "king." On some of the Pacific beaches the corbina (one of the numerous Cynoscion family) attracts many of the Southern surf casters, and the channel bass (or drum) is favored south of the striper's range on the Atlantic.

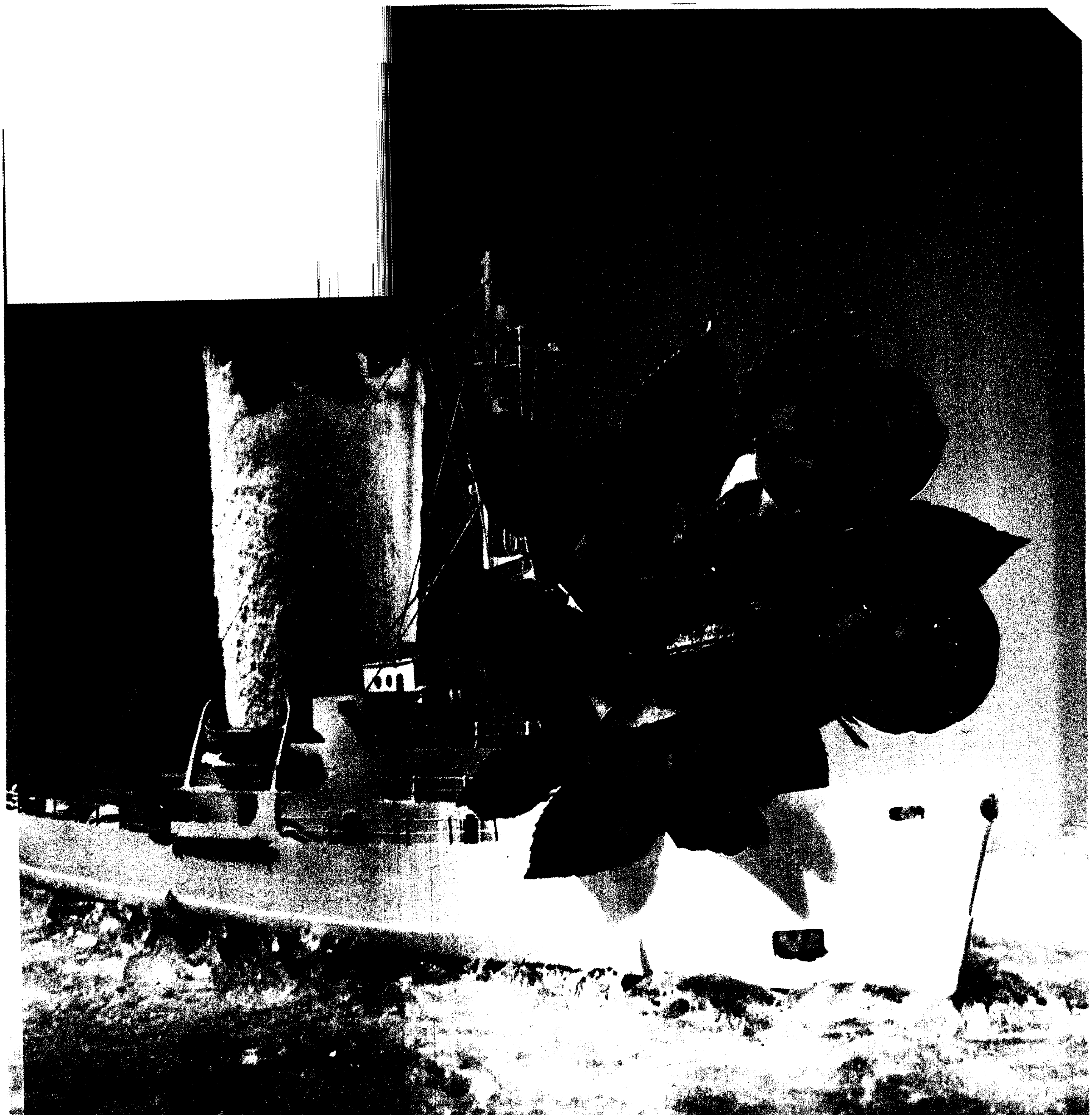
The striper has the distinction of being one of the few salt-water species successfully transplanted from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Between 1879 and 1882, some 450 striped bass were planted in San Francisco Bay, where they multiplied and spread northward. Today, they are more abundant in that area than in their home waters.

Like the salmon, the striper is a fresh-water spawner, and although it has been protected by game fish classification on the West Coast, its numbers have been seriously reduced by commercial fishing on the Atlantic. Although surf casters from Massachusetts to Virginia have organized to protect the fish and prevent a high annual toll by netters, they have had little success.

The surf caster who has taken one striper—and many have persisted from two months to five years to accomplish the goal—is inclined to argue that he would rather try for this fish in likely water than hook any one of the lesser species on every other cast. Being migratory, the striper is found in coastal waters from May to November, but the average surf caster usually tries early and continues late, which gives him a longer, if not necessarily productive, season. And it's the unproductive season that's the rule.

Some years ago a friend of mine, a trout fisherman, took a home on the beach. Each morning he turned out shortly after daybreak in order to make the commuters' special, and each morning from May to October, for three successive years, he saw the same surf caster flailing away on the beach near his house.

Finally, my friend decided to investigate this tireless but apparently vain pursuit. He approached the surf caster one morning, and worded his inquiry



How to break the ice. A welcome way, at this time of year, is to suggest a tall and frosty mint julep. And it's *especially* welcome if you make it with that perfect julep whiskey—Four Roses. For, so many people prefer Four Roses that it outsells every other whiskey at or above the Four Roses price—even outsells most other whiskies at any price.

Wouldn't you rather drink

Four Roses

FOUR ROSES
Blended Whiskey

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

Surf casting looks easier than it is. You may hook 'em, but can you land 'em?

in what he considered to be a tactful manner.

"Every morning, spring through fall, for the past three years, I've watched you casting on this beach. Sometimes I've watched for a few minutes, occasionally for two or three hours, but in all that time I've never seen you catch a single fish."

The surf caster thrust the butt of the rod firmly in the sand, and peered at my friend.

"Great jumping balls of fire!" he roared. "Do you mean to tell me they catch *fish* doing this?"

Squelched, my friend beat a hasty retreat to the comparative sanctuary of his home, and carried out his future researches with the aid of binoculars. He insists that, to date, he has never seen the man so much as hook a fish. Not even a skate! And practically anyone can hook a skate.

To the casual onlooker, surf casting appears to be a rather haphazard kind of angling. In practice, however, it is one of the most precise forms of the fisherman's art.

The successful surf caster must be thoroughly grounded in a science known as "surfcraft." He must be familiar with the habits of his quarry at all phases of weather and tide, and able to cast with distance as well as accuracy and "fish" his lures skillfully. Then, last but by no means least, he must know how to play his fish and how to beach it by judging the right wave to a nicety. As in other forms of angling, more fish are hooked than ever reach the table.

Casters' Technique Revealed

The visitor from, say Iowa, where surf casting is not listed as a popular pastime, might find it interesting and instructive to stroll down the beach behind one of the veteran surf casters. He would note, if at all observant, that the angler does not pause and cast at regular intervals, but instead makes casts of varying length and number at carefully selected spots. Here the caster will drop his lure in a "break" in a sand bar, retrieving it at varying speeds across and through the channel. The next cast may send the lure to the bar itself, where it will be retrieved through a deep slough that cuts between the bar and the beach. The next heave may be across the turbulence at the end of a jetty, or through the white water that froths around a rock.

When surface lures, and there are a wide assortment, do not produce, he may see the caster switch to a diving plug, or perhaps a block tin "jig" that has been expertly bent to a shape that gives it an alluring action in the water. These efforts failing, the fisherman may dig down in his surf bag for a jar of salted eelskins. One of these deceivers, affixed to a heavy casting head, will often bring a response from a striper when all other lures fail.

Not every surf caster has the strength, temperament or time to trudge several hours through the sand in search of his sport. To solve this problem, some anglers turned to that odd form of transport known as the "beach buggy," a vehicle now common on most sandy beaches from Cape Cod to Florida.

Equipped with low pressure, oversize tires, these autos blossom in accordance with the desires and creative skills of the anglers. Some involve nothing more elaborate than a bucket seat, a couple of rod holders, and an icebox. Others have evolved into complex caravans which provide food and shelter as well as transportation.

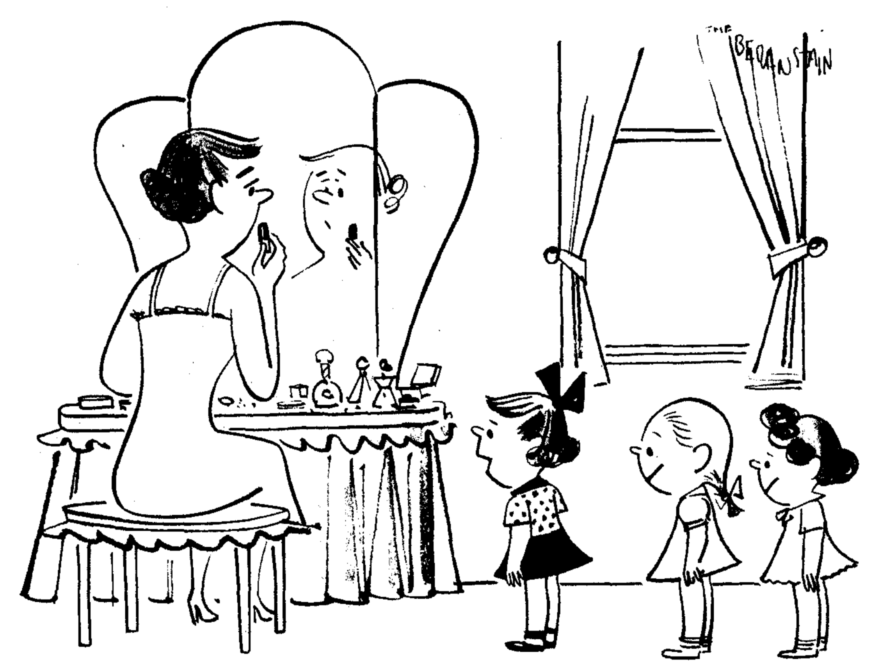
Along the Outer Banks of North Carolina, between Nags Head and Ocracoke, the channel bass or drum has dislodged the crown of the striper, and during the spring and fall, when these fish move in close to the beach, scores of buggies cruise the sands.

The big, copper-colored drum normally move inshore in schools, and occasionally they will pursue bait fish to within easy casting range of the angler. During these periods, "spot" fishing is normally abandoned in favor of cruising—a method offering several forms of excitement besides that of the actual fishing.

To eliminate any reduction in power, mufflers are removed from the buggies, and when an inshore school is spotted, the roar of exhaust alerts every angler for miles. Then there is a mad race to reach the point where the fish are surfacing, a spot usually marked by a mob of screaming, diving gulls. To get a favored position from which to cast, a crew often leaves the buggy while that vehicle is in full flight, and it is not unusual to see a buggy careening along the beach without passengers.

Normal procedure is to turn the buggy toward the high-water mark, flip off the ignition, and leap.

SISTER



"Mother, may Joan and Marie watch you put on your make-up? They can't pick up any tricks at home because their mothers don't have to use much"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Best Rod for Pacific Surf

Although there are variations in transportation techniques, surf casting, regardless of area, has a surprising similarity in method and tackle—with the single exception that the majority of the Pacific anglers favor a longer, heavier rod. This permits the casting of a heavier lure a greater distance; because many of the popular Western fishing beaches have a long, shallow surf, a long cast is important.

The Eastern "squidding stick" seldom extends more than seven feet in tip, with a "spring" butt of 24 to 26 inches. On the West Coast, eight- and nine-foot tips with "extension" butts are not uncommon, and practice with these long rods has given the anglers there a definite edge on the Easterners in casting tournaments, where distance is important.

The hollow, fiber-glass rods, with their superior strength, durability and flexibility, have almost eliminated the once-popular split bamboo sticks on both coasts, besides greatly reducing the cost of a really fine surf casting outfit. But whatever the equipment and its cost, you still have to know how to use it.

Because I was born and reared within the sound of the surf on the New Jersey coast, surf casting for me became an early and almost endless activity. My first outfit was a rather clumsy hand-me-down, but the ancient six-foot greenheart tip and the protesting, single-action reel proved adequate to provide several households with fish.

When I was eleven, a hearty basso from the Metropolitan Opera rented an adjoining house for the summer. My first gesture toward a good neighbor policy was a 12-pound striper, and the singer was immediately impressed by the fishing possibilities. If a small boy could take fish that large, he decided, his own fish would assume gigantic proportions. He persuaded me to guide him to the nearest tackle shop and select a complete outfit for this sport.

For once I could make a selection without thought of economy, and the outfit finally assembled caused me to view things through a green haze: a long, slender squidding rod of split bamboo, a fine Vom Hofe surf reel, 300 yards of the finest cuttyhunk line, and finally a tackle box of polished mahogany crammed with an assortment of jigs, hooks, sinkers and leaders.

That afternoon we moved to the beach and I rigged up his rod, placing it in his hands with a greater reluctance than I had known before or have known since. I suggested that he watch me make a few casts with my antique rod before trying his first cast: after my fourth effort he nodded in understanding.

Exuding self-confidence, he stepped forward, swung mightily—and sent hook, bait, sinker and several feet of expensive cuttyhunk line an incredible distance out into the Atlantic. I untangled the backlash and rerigged the rod.

His second effort was, if anything, more disastrous than the first. The third not only cost him another rig, but provided him with a severe burn on the ball of his thumb.

With a restraint that I now recognize as amazing, he handed me the rod with trembling hands and tapped the ornate tackle box with his foot.

"Take it away," he spoke through clenched teeth. "Remove it from my sight. Remove it quickly, lest I smash it to a million tiny glittering fragments of wood and metal. Quickly, I say!"

I departed so hurriedly, encumbered with both rods and the tackle box, that I fell while climbing the steps to the boardwalk and broke my old greenheart rod. I recall neither a pang at the loss nor a pain from the bruises.

Of course, not every surf fisherman pursues the active form of this sport; practically any surf caster will describe the antics and bearing of those anglers disparagingly termed "beach jockeys," "jetty jumpers," and "pier danglers."

How the Beach Jockey Fishes

Pause on the fringe of almost any beach with reasonable access by highway, and you will find at least one beach jockey, contemplating a rod stuck in a sand spike while he relaxes on a folding chair or a driftwood crate. Occasionally one of these anglers, peacefully fishing on the bottom with a chunk of menhaden, a cluster of sandworms or a strip of squid, will hook a striper. Often this incident results in a broken rod or the loss of most of the angler's terminal tackle, for the man who is accustomed to reeling in a fluke, skate, kingfish, weakfish or croaker seldom has the skill to compete with a big, tough striper.

The active surf caster is inclined to be rather tolerant of these fishermen (unless one of them happens to be fishing at one of his favorite spots), rating them as crosses which must be borne, like mosquitoes during an offshore wind. His own incursions into this form of fishing are considered to be forced by circumstance rather than choice, and he does not find it relaxing.

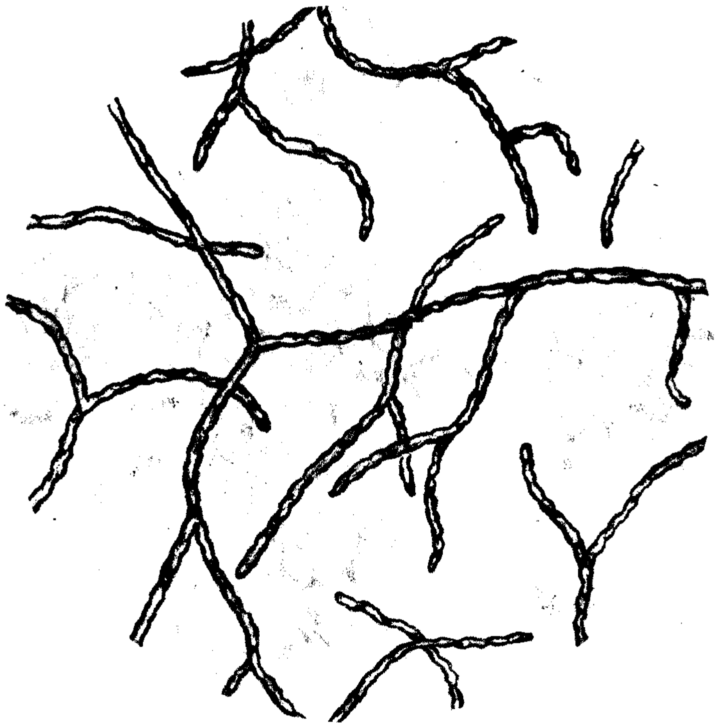
In some areas local airport operators have turned surf casting to good account by offering to fly devotees along the beach at a low altitude in order to spot schools of fish, and some reap an additional dangerous dollar by making beach landings. A few who have mastered the beach landing technique make a regular business of flying surf casters to productive fishing areas. Stripers are readily spotted from the air, and many a surf caster has turned an otherwise blank season into a productive one by resorting to the services of these aerial beach buggies.

As striped bass normally bring an excellent price on the market, some surf casters make the sport pay its way, but the procedure is frowned upon by most of the brotherhood, who insist that this automatically wipes out the practitioner's amateur standing.

Many a surf caster will go through an entire season without taking a single striper, then, when he has trudged several trackless miles to an isolated point, he will harvest fish in devastating numbers. Disposal of the fish may constitute something of a problem, but he would not think of leaving one to spoil on the beach.

I know of one surf caster who spent five hours "relaying" 12 large stripers to the nearest road, then routed a taxi driver and an iceman out of bed to insure against the spoiling of the fish.

He's stubborn, persistent, opinionated, and a purist of the first water, but the surf caster is a sportsman. And his tribe is rapidly increasing. ▲▲▲



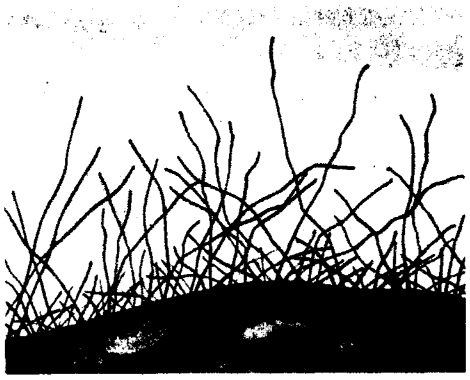
These fungi, drawn from actual microphoto, are only a few of many believed to cause Athlete's Foot. These parasitic micro-organisms are carried through the air; you can pick them up from floors, bath mats, swimming pools. Reinfection from shoes or stockings, even after they're washed, is common.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

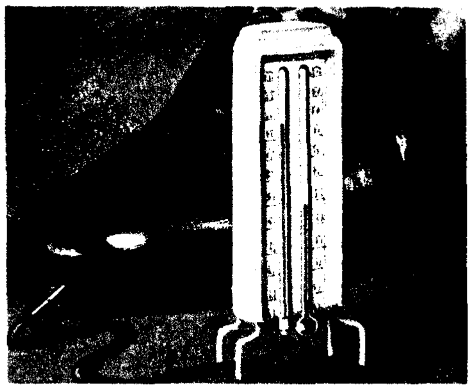
What it is
How you get it
How to recognize it
How to get relief

● **Dermatophytosis,** also known as Athlete's Foot, actually afflicts a large percentage of people who think they are healthy as can be. This disease is usually carried between the toes, can lie dormant for months, then become acute—even spread to other parts of the body, where it is usually diagnosed as *ringworm.*

Athlete's Foot can cause great discomfort, even loss of time from work. But immediate treatment, as shown here, of itching or cracks between the toes, generally can keep it in check in its early stages.



Athlete's Foot fungi thrive in moist, protected places. They live on dead flakes of skin. Thus the places between and under your toes provide an ideal "culture" in which they can flourish, as this illustration from a greatly enlarged microphotograph shows.

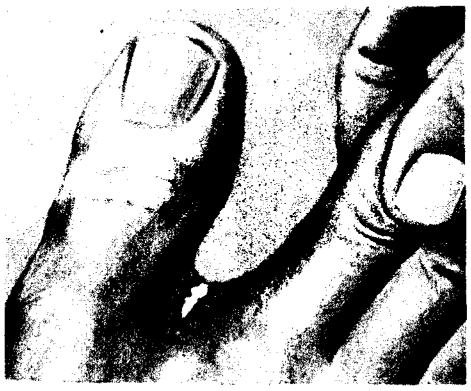


Walking on hot summer pavements makes foot temperature soar, causing excessive perspiration, inviting attack of Athlete's Foot. It lets the fungi breed and grow twice as fast, irritates the skin between the toes to the point where cracks appear.

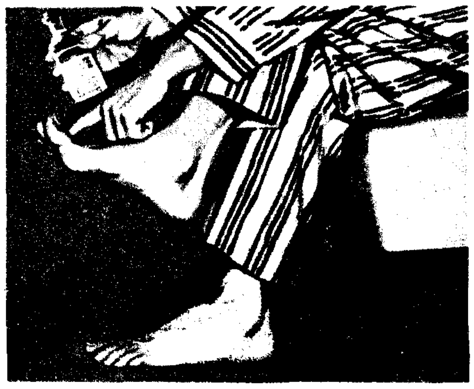
For relief of Athlete's Foot symptoms, apply Absorbine Jr. to the skin between the toes. Absorbine Jr. kills all the Athlete's Foot fungi it can reach, dissolves stale perspiration products on which they feed, promotes healing of the skin.

Absorbine Jr.

Left untreated, Athlete's Foot organisms can burrow beneath skin tissues, attack nerve endings, lead to severe disability that may last for years. Athlete's Foot in advanced cases like the one shown here, requires the care of a doctor.



Raw cracks between the toes are "open invitations" to infection. Here is where Athlete's Foot fungi get in, spread, infect. Toes redden, itch. Skin flakes off in whitish patches. These—and accompanying pain—are usually symptoms of Athlete's Foot.



To guard against Athlete's Foot, make daily use of Absorbine Jr. during summer months. That's when feet perspire most, when Athlete's Foot is most likely to strike. To help prevent reinfection, boil socks 15 minutes, don't share towels or bath mats.

Original relief for Athlete's Foot, soothing, refreshing Absorbine Jr. is today's biggest seller. Regardless of what combination of fungi was present, Absorbine Jr. has proved successful in 3 out of 4 of all cases tested under strictly controlled conditions.

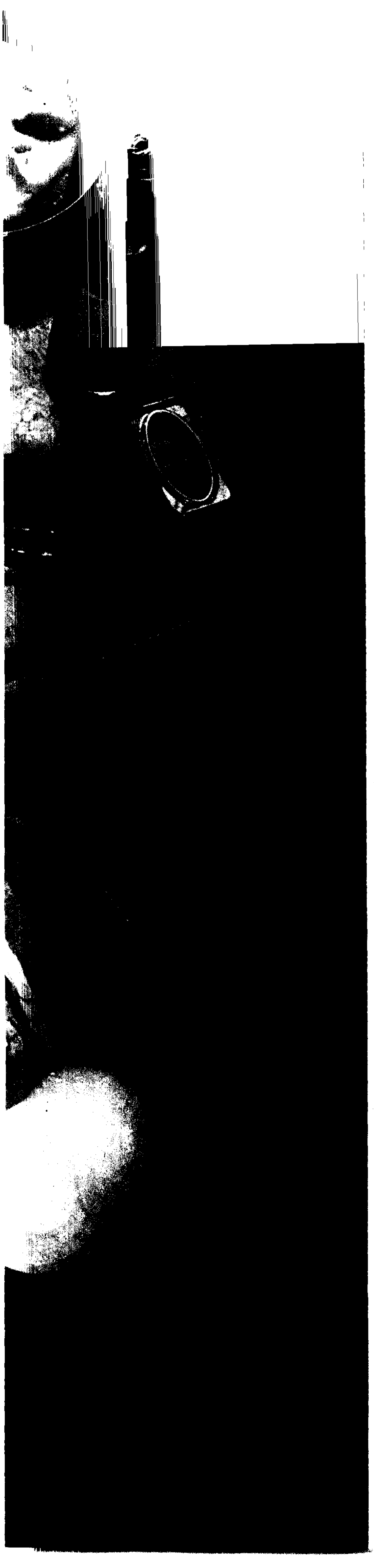
If you have *any* signs of Athlete's Foot, buy your Absorbine Jr. today! Available at drug counters everywhere.

This time-tested household stand-by is also effective for relief of muscular aches and pains due to overexercise, for minor sunburn, for non-poisonous insect bites. W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

SALAD DAYS

By HARRY BOTSFORD

Want to snap a man out of those summer mealtime doldrums? Try him on one of these crisp concoctions. Better still, let him make it



Chef's Salad, among the tastiest of all luncheon dishes. Prepare one head of lettuce, six radishes, one green pepper, half a cucumber, a celery stalk and three ripe tomatoes, add strips of cheese, baked ham, chicken, and toss together. Onions, chives, pimiento, cauliflower optional. French dressing or mayonnaise may be used; fortify mayonnaise with pepper, salt, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL

A SPURIOUS fiction prevails that men do not like salads. It has been kept alive by a few women who should know better. Mostly, these women cling to the curious belief that a salad should be a thing of beauty, with the stress on appearance, rather than on succulence. When males have resolutely refused to take more than a tentative bite of what masquerades as a salad, the women have bitterly remarked that George just doesn't care for salads.

The naked and lovely truth is that making salads is a man's job. Give the gentleman a vote of confidence and he will compound a salad that combines succulence and fits neatly into the culinary plans made by the distaff side of the family.

The average male doesn't look like a matinee idol, but when he blends a salad, tosses and serves it with grace and dignity, he knows that he commands attention and respect. With low animal cunning, the gentleman realizes that this art is one that seldom goes unnoticed by female guests of his board; further, if he makes the salad and the dressing, he gets just what he wants.

"What I like about salad making," a friend confesses, "is that they can be made of almost anything: meat, fish, greens, fruits or vegetables—or even a couple of these ingredients together."

This gentleman is a perfectionist. One of his best efforts is a Chef's Salad that is one of the best luncheon dishes I have ever eaten. With it, he serves toasted and buttered English muffins and hot coffee, and the guests arise from the table more than satisfied.

When the average man becomes engrossed in the business of concocting salads, the chances are that he will require a lot of accessories. Most of these he will use to compound a salad dressing that is usually esteemed because it is distinctive. Therefore, he needs a variety of salad vinegars: red and white wine vinegar, garlic, tarragon and sweet basil vinegar. This may seem like an excessive volume of vinegars, but it is not an expensive array; the bottles will cost about 45 cents each. And they will last a long time. Some herbs are also vital in the preparation of a good salad dressing. The following might be considered as vital: *fines herbes,* thyme, *orégano,* parsley, tarragon—and maybe some garlic and onion powder. Cost: approximately 50 cents for a long-lasting jar.

Next comes the oil. A good olive oil is fairly expensive, but there are many vegetable oils that blend smoothly with the vinegars and make a tremendously fine French dressing.

The classic proportion for a perfect French dressing is two parts of oil to one of vinegar. The true artist will put a pinch of sugar, a dash of salt in the mixing bowl, add the oil and stir. Then he will take the fork, dip it into the jar of dry mustard and use only what adheres to the oily fork. When the beaten oil is smooth, the vinegar is slowly added and beaten with the fork. That's French dressing. The salad maker may use lemon juice instead of vinegar. If he is a perfectionist, he may use dribbles of two or three different vinegars, tasting from time to time until he is happy with the blend. With the addition of the right herbs, the dressing comes close to perfection.

This is the dressing to use on a green salad, one composed of crisp, crunchy romaine, lettuce, tender young onions, water cress. Prepare the greens ahead of time, tear, wrap them in a clean towel and refrigerate. Dump into the salad bowl—I insist that it be a wooden one. Toss at the table. But, be frugal of the dressing! Too much of it destroys the basic crispness of a salad. There should be just enough to coat every leaf. There's nothing less appetizing than a salad with too much dressing, but when the leaves are coated perfectly, the salad attains maturity and beauty. This is the sort of salad that has delighted generations in almost every civilized country. Some prefer a taste of garlic in a salad. They say there is no such thing as a *little* garlic. I won't argue the point, but most males like the taste and aroma. If you like a lot of garlic, use a garlic press and crush a clove of it into the dressing. If a lesser quantity is preferred, rub the salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic before the salad is tossed. If still less quantity is desired, rub a small piece of toast with garlic, toss it with the greens and then discard.

Obviously, the salad expert will point out, the same dressing can't be used on every salad material. Tomatoes, for instance, contain a little acid and do not take kindly to a traditional French dressing. So, add a little sugar in the dressing and a little more oil than usual. A friend of mine slices tomatoes, places them on a bed of crisp lettuce, covers them with finely chopped, fresh chives and parsley, and pours the dressing over them. A perfect salad, every forkful contains contrasting, yet harmonious, ingredients; the salad is light, delicately flavored, a sterling favorite.

The confirmed and experimental blender of salads invariably uses a considerable variety of dressings. Many of these are available ready-made in bottle or jar form at the corner grocery store or supermarket. Among the standard dressings is Russian. One New York restaurant, in a burst of patriotic zeal, calls it MacArthur dressing, but its basic ingredients remain the same.

Russian Dressing

Chili sauce, 3 tablespoons
Chives, finely minced, 1 teaspoon
Pimiento, diced, 1 teaspoon
Mayonnaise, 1 cup
Salt and pepper to taste.

Mix and chill. There are several variations of Russian dressing; some make it with green pepper, finely diced, lemon juice and diced scallions added to the above prescription.

Thousand Island dressing is still a prime household favorite, yet I am informed that it is not popular in the average topflight restaurant. This is difficult to understand, for it has an agreeable and engaging zest.

Thousand Island Dressing

Mayonnaise, 1 cup
Chili sauce, 1 tablespoon
Stuffed olives, chopped, 1 tablespoon
Chives, minced, 1 teaspoon
Egg, hard-cooked, chopped, 1
Paprika, ¼ teaspoon
Salt and pepper to taste.

Mix and blend the ingredients, chill before

They'll come running for

Spudnut

ALA MODE

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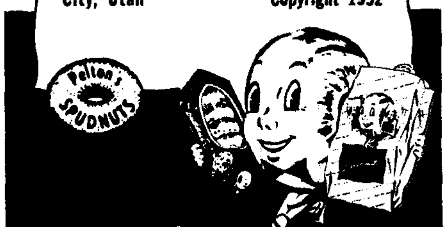
One of the best things about summer is SPUDNUT ALA MODE . . . a luscious, golden-crusted Spudnut topped with a generous heaping of Spudnut Freeze to make a cooling, tummy-tempting, around-the-clock eating treat! Over 300 Spudnut dealers throughout the country are waiting to serve you Spudnut Ala Mode at their counter, or to supply you with a dozen Spudnuts and a quart of Spudnut Freeze for home serving. Drop in — soon!

Spudnuts and Spudnut Pastry Varieties are made only by specially-trained, franchised dealers, and sold in the genuine Mr. Spudnut Bag or Box. Franchises available . . . write Franchise Division, Pelton's Spudnuts, Inc., 1488 South State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah Copyright 1952



Spudnuts

AMERICA'S FINEST FOOD CONFECTIONS!

Fish, cheese, dandelion, bacon—many foods make fine salads

using. The dressing is excellent on several types of green or garden salads.

Bottled mayonnaise has great merit; it is fairly mild and moderately stimulating. For many salads, it is advisable to fortify the mayonnaise. It can be enlivened by a judicious addition of Worcestershire sauce, lemon or onion juice, in any combination. A little white wine vinegar, beaten into the mayonnaise, produces a refreshing change-of-pace dressing.

Sour-cream dressing, a country kitchen invention, is ideal with a delicately robust and enticing salad of thinly sliced cucumbers, diced spring onions and sliced radishes. There is no better luncheon than a generous bowl of this salad, some hot buttered brown bread, a modest slice of cheese and a tall glass of cold buttermilk.

Sour Cream Dressing

Sour cream, 1 cup
Mustard, dry, dash
Chives, finely diced, 1 teaspoon
Herb vinegar or lemon juice, 1 tablespoon
Salt and pepper to taste.

Beat together, chill—and be liberal with the dressing, for this is one time when the austerity rules do not apply.

Another dressing the salad maker should know and use with some frequency is a stout Roquefort dressing, especially fine on a simple green salad. The inept cook simply adds chunks of cheese to a dressing, with the result that the customer gets a bite of salad and several chunks of cheese with one bite, no cheese with the second. Every morsel of the salad is heavily coated with the dressing when it is made like this:

Roquefort Dressing

Roquefort cheese, ½ cup
Heavy cream, ¼ cup
Worcestershire sauce, dash
Chives, minced, 1½ tablespoons
French dressing, very tart, 1 cup

Mash the cheese with a silver fork, blend smoothly with the cream, add Worcestershire sauce and chives. Add the French dressing slowly, beat with a fork. When fairly smooth, use a hand beater and blend until smooth as silk. Add salt if needed. Refrigerate before using.

A few years ago, the author was challenged to prepare a salad for the annual dinner of the Author's Club, a group of curiously opinionated individuals who, for some unknown reason, look upon salad with uninterested and jaundiced eyes. I prepared a Roquefort dressing; the salad was crisp lettuce and romaine. It was tossed at the table and the scriveners were served. To my delight, they ate their salad with what the trade might call considerable gusto.

A good salad maker should possess a slight touch of genius when it comes to preparing salad dressings. A liberal dash of curry powder in a mayonnaise will create a minor miracle, and it produces a dressing that is more than excellent on fish and sea food. Chopped chives added to almost any dressing give it sparkle and dash, to say nothing of great flavor.

Orégano and basil, not too much, added to a salad which contains tomatoes generates something that is delightful, and *fines herbes* sprinkled over a green salad make it noteworthy—and a small jar of *fines herbes* is relatively inexpensive. By all means add tarragon to the mayonnaise used on a shrimp salad. This is an easy salad to make. A few onion rings are added along with a little diced celery.

A tuna salad is easily made, forms the basis for a palatable luncheon, provided the salad maker exercises a little care in the preparation. Canned tuna, of course, but dump the tuna into a sieve and let very hot water run over it for a minute. This removes the oil and adds materially to the flavor of the salad.

Tuna Salad

Tuna, 2 7½-ounce cans
Onion, small, cut into rings, 1
Celery, diced, ⅔ cup
French dressing, ½ cup
Green pepper, diced, ½ cup
Eggs, hard-cooked sliced, 2
Mayonnaise, ¼ to ½ cup

Flake the tuna, marinate in the French dressing for an hour, drain, add celery, onion rings, green pepper and eggs. Toss very carefully in a fortified mayonnaise—that is, a commercial mayonnaise that has been enlivened with lemon juice, a little Worcestershire sauce and freshly ground pepper. This salad is savory and filling, enough for four.

Ingenuity pays dividends in the use of salad materials, too. Try making a salad of raw mushroom caps, cauliflower flowerets; marinate in a salty French dressing, refrigerate, serve on crisp green leaves of lettuce. It is good with a pot roast, meat loaf or baked ham.

A friend who has a masterly way of roasting duck invariably serves with it a salad that has always seemed especially appropriate—a mixture of orange and grapefruit segments, tossed with pale-rose Italian onion rings. These are marinated for a couple of hours in a very mild French dressing, then chilled before serving on lettuce leaves.

If you were country-raised, the chances are that you may remember a dandelion salad of incomparable goodness. It is now possible to buy tender young dandelions in the average market. Or, you can use dandelions plucked from your lawn. Use only the small, tender leaves.

Here's the Pennsylvania Dutch recipe:

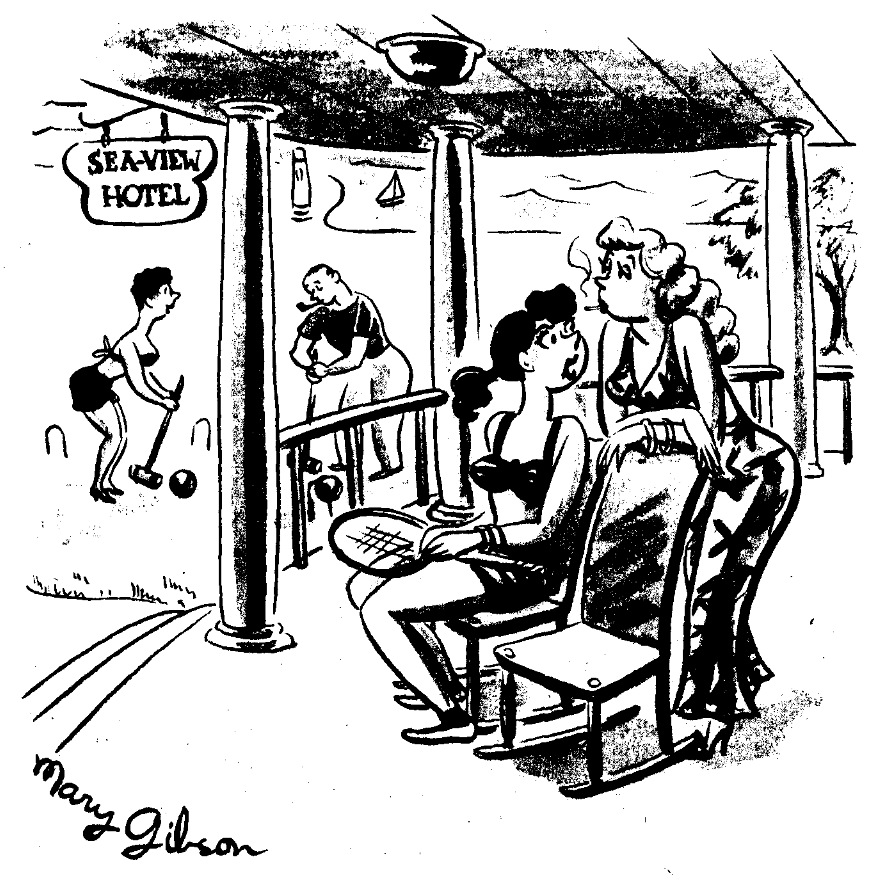
Dandelion Salad

Cream or undiluted evaporated milk, ½ cup
Eggs, 2
Brown sugar, 1 tablespoon
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Bacon, 4-5 slices, diced
Cider vinegar, 4 tablespoons
Butter, 2½ tablespoons
Paprika, dash
Black pepper, plenty
Dandelion greens

Wash and clean the dandelions, roll in a dry cloth and dry, place in a wooden salad bowl. *Place the bowl in a warm place.* Fry the diced bacon and add to dandelions. Into the bacon fat in the frying pan add butter and cream (or evaporated milk) and stir over low heat. While butter is melting, beat eggs, add seasonings, sugar and vinegar. Add to the frying pan, turn up the heat and stir until the dressing becomes custardy-thick. Pour over the dandelions and toss. Serve warm. This is enough for four people. It is especially good with broiled ham slices or country-fried chicken.

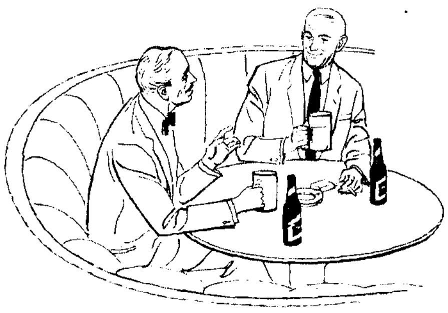
The salad maker will find a literal paradise of vegetables in the markets. Here will be found a colorful array of green onions, pale-white and delicate green, scarlet tomatoes dripping with a tart succulence, cucumbers with their greenish white and cool interiors, the delicate greens of several types of lettuce, romaine and curly endive—bitter and lively to the taste, a fine salad in itself. And, do not overlook the dandelion, escarole, water cress, tender young spinach leaves, collards, kale.

The salad maker depends but little on the seasons for his favorite salad materials, for they are usually in market, in infinite variety, fresh, crisp and inviting. The accessories of cheese, poultry, meats, sea food, fish are waiting on the shelves of the grocery or market, ready for use. Buy, clean, refrigerate—and blend. Serve with real pride and a sense of accomplishment. ▲▲▲



"Some nerve, monopolizing the only man here just because he happens to be her husband!"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON



". . . He hailed me across the lobby . . .
We sat down in the grill
and talked about the convention
awhile . . . He said he was a grandfather
just last week . . . I said I still
had a few years to go . . .
Pretty soon we got our keys
at the desk and turned in."

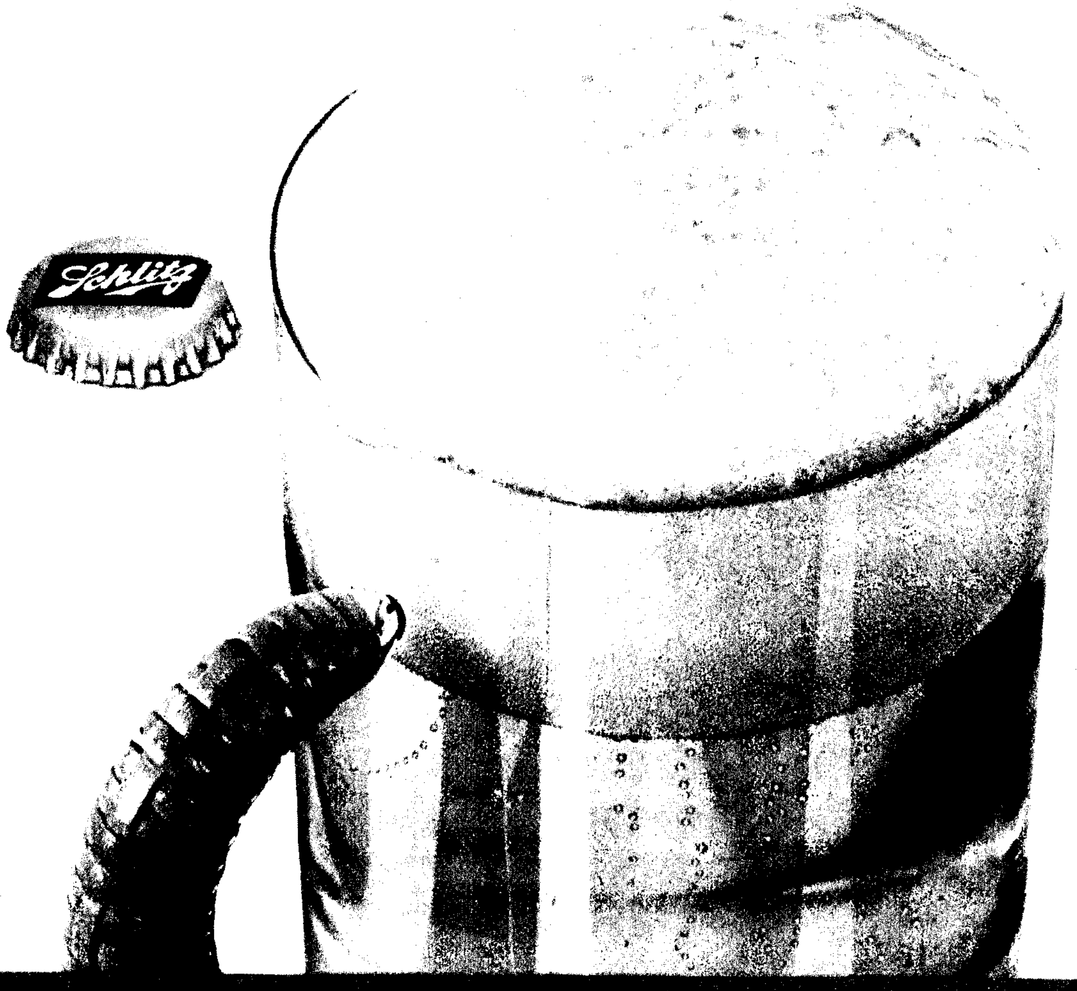
Schlitz
The BEER That Made Milwaukee Famous

Listen in on the conversation that goes on across two bottles of Schlitz. Learn how people feel and think, on big questions and little; how friendship really ticks.

Schlitz people have long been known for what you might call a "Gold Thumb"—an extra-sympathetic way of handling the sensitive ingredients of beer. The results are the stand-up character, and the clean, bright taste with just the kiss of the hops that have made so many friends for Schlitz.

That's why more people prefer (and buy) Schlitz than any other beer.

If you like beer you'll love Schlitz



Schlitz

© 1952
Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

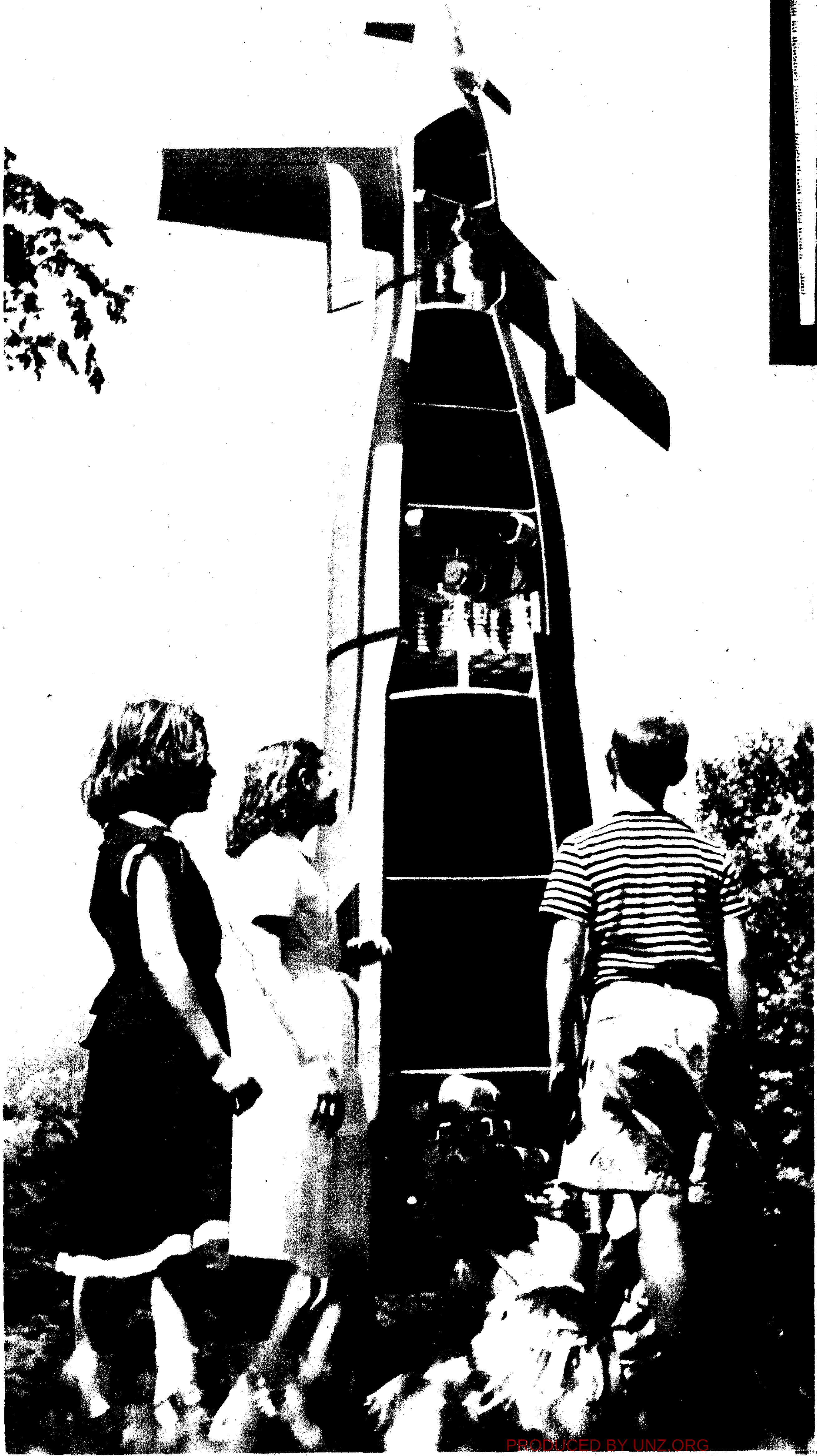
Original drawing of rocket ship

MODEL SPACE SHIP

COLLIER'S symposium on the conquest of space (March 22, 1952) brought the editors hundreds of letters from all over the country. Most of all, readers asked about the huge, 265-foot, three-stage space ship which was shown in the issue. Often they asked: Does a model exist? The answer is yes. And this week it goes on display at New York's famed Hayden Planetarium.

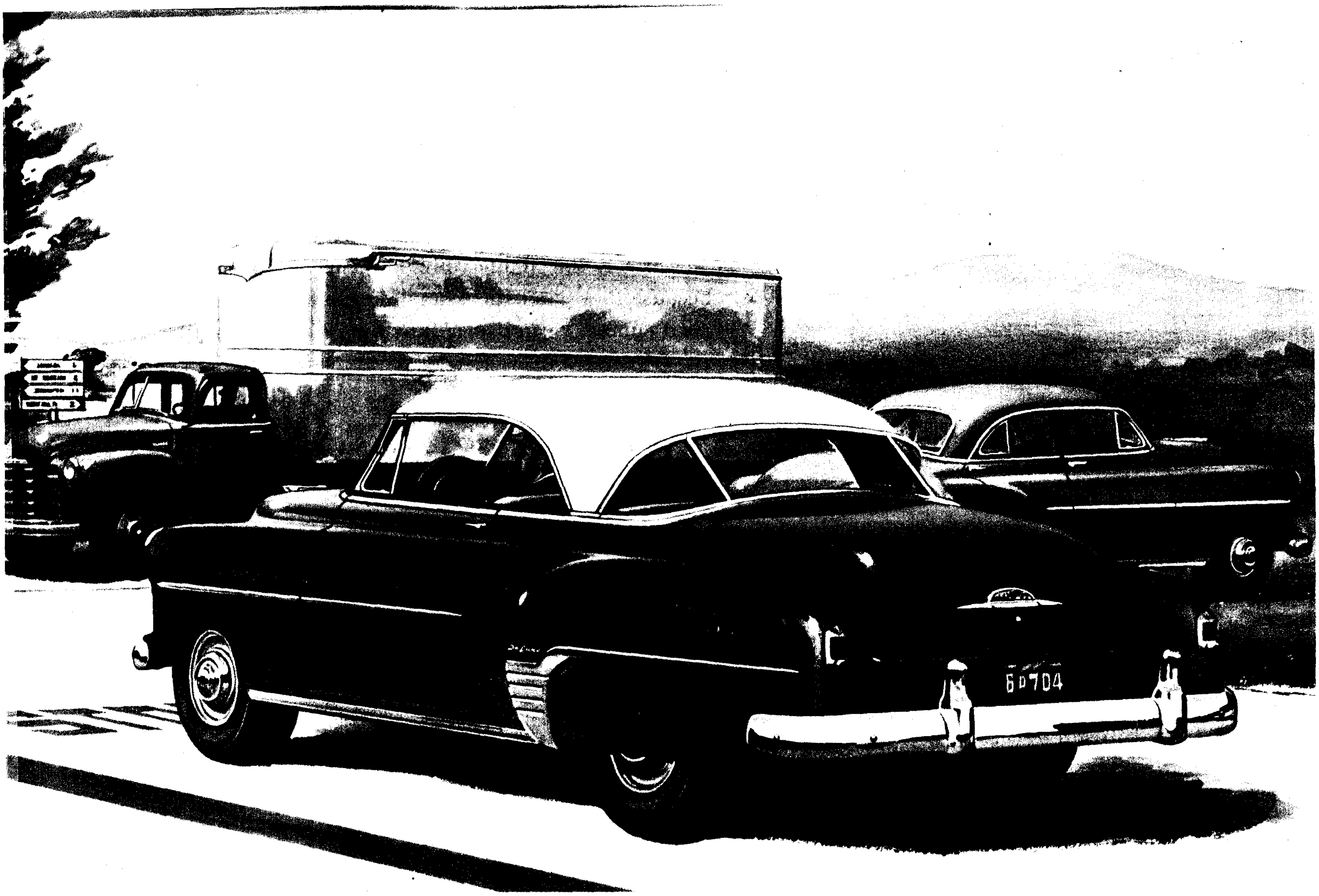
The model, including the launching platform, stands 13½ feet tall and is complete in every detail—from tiny dummy rocket motors to the pilot's plastic canopy. It was originally designed for Collier's by the renowned rocket expert Dr. Wernher von Braun and shown in cutaway form in the issue (above). Hayden Planetarium technicians used the illustration as a blueprint, preserving the sectionalized view in the finished model (left).

For two months the planetarium's chief artist and special-effects creator, seventy-four-year-old Walter Favreau, and his assistant patiently constructed the rocket ship, making most of the parts by hand. The model is approximately one-twentieth projected size. Already it promises to become the principal attraction of the planetarium's current show, Rocket to the Moon. Favreau would have liked a much taller space ship. "Unfortunately," he says regretfully, "the ceiling was just too low." ▲▲▲



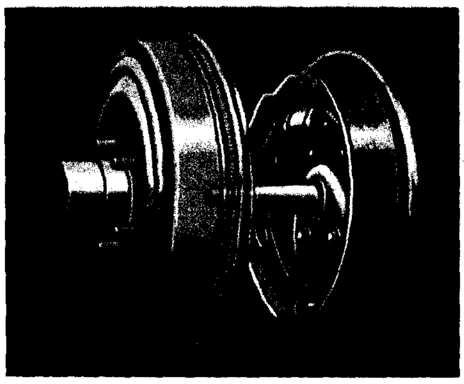
Hayden Planetarium's 13½-foot-high scale model, showing fuel tanks and rocket motors. In real space ship, bottom and middle sections would be dropped at specific altitudes. Winged section only would carry crew to destination

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR JORGENSEN

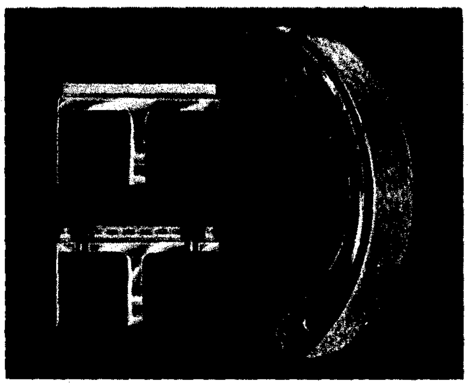


Lowest Priced in Its Field! This big, beautiful Bel Air lists for less than any comparable model in its field. (*Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.*)

How Chevrolet brings you smoother, safer stops!



BIGGEST BRAKES in Chevrolet's Field. They're a full 11" in diameter! And they use this extra size to get *more leverage* for greater stopping power with less pedal effort. Self-energizing design uses car's own motion to increase braking action.



BONDED BRAKE LINING. *No rivets* to waste usable lining! *No rivets* to score brake drums! Chevrolet's brake linings are *bonded* to the brake shoes, effective throughout their full thickness. This means *extra thousands* of miles of smoother, safer stops.

POWER *Glide "lends a hand" on stops.** It's the only automatic transmission with an overrun coupling for engine braking. During deceleration in "Drive" position, the engine holds back to assist brakes in slowing down the car.

SMOOTHER RIDE Means Smoother Braking. Quick-Reflex shock absorber action means *instant* and *continuous* spring control. This combines with balanced weight distribution and Knee-Action suspension to check skidding, boost comfort and safety.

*POWERGLIDE automatic transmission, teamed with extra-powerful valve-in-head engine, optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

Here's one "stop" you should make for sure . . .

f you want to be sure of getting the best buy in new car, stop in and see your Chevrolet dealer. .ook over the Fisher Body beauties in his showoom. Decide what body styles, what colors and olor combinations please you most. Ask him to lemonstrate some of the wonderful new improvenents like Centerpoise Power that "screens out" engine vibration, E-Z-Eye Glass that "filters out" glare and heat (optional at extra cost), Quick-Reflex shock absorber action that "irons out" bumps! And keep in mind, as you discover one fine-car feature after another, that Chevrolet is the lowest-priced line in the low-price field! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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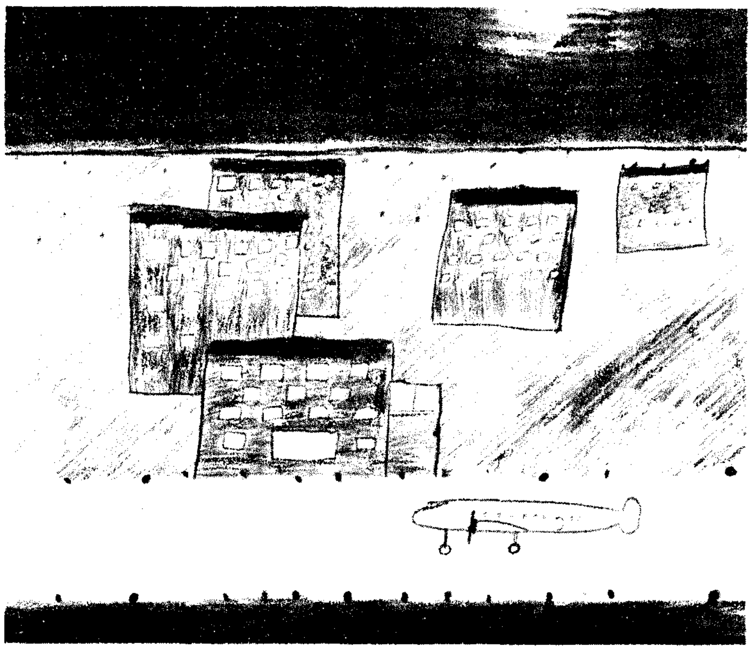
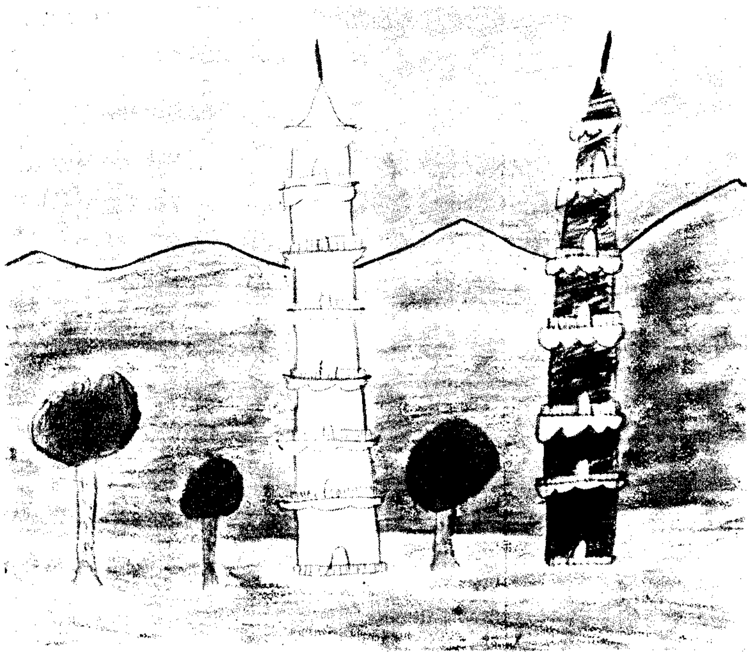
CHEVROLET

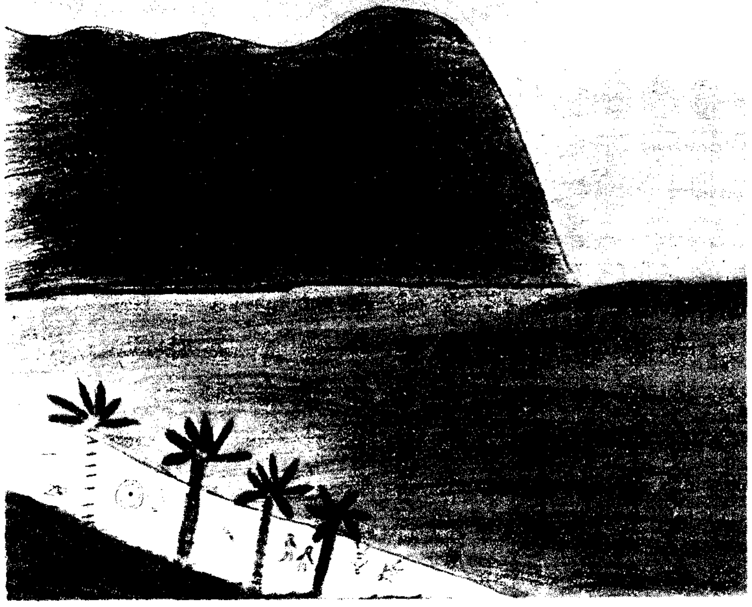
MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!



Elizabeth's drawing of Manila. "The city is very pretty, if you can land there at night, like I did"



"Red and White Pagodas in Hong Kong have many doors, so people who go up in them can look down"



"This shows Waikiki Beach, the palm trees growing in the grass, and Diamond Head in the background"

"At first I thought foreign people were funny, but they aren't, the slightest bit. They just seemed that way because they can't speak anything but their own language. Of course, I can't speak anything but mine, either"

Beanie Takes a

When little Elizabeth (Beanie) Bean of Clay County, Missouri, returned from an unaccompanied trip around the world recently, Collier's asked her to tell what she'd seen. She wrote a report filled with the excitement of discovery, sparkling with delight at the astonishing people and customs she had met. Beanie's world is a far different place from the one the tourist sees, a world in which all the dull affairs of significance to grownups are stripped away, and only the fascinating trivia remain. This is her story, in her own words

I AM ten years old and I live with my mother, my father, my grandmother and my collie dog, Danny, in a house right outside North Kansas City.

One night last year when I was nine, the Baumans were having dinner with us. They were our next-door neighbors. Mr. Bauman is Ollie; Mrs. Bauman is Rosalie; and Buck is their son, who is just my age. The Baumans were getting ready to leave for Bareilly, India, where Ollie was going to be a bacteriologist in the Point Four program.

At dinner that night, Daddy said: "Why don't you send Buck back to visit us?" Well, Ollie didn't think much of that idea, and so he said, "Why don't you send Elizabeth over to see us?"

At first Daddy told Ollie, "You're dreaming." But after a while Daddy agreed it might be a good idea and said I could go. Maybe it was because I was pestering all the time, and I guess he finally got tired of hearing me beg. Anyway, that was the real start of the trip I took around the world all by myself.

Before I left, I got my passport and I had about 15 shots. I had smallpox, and typhus, and typhoid, yellow fever—and I guess quite a few more. They didn't hurt, but some of them I didn't like too well.

I got my last shot just a week before I left. I just made it. I thought sure I was going to have one the day before I left.

On my way to India, I landed at Gander, Newfoundland; London, England; Istanbul, Turkey; Beirut, Lebanon; Basra, Iraq; Karachi, Pakistan, and then New Delhi, India. On my way home two months later, I landed in Bangkok, Thailand; Hong Kong; Manila in the Philippine Islands; Guam; Wake Island; Honolulu; Los Angeles and finally Kansas City. I was away from home 73 days.

We really were never supposed to stay long in Gander, but we had to stop there for six hours because the plane had heater trouble. I slept in a room at the airport, and I was a little angry because this stop meant that I wouldn't have my seven hours in London. When I got to London some reporters asked me questions like, "Wasn't I afraid to travel by myself?" and "How did I like airplanes?" and things like that. One of the reporters was very nice and bought me dinner.

When I got on the plane again, I met Salim, grandson of the Nawab of Rampur. They live 40 miles from Bareilly. He was nine years old too, and he was going back to India after 15 months in school in England. He and I flew together from London to Delhi. I heard later that one of the London newspapers wrote about us, saying that one of the differences between America and India was that I was traveling alone and Salim was traveling with a nursemaid.

I didn't see anything of Istanbul, because we were only there about 45 minutes. But I spent a whole day in Beirut with Dr. R. Park Johnson. Dr. Johnson used to be minister of the Second Presbyterian Church in Kansas City, but now he works in Beirut.

This was the first place where I'd really seen any foreign people. At first I thought they were funny, but they aren't, the slightest bit. They just seemed that way because they can't speak anything but their own language. Of course, I can't speak anything but mine, either. They were really very nice. We went downtown shopping, and the shopping district was very much like ours at home, except that they have the Mediterranean Sea running pretty nearly right next door to the stores. The sea has blue-green waters and white sand, and it's very pretty to look at.

On the way to the airport I saw the famous cedars of Lebanon. They are famous because Solomon in the Bible sent his men over there to get them for him to build his temple. The cedars grow up on a slope, and they're very pretty. They grow in rows, and they look sort of like a lot of brown sticks under a green ball that is really the top of the hill.

The plane went to Basra next. Then we flew to Karachi, and that's where I had trouble. The people there seemed to be mean little creatures. They didn't believe my vaccination certificate, and they said that I shouldn't be bringing American money into India, that I should know that by now. "Well," I said, "I don't know that." They wanted to take it away from me, but I wouldn't let them do it. I had $32. I kept it all the time I was away, and brought pretty near all of it back with me, all except a dollar that I spent to buy a pin for Mother.

Then, while some of the people were arguing with me about the money, a medical doctor kept punching my arm with his finger and said he was trying to find where I had the shots. "Well, I can't find anything," he said, "but your card says you've had them."

"I know I had them," I said. "I took them all. I should know."

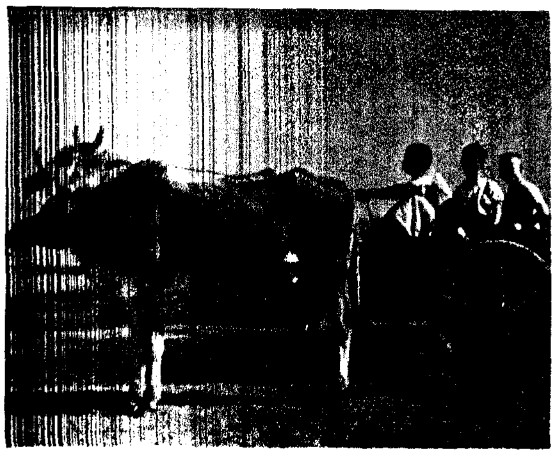
Finally, after about an hour, the air-line man came and said he would take care of the money. He also told the doctor that the air line knew I had all my shots, and the doctor finally let me go. The air-line man took my money, and then he gave it all back on the plane.

After Karachi came New Delhi, and the Baumans were at the airport to meet me. Gosh, it was good to see them! We stayed with some friends of theirs overnight, and the next day we went to Bareilly by car. It's only about 140 miles from Delhi to Bareilly, but it took us from eleven o'clock in the

Visiting Taj Mahal with friend Buck Bauman, formerly her next-door neighbor in Missouri. Little girl stayed several weeks with Buck's family in India, but did all traveling alone

Riding elephant is "as if you're one year old and your mother is rocking you in a cradle . . ."

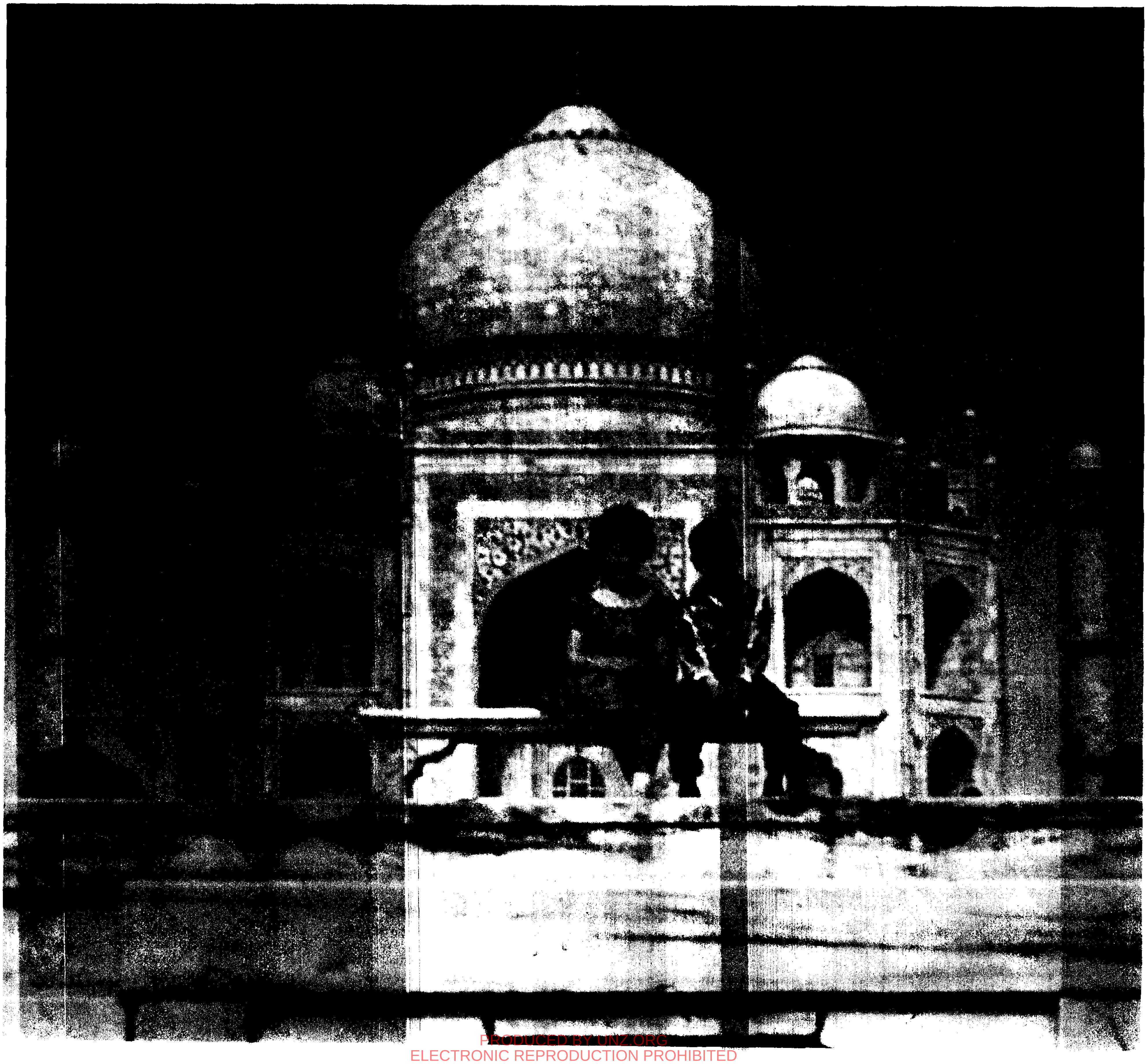
M[illegible] Prime Minister Nehru—"a very kind m[illegible] Lady shaking hands is Buck's mother



Sampling another form of primitive transport, the two youngsters take ride in bullock cart

Look at the World

By ELIZABETH BEAN



Beanie started her 25,000-mile trip with $32 spending money and saved "all except a

morning until five o'clock at night to get there. The road was bumpy and full of holes, and you had to go pretty slow. The road had only one lane, and when a car came the other way, you usually stopped and let the other car go by unless they were very polite and let you go by. But there really weren't many cars on the road, just tongas and rickshas. The tonga is something like a wheelbarrow and is pulled by a horse. The ricksha in India is pulled by a bicycle.

Bareilly is a very crowded city and not nearly as modern as Delhi. There are only a few rich Indians there. The rest are very poor. The rich Indian women wear beautiful saris and the men wear suits just as we do. But the poor Indians' saris are pieces of sheet wrapped around them a couple of times. Even the postman who brought the mail to the Baumans wore that same old piece of sheet, and he rode a bicycle. He rode it barefoot, too. I saw just one man wearing a turban, and he was a truck driver. I don't know, exactly, whether only the men driving trucks wear them, or what, but I didn't see anyone else with one.

The only people who aren't Indians in Bareilly are five English families, three American families and two Swedish families. The other American families besides the Baumans are both missionaries.

Oranges Fit Only for Cake

The Baumans have five acres of land in Bareilly, and on these five acres they have banana, orange and coconut trees. The orange trees are growing oranges, but they are very sour; and the only thing they are good for is orange cake.

The Baumans live in a very big house made of mud—adobe—with a thatched roof. It has four bedrooms and five baths. Each room is very large and cool, with a very high ceiling, even the kitchen. I had a nice room of my own.

Rosalie, Ollie and Buck have 11 servants in Bareilly. Habib is the main bearer. He serves the meat course at dinner and also hangs up your clothes. You throw them down on the floor, and he'll either hang them up or throw them in the wash—whichever he thinks is best.

The cook's name is Sidar. He doesn't like Rosalie in the kitchen because he doesn't believe in putting sugar in apple pie. The first apple pie he made was terrible, and it took a long time to figure out what was wrong with it.

The dhobi is the washer. He does all of the laundry. The first time he did their laundry he took the clothes into a little shack and washed them out with a disinfectant. After that he took them and put them in the mud to dry. Rosalie said that when he got through with her clothes they were pretty nearly in shreds. Now she makes him use soap flakes.

The sweeper is an untouchable. None of the other servants will touch him, and he has to live all by himself because he belongs to such a low caste. One day Habib—he puts the water in the bathtub at night—decided he wanted to clean out the bottom of the tub instead of letting the sweeper do it. So he got his hand down there and started wiping it out with a cloth. The sweeper decided to play a joke on Habib; so he put his hand on Habib. Habib was furious. I thought I'd never hear the end of it.

The mali is another servant. He is the gardener. He waters and irrigates the garden and the yard. The chokidar is the night watchman. He carries a long staff and swings it on top of anybody's head who happens to come into the yard that he doesn't think belongs there.

Of course all the Indians have to have their siesta in the afternoon. So no matter what they are doing, when it's time for their siesta, they go into their own house which is right back of the main house. Even when Rosalie is having a big party, they leave to have their siesta, and Rosalie usually has to go and get them up. This makes them very mad.

I was very lucky when I was in Bareilly because Buck was home from school on vacation. He goes to the Woodstock School in the Himalaya Mountains about 250 miles away.

The schoolwork there is harder than it is here and the third-grade work is like our fourth- and fifth-grade work in North Kansas City. You study division by two numbers and division by three numbers in the third grade in India, while over here you just start it around the fifth grade.

KENNESAW

FOR PRESIDENT

"'Plenty of work for everyone,' if he's elected? That'll finish him in these hills!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

In Bareilly, Buck and I used to wake up around six o'clock in the morning. We ate breakfast about seven thirty. Breakfast was almost like it is at home. We'd eat eggs and bacon and toast and cereal. It was all shipped out from the States. Another thing we had at breakfast was three pills. One pill was a big white one for calcium for missing our milk. Then there was a sort of brown pill, and a little bitsy red pill. I never found out what those two were for. The one thing we didn't have was milk. I missed milk very much. It was the first thing I wanted when I got home.

No Beef Pot Roast or T-Bone

At lunch or dinner we sometimes had buffalo steak, which is just about like our steak only a little bit sweeter. And once in a while we had peacock, which tastes like any other wild bird, but mostly duck. But there was no pot roast or good old T-bone, because they can't ship it over there.

The Indians like to eat very different foods than we do. They have rice and curry and chappatti and poppars. Curry is a kind of stew mixed with a very hot spice. Chappatti is a sort of puffy whole-wheat pancake. Poppars are like our potato chips, only spicy. The Indians also drink buffalo milk and eat buffalo butter. Buffalo milk isn't much different from our milk, only it is quite a bit sweeter. Buffalo butter is very white and also sweet.

The Indians are very particular about where they eat. They either sit on the floor or sit on their beds, which they think are very soft, but are really made of rope. I think it would get very tiresome sleeping on rope every night.

During the day Buck and I used to play around the house, go on hikes or walk downtown to the bazaars where the Indians buy their things. The bazaars are pretty nearly like the big market in Kansas City. They just have booths, shaded maybe by something over the top. In the bazaars you can buy a bushel of onions or pears or apples for about a penny. The buffalo steak is most expensive because the Indians do not believe in killing the buffalo.

The beggars are all over the streets of the city. I was looking at them out of the car window the first time I went to the bazaar, and Buck told me to stop looking or I'd have to give them money. Pretty soon a hand reached in and a voice said: *"Baksheesh, mem-sahib."* That means give them some money. And usually you have to say, *"Nahin hai"* which means that they can't have anything, or *"Na,"* which means they just have to go away and leave you alone.

Transportation is very poor in Bareilly. There are very few cars, and those belong to the English and the Americans. You either take a ricksha or a tonga.

The sacred cows wander up and down the street, and there is no telling where you might find them. There are also a lot of monkeys. Sometimes you might find about 50 monkeys in your yard eating up your beautiful poppies and every other kind of flower that you've got. The dogs in India are very small, and none of the animals there are very fat because they don't have enough food.

There are also jackals all over the place, and you daren't leave your dog out at night because he would be gone in the morning.

Before I got to India, I thought the only religions were the Catholic and Jewish and Presbyterian and Methodist and the other ones we have in Kansas City. But in Bareilly almost all the people are Hindus or Moslems—mostly Moslems. One day we all went to a mosque, which is what the Moslems call their church. It was very interesting. First the Moslems wash their feet in a blue pool which is right in the middle of the mosque. Then they kneel on these Oriental rugs all the time the man is calling out the prayers.

Guides Didn't Know Very Much

We took off our shoes when we went into the mosque, but I am sorry that I didn't get to see any of the service. The guide told us about what was supposed to be going on. But he wasn't very much help. It seemed to me that wherever we went, the guides didn't know as much about what we would see as we did.

I was very lucky to be able to visit a real palace while I was in India. Salim, the boy who flew with me on the plane, invited Rosalie, Buck and me to go to his grandfather's palace at Rampur. His grandfather is the Nawab. The palace is even more beautiful than the ones in the fairy tales. It is something like an art gallery and is made of white stone and is very large. Salim was very nice, and he showed Buck and me all around the palace. The palace has a throne room with a crystal throne that has a red velvet covering on the seat and the same for the footstool. The crystal light above the throne looks red from a distance, but it's really like any of our lights.

Salim's father, the crown prince, is called the Nawabzada. He had three wives and 30 children. Salim is the only boy in the whole crowd. He has an outside playground which is right in back of the palace. It has a twisting slide; so Buck and I spent a lot of time on that.

I also went into the jungle a few times. It is about 60 miles from Bareilly. Ollie and Buck shot some chitals and muntjacs there. Chital is the Indian name for spotted deer and muntjacs are a different kind of deer which bark. And they are very good to eat. Even when they aren't hunted, they don't live very long, because the man-eating tiger will get them before they are even halfway grown. In the jungle are quite a few trees with vines running up them, and there are palm trees and bamboo trees. The bamboo grows at least 80 or 90 feet high and is very thick. The bushes there also have vines running up and down them.

The snakes in the jungle are very dangerous, and the most dangerous of all is the cobra. You have to get to your doctor within half an hour if you are bitten, or else you don't have much chance of living because the cobra's venom is so poisonous. About two days before we went to the jungle a man-eating tiger had killed two men there. So all through our trip, Buck and I had to stay close to Rosalie and Ollie and not get separated very far.

Even in Bareilly you have to watch out that you won't be bitten by something poisonous. Especially by insects called scorpions. They are just about as poisonous as a cobra snake, and we had to shake out our pajamas and everything before going to bed. One morning before I woke up, Buck played a dirty trick on me. He had a play scorpion made out of rubber, and he stuck it in one of my shoes. I yelled and screamed so loud when I found it that I woke up everybody in the house.

I went for a ride on an elephant twice while I was in India, and it was even more fun than riding a horse. One time when we were driving from Bareilly to

dollar that I spent to buy a pin for Mother"

Delhi, we passed an elephant, and Ollie asked the driver if we could have a ride. He said yes. Then Buck got up on the elephant, but I wasn't more than halfway up when the elephant decided he wanted to get up, too. There I was dangling in the air holding onto the elephant's ears with all my might so that I wouldn't fall off. Once I got straightened out, I liked it. Riding an elephant feels as if you're one year old, and your mother is rocking you in a cradle.

The most interesting city I saw in India was Agra, where the Taj Mahal is. Agra is about 120 miles from Bareilly, and we stayed there three days in a very nice hotel. We spent a lot of time in the red fort that is part of the dead city of Fatehpur Sikri which is right near Agra. Akbar, a Moslem king, built the fort about 300 years ago when India was a very rich, happy and strong land. The red fort has high red walls all around it, and when we were there, two men jumped from the wall into a very deep pond, and the people who watched them would give them coins for doing it. It looked very dangerous. Inside the fort there is a very beautiful temple. We went from room to room in the temple, and each room kept getting higher and higher. Finally we came to the tower, and it was a beautiful sight to look down.

The Taj Mahal is so beautiful I cannot even describe it. Before I left India, I met Prime Minister Nehru at the Izatnagar Airport, which is near Bareilly. We knew he was going to land there on his way to Delhi, and we got up early to drive to see him. When Nehru got out of the plane somebody must have told him about me, because he was looking for me as much as we were looking for him. He was very nice. He shook hands with me and put a lei around my neck, like the kind you see in Hawaii.

The Visit Ended Too Soon

Almost before I knew it, the two months were over, and I had to leave India and come home. I was very sorry to go because I had had such a good time. All the time I was there it only rained once. You could wear shorts all day, and it wouldn't be too cool or hot.

I started home almost the same way I got to India. Buck, Ollie and Rosalie took me to Delhi, and they said good-by to me, and I got on the airplane that took me to Calcutta. I didn't know anybody on the plane, but the pilot and hostess were very nice to me, and there was an American couple sitting across the aisle.

We didn't spend much time in Calcutta or in Bangkok which was the next stop. But we were in Hong Kong for about six hours, and I got to see quite a bit. Hong Kong seems to be a large place, and it has a lot of mountains around it. We rode up the mountains on a train that was open on all sides, and I was really holding on. You can see all the city from the mountains, and you can also see a lot of Chinese junks in the harbor. It is very pretty to look at.

When I got to Manila, I had the first hot dog I had eaten since I left America. But I didn't like it very much. They cooked it differently than we do at home and put a lot of onions on it. Then we headed for Guam, and I sat up in front driving the plane. I liked that. Of course, the pilot was helping.

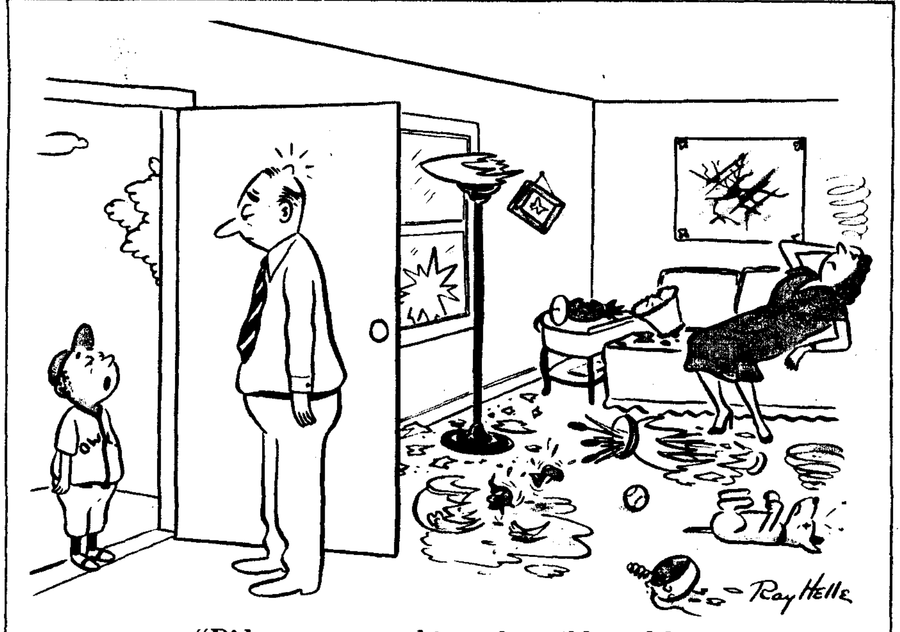
About all we did in Guam and Wake was land and then take off. We left Wake on a Saturday evening and got to Honolulu on Saturday morning. This is because we crossed the international date line, and time went back 24 hours.

Her Impressions of Hawaii

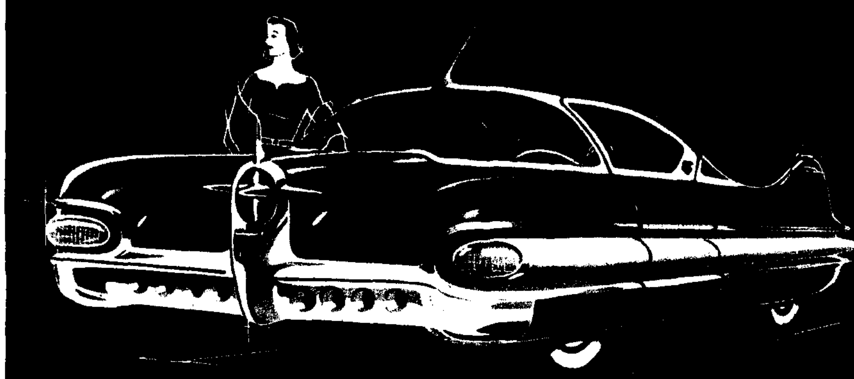
I was in Hawaii for three days because my mother's cousin Jane lives there. I stayed at her house, and the first thing we did when we got there was put on swimming suits and go to Waikiki Beach. I liked Hawaii very much, but not as much as India. The beach is the prettiest beach I've ever seen because it has palm trees. One day we went sightseeing on the island and I think Hawaii looks a lot like Florida where I once was on vacation. On Sunday I went to church for the first time since I left the States. Even though there were missionaries in Bareilly, they didn't have any Christian churches there.

Finally I was on the plane really going to the States. We landed in Los Angeles, and there were reporters there, and I spoke on the radio and on television. It was very exciting, but I was more interested in getting home; so I was only in Los Angeles for about four hours. Then I took the plane for Kansas City and got there on a Wednesday afternoon. I was up very late that night because everybody at home wanted to ask me questions.

I think my daddy was wonderful to let me take such a marvelous trip. Altogether I traveled 25,000 miles by myself. And the only thing I lost was my small hairbrush. And I didn't really lose that, because I know where it is. It's on Guam. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "Did you see anything of a wild pitch?" RAY HELLE



Turbo Charged Coupe designed by Richard Arbib for the VEEDOL "Dream Car" Salon. Equipped with new luxury Federal Flying A Safti Ride Tires.

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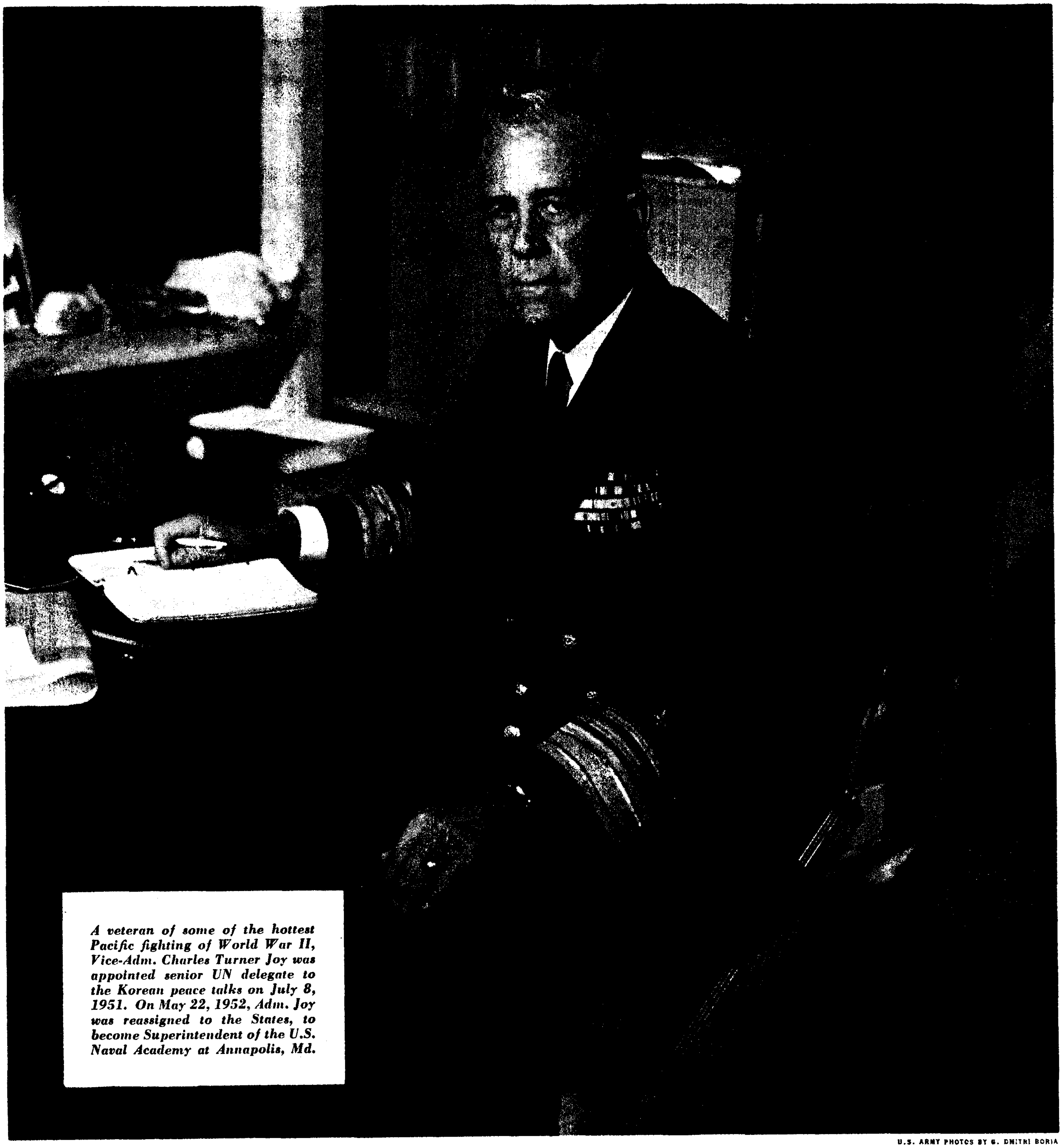
Gen. Ridgway (l.), Adm. Joy at base camp

My Battle inside

What actually goes on when UN and Red delegates are



A veteran of some of the hottest Pacific fighting of World War II, Vice-Adm. Charles Turner Joy was appointed senior UN delegate to the Korean peace talks on July 8, 1951. On May 22, 1952, Adm. Joy was reassigned to the States, to become Superintendent of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md.

U.S. ARMY PHOTOS BY G. DMITRI BORIA

the Korea Truce Tent

By VICE-ADMIRAL CHARLES TURNER JOY, USN

ace to face at the conference table? Here's the exciting, authoritative firsthand report

I WENT to Korea hoping to end a war. I went as a trucemaker, but circumstances made me a field commander in a unique military campaign. The field of combat was a long, narrow, green-baize-covered table. The weapons were words. And while the encounter was bloodless, it was a test of the United Nations' strength, courage and will to survive.

The Korean armistice campaign was the first of its kind. It is not necessarily the last.

For those who command such armistice campaigns hereafter—and for the millions of observers in free lands on whose support victory depends—I will set down something of what I learned at Kaesong and Panmunjom.

When Yakov A. Malik, the Soviet Union's permanent representative to the United Nations, on the eve of the first anniversary of the Korean war, made a world broadcast proposing a cease fire, I had shared the universal hope that peace was possible. My hope was enveloped in doubts and colored by a wariness born of experience, but it was hope nonetheless. Talk of peace is a principal weapon in the propaganda arsenal of Communism, but to rule out the possibility of peace would be to deny the basic objective for which we fight. If we are not to be self-defeating, every possibility of peace, however remote, must be explored to extremity.

Malik's proposal, relatively free of strings, suggested simply that as a first step along the path to a peaceful settlement of the Korean question the belligerents get together and discuss "a cease fire and armistice providing for the mutual withdrawal of forces from the 38th parallel." The more I thought about the proposal, the more hopeful I became. The Communists had taken a good beating. I was reasonably certain they wanted to call it quits in Korea, at least for the time being.

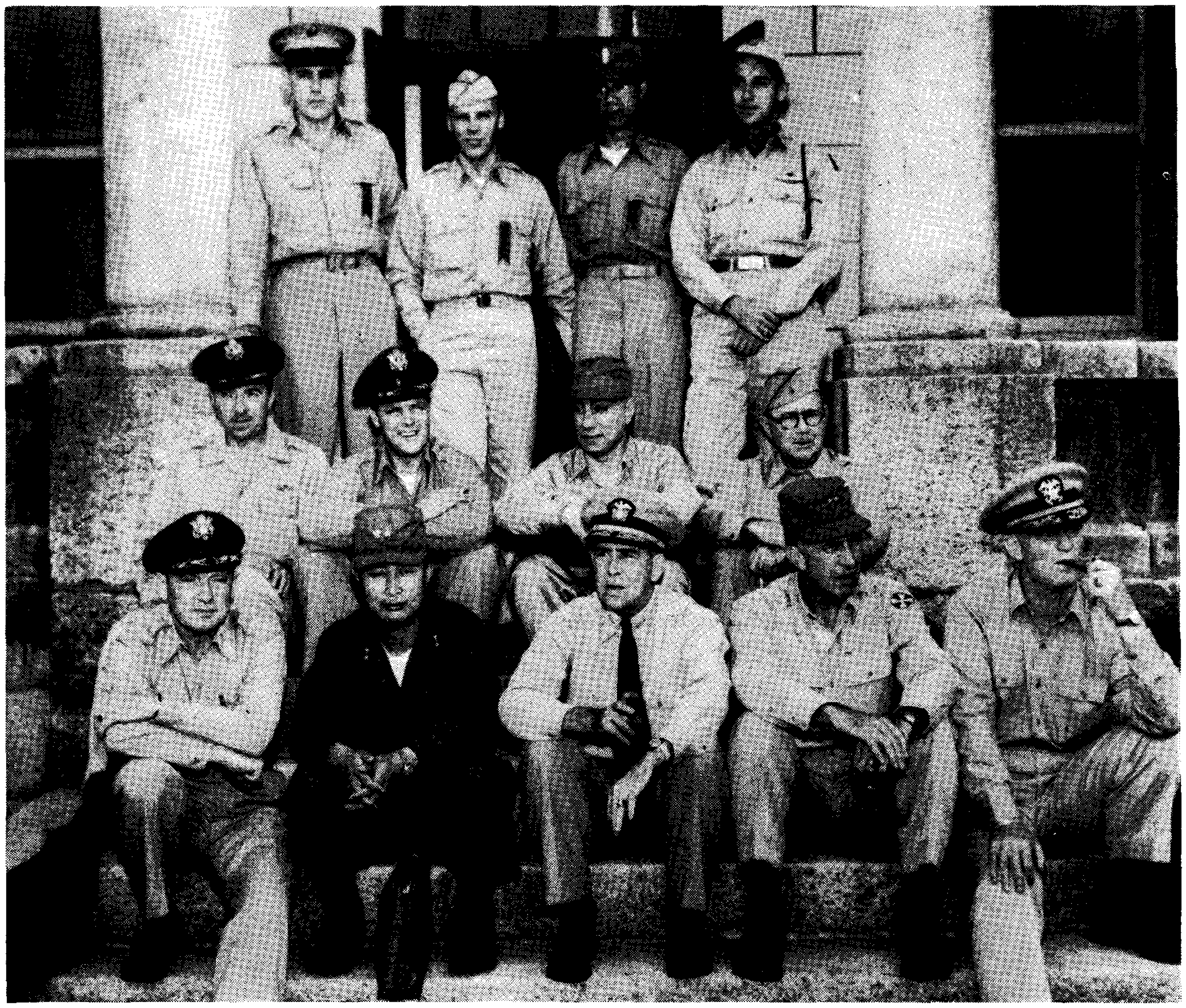
On Saturday afternoon, June 30th, in my office at Navy Headquarters in Tokyo, I was talking with Admiral Forrest Sherman, our late Chief of Naval Operations. The admiral had just completed a tour of naval forces in the Far East and was to depart for Washington that evening. Our conversation was mostly about current naval operations, but repeatedly the talk came back to the subject uppermost in our minds—the Malik proposal.

In the course of the discussion, my aide interrupted to say that General Ridgway wished to see me. I gave no special thought to the summons for I frequently went to the Dai Ichi Building to confer with the general. I did think it was too early for him to have received a reply to his broadcast of that morning proposing to hold the armistice talks aboard the Danish hospital ship, Jutlandia, in Wonsan Harbor.

General Ridgway is direct and incisive. He lost no time in coming to the point, saying, "I want you to be my senior delegate at the armistice conference." I was surprised, somewhat nonplused and pleased. I thanked him for the honor and assured him I would do my best. After arranging to meet again the following morning, I hurried back to my own headquarters to break the news to Forrest Sherman.

The news was not news to the Chief of Naval Operations. I should have guessed he would be one step ahead of me. To my report, he replied with a quiet smile, "Yes, I knew that was coming. Matt and I discussed you for the job last night." I found no more satisfaction in the later reaction of my wife, who said, "I think you have enough to do already." But I knew she was secretly pleased.

Later that day Forrest made one remark that I had good cause to remember during the weeks



UNITED PRESS

U.N. truce team at Kaesong. Left to r., front: Maj. Gen. Laurence C. Craigie, Maj. Gen. Paik Sun Yup, Adm. Joy, Maj. Gen. Henry I. Hodes, Rear Adm. Arleigh A. Burke. Second row: Col. D. O. Darrow, Col. Andrew J. Kinney, Capt. H. M. Briggs, Col. W. Greene. Rear: Col. James C. Murray, Lt. Col. Howard S. Levie, Lt. Col. Soo Young Lee, Lt. Col. Rollie Kolb

Red negotiators. L. to r., Maj. Gen. Hsieh Fang and Lt. Gen. Tung Hua, Chinese; and Lt. Gen. Nam Il (chief delegate), Maj. Gens. Lee Sang Jo and Chang Pyung San, North Koreans

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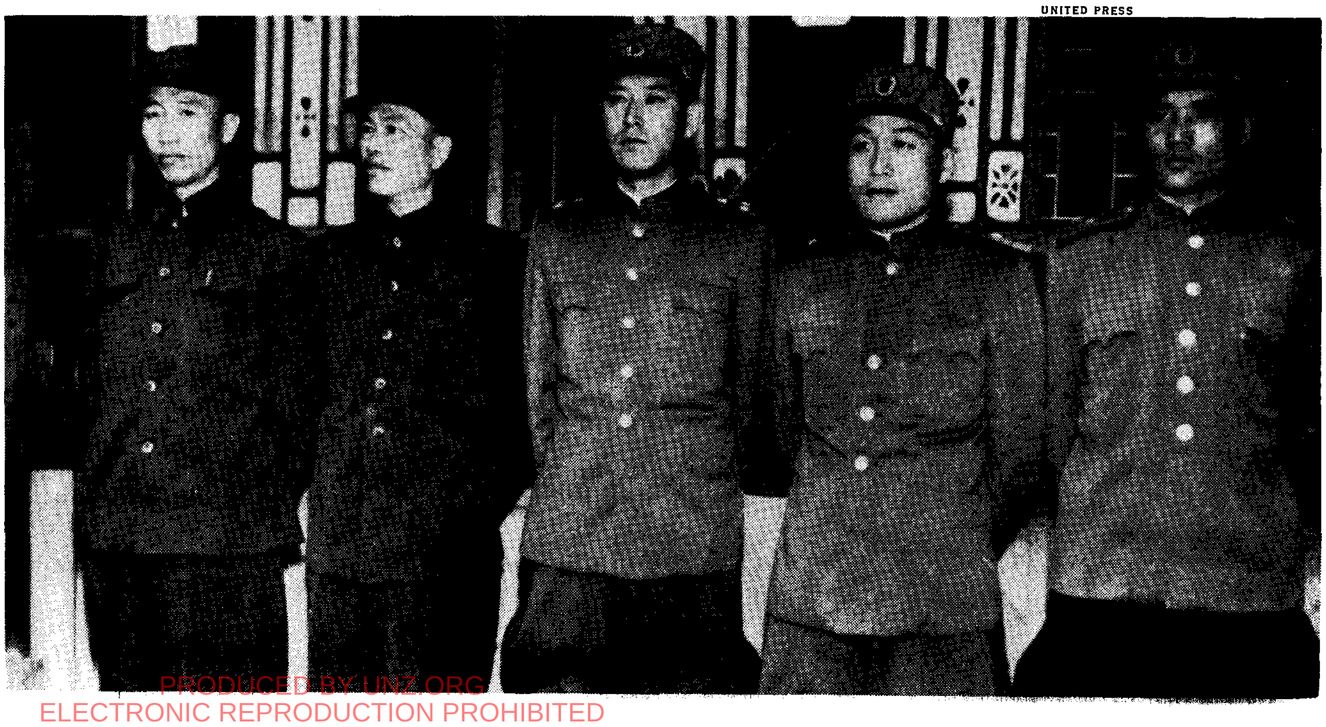

The Chinese didn't just want to quit Korea; "they wanted to quit fighting"

that followed. He said, "Malik's specific reference to the 38th parallel may indicate trouble ahead for you."

The next nine days were filled with intense preparations without the benefit of a precedent to guide us or a book to go by. The free world was going to try to come to armistice terms with the Communist world in a military situation in which military power had not already settled all arguments. We would have to play it mainly by ear. We were in the position of having to solve a number of equations containing nothing but variables. But we knew what *we* wanted from an armistice and for practical purposes that was enough.

A military armistice is a military problem requiring a military solution. It is not a general peace treaty. Military realities lead opposing forces to seek a suspension of hostilities, and the terms of an agreement to suspend should reflect those realities. Any demilitarized zone separating the opposing forces would, of course, have to be based generally on the battle line. There could be no sound military argument for a zone in any other location, least of all along an artificial parallel of latitude.

We also wanted assurances that the fighting would not break out all over again once the armistice agreement was signed.

However, since promises are small coin in the Communist system of exchange, we wanted assurance that the terms of the armistice would be carried out. This would call for the appointment of military-observer teams with access to all of Korea, functioning under a joint armistice commission.

Since an armistice is only a suspension of hostilities, our first concern during an armistice, as during a war, is for the security of our forces. It was mandatory that we have defensible positions to provide that security. We were willing, of course, that the enemy also should have defensible positions. Finally, we wanted the best break we could get for prisoners of war.

These were the broad objectives outlined by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, acting for the United States government, which had been requested by the United Nations to act as its executive agency for the conduct of the war. The rest was up to General Ridgway and the United Nations Command Delegation.

Selection of the other four delegates was the first order of business in the Sunday-morning meeting with General Ridgway. Lieutenant General Otto P. Weyland, commanding general of the Far East Air Forces nominated his vice-commander, Major General Laurence C. (Bill) Craigie. In a year of association, I had come to know Craigie as a keenly analytical and highly articulate airman. To represent the Eighth Army, General James A. Van Fleet had nominated his Deputy Chief of Staff, Major General Henry I. Hodes, and the commanding general of the Republic of Korea First Corps, Major General Paik Sun Yup. Before becoming Van Fleet's Deputy Chief of Staff, Hodes had served as assistant commanding general of the 7th Infantry Division from Inchon through Hungnam. Paik, who is only thirty-two years old, had been commanding general of the First ROK Division, deployed in the Seoul area, when the war started. I nominated Rear Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, who had been my Deputy Chief of Staff through nine strenuous months of the war. I hated to take Burke away from the sea command he then held, but at the same time I felt the delegation required his conscientious and brilliant services.

With the composition of the delegation settled, we went on to draft an agenda and discuss the problems that might arise out of the proposed meeting aboard a ship at Wonsan. Concurrently with our discussions in the Dai Ichi Building, other wheels were in motion. A naval task force was preparing to assemble at Wonsan to house, support and otherwise service the delegation parties. Officers from the Joint Strategic Plans and Operations Group of General Headquarters, who were to comprise the main body of our working staff, were hard at work drafting position papers on all of the issues likely to be debated. The time and talents of many people were being diverted from solutions by force of arms to solutions by negotiation.

WIDE WORLD

Adm. Joy clambers into his helicopter. These machines provided main method of transportation between base camp and truce site

After the Communist proposal to meet at Kaesong instead of Wonsan was received, a meeting was held with the commander in chief to discuss it. The disadvantages inherent in Kaesong were immediately apparent. Although our patrols frequented the town, the Communists actually dominated it by occupying the high ground to the north. They could (and did) move into the town, making it necessary for us to pass through their lines to reach the conference site. Being near, and south of, the 38th parallel, Kaesong also gave the enemy a propaganda advantage.

However, there was little to choose from among all the possible sites in Korea. A site between the lines would have interfered with the fighting. A site north or south of the battle line would have confronted one side not only with unacceptable psychological disadvantages but also with general inconvenience, particularly with respect to access and communications. A neutral ship at Wonsan would have come closest to fulfilling all the desired conditions, but Communist reluctance to do business in the alien atmosphere of a neutral ship was understandable. Kaesong was considered in no man's land; its location would not seriously interfere with the fighting; it was readily accessible. In the interests of avoiding further delay, General Ridgway accepted.

With the transfer of site from ship to shore, consideration was given to the desirability of substituting an Army man as senior delegate. In view of the uncertain situation confronting the Eighth Army, General Ridgway decided against weakening his team of field commanders. I was to stay on.

We were somewhat concerned with an implication in the Communist counterproposal that they anticipated a cease fire would be in effect while the negotiations were in progress. If this was a bid to buy time for an offensive build-up, we were not selling. The fighting would continue until an armistice agreement was reached and placed in effect.

The meeting of the liaison officers, the exchanges of messages and other events up to the time of the first meeting have been chronicled in detail in the daily press. My own days were filled with an endless succession of conferences. The evenings were spent with paper work. However, in preparing for the unknown and unpredictable, the law of diminishing returns sets in very rapidly. I was glad when the time came to take off from Tokyo the morning of July 9th.

In the flight to Seoul with General Ridgway, I decided on a team approach to our major problems. Hank Hodes would co-ordinate the preparation of our case on the demilitarized zone. Bill Craigie would be in charge of concrete arrangements for the cease fire and armistice, and Arleigh Burke would handle matters related to prisoners of war. When these various subjects came up for discussion in the meetings with the Communists, all staff and delegation comments and suggestions would first be cleared with the respective team captains before being referred to me, as senior delegate.

I also decided that the maximum amount of our presentations in the meetings would be from previously prepared texts or written out in longhand at the conference table before being given. In view of what was at stake, our arguments and rebuttals should get the most careful thought and preparation of which we were capable. It was of utmost importance to be able to stand on the record, and I wanted the record to be a good one.

Helicopters picked us up at Seoul for the 25-minute flight to Munsan. I was delighted with my first air view of the apple-orchard campsite south of the Imjin River. The Army had outdone itself in the selection of a site and in the setting up of camp. The apples in the 20-acre, barbed-wire-enclosed orchard were about the size of walnuts, and the more forehanded among the military were undoubtedly thinking ahead to the problem of cider presses. I did not think the problem would come up because, if the Communists were acting in good faith, we should be able to conclude an agreement in one to two months.

Much to my surprise, I found my son, Duncan, around the corner in charge of telephone communications. I asked him about his assignment, and he explained that it was Army policy to permit father

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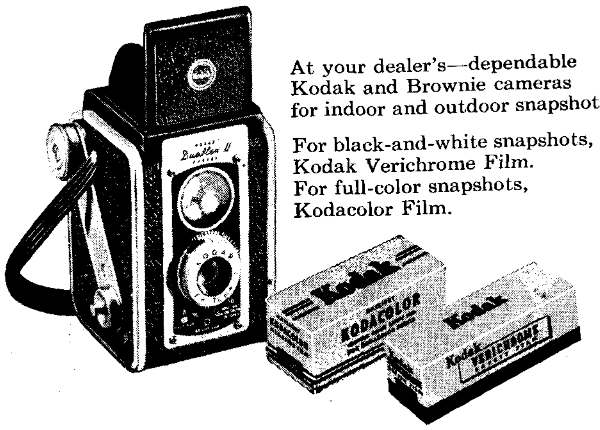

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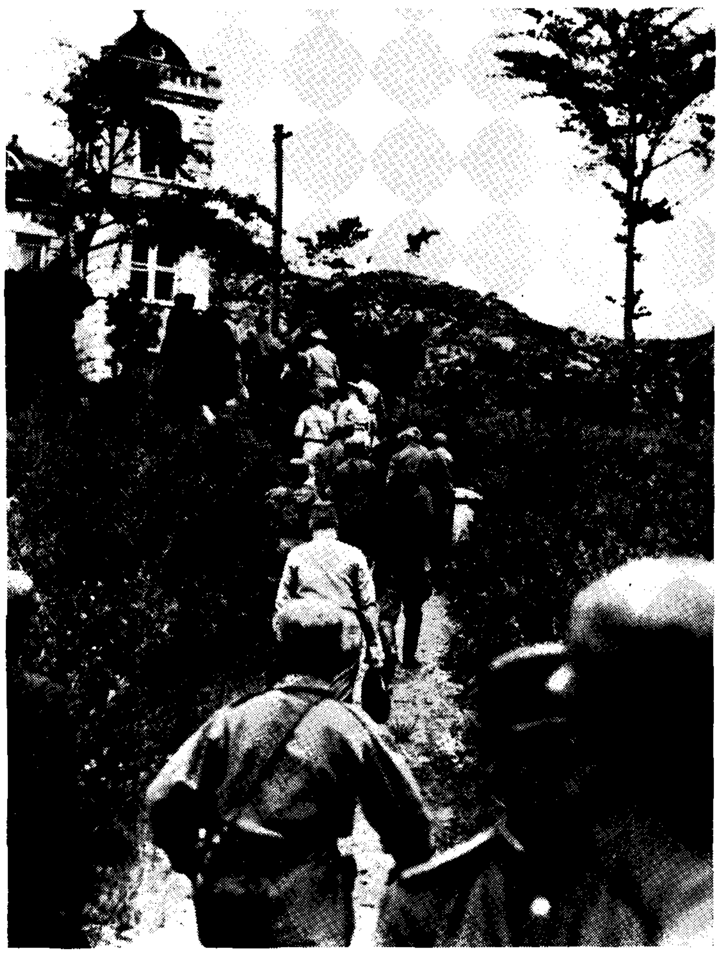


WIDE WORLD

Surrounded by Red troops, UN team walks to its headquarters before first Kaesong session

"Don't call us Communists," said Nam Il

and son to be together in the field wherever possible. I was grateful for such a policy, but Duncan, who is a first lieutenant, would have preferred to remain with his signal company in the Tenth Corps.

My quarters consisted of two command-post tents set up to make one long rectangular tent. The furnishings included a folding table, two chairs, a wooden washstand with tin basin, a shaving mirror and an Army cot with mosquito netting. Water was available in a five-gallon can under the washstand. After the traffic din of Tokyo, the cathedral-like quiet of the camp was a welcome relief.

Orderly Could Anticipate His Wants

Shortly after arrival, I made the acquaintance of Army Private First Class George Tidwell, of Rotan, Texas, who was to be my orderly. He was shy and a little uncertain at first, but soon developed into a sure-footed and hawk-eyed young man. It sometimes occurred to me that Tidwell knew my wants before I did.

Soon after we got settled, the delegation and staff were huddled in the conference tent to make a final review of plans for the next day. This tent was of standard squad size, with a number of folding tables placed together to form one large center table occupying about one half of the deck area. Here we were to spend most of our collective time and effort in preparing our strategy and arguments for the meetings at Kaesong. We were to meet here three times a day: in the morning before taking off for Kaesong, in the afternoon following our return and in the evening after dinner.

Captain H. M. (Hank) Briggs, USN, as secretary to the delegation, was responsible for handling the mountain of paper work generated in these meetings and in those with the Communists. Colonel Donald H. Galloway, USA, as senior member of the staff, supervised and co-ordinated the work of the other staff members. Since my responsibility as Commander Naval Forces, Far East, was to continue during the negotiations, there was a preponderance of naval personnel in the camp to staff both activities. Our original estimate of the number of personnel required to support the delegation was unrealistic. In a little more than a week, the population of the camp was tripled, with about 75 officers and 300 enlisted men on board.

That first evening in camp, General Ridgway said, "The primary mission of the United Nations Command delegates at the first meeting is to determine in their own minds whether or not the enemy delegates are acting in good faith." At the time, we also thought it possible that in the first meeting we would also be able to arrive at an agenda.

Later that evening, after giving the delegates final words of advice and instruction, General Ridgway went to the press billet at Seoul to talk to the correspondents. There had been an understandable amount of anxiety among them concerning arrangements for news coverage. This anxiety need not have resulted in so many nervous reactions.

No one was more aware of the importance of the function of the free press than the general. He had instructed me to make strong representations in the first meeting for the inclusion of 20 newsmen as part of the delegation party. Not knowing this, the correspondents seemed as little inclined to take us in good faith as we were inclined to take the Communists. As with all other problems incident to the armistice, specific arrangements would have to wait the outcome of negotiations. The general's visit had the purpose and effect of allaying the unavoidable interim fears of the press people.

The morning of July 10th, General Ridgway and the entire camp, plus a large group of correspondents and photographers, turned out at the helicopter parking area to see us off and wish us luck. Cries like "Bring home the bacon, Admiral!" made me fear some expected an armistice by nightfall.

In the flight to Kaesong, I was entranced with the beauty of the countryside, the rich green rice fields and the deep purple mountains in the distance. We were flying low enough so that I could see the workers in the fields, among them an occasional mother with a child strapped to her back. There, in the shadow of death, life continued to reassert itself. Many of the workers paused in their labors to wave, as though speeding us on in our mission. In that first flight to Kaesong, I think we all sought guidance beyond the power of the highest civil or military authority to give.

The mood changed abruptly as we descended for the landing. The reception committee ringing the field was armed to the teeth. A platoon of Communist photographers was on hand to document our arrival. Our jeeps with their white flags had preceded us to Kaesong and were parked on the fringes of the field along with a number of Russian-made and captured American Army jeeps, including a bullet-punctured relic with the name "Wilma" painted on it in white letters.

A North Korean soldier behind the wheel of a captured American jeep led the way to a substantial gray stone house on the side of a hill. Armed troops peered at us from doorways along the half-mile route. More Communist photographers recorded our progress. Little knots of children wore the expectant look of children anywhere. The two-and-a-half-story building, already christened United Nations House, was to be our headquarters. Devoid of furnishings and conveniences, it was anything but hospitable. From the windows we could see armed troops dotting the grounds. Irritation was changing to anger.

Time Difference Was Easy to Settle

The meeting had been scheduled for shortly after ten o'clock, but an interpreter informed us that ten o'clock our time was nine o'clock their time, so we would have to wait. The difference in time zone was to produce what was, in effect, a theme song for the end of each meeting. The Communists might propose that we meet the next day at "nine o'clock our time, ten o'clock your time," and I might agree or suggest that "eleven o'clock our time, ten o'clock your time would be better." I hoped that all of our differences could be settled as easily as in shifting from daylight-saving time to standard time.

Eventually, we re-embarked in the jeeps and shoved off for the meeting house, led by the same North Korean soldier in the captured jeep. In spite of the escort, a soldier with a burp gun blocked our entry to the conference grounds. After looking us over, he motioned the jeep on. I remember wondering what the lad was thinking about and saying to myself, "We must put an end to this."

The Communist group was waiting for us in a large, open-walled antechamber in front of the main conference room, and separated from it by a courtyard. I said, "I am Vice-Admiral Joy." An interpreter pointed to a rugged, dapper, confident-looking young man in a well-fitting green uniform and said, "This is General Nam Il." Nam Il bowed stiffly, and I nodded in acknowledgment of the introduction. The remaining introductions were as unsuccessful as could be expected under the circumstances. I announced the names of each of our delegates with a gesture toward him and we proceeded into the conference room.

Oriental architecture provides for the creation of a large room by making the walls disappear in a number of small rooms. Our conference room was a result of this process. The central section was bisected by the long, narrow, green-baize table. In the section of the room on my right were our stenographic personnel and staff officers, including Colonel A. J. Kinney, USAF, and Colonel J. C. Murray, USMC, our liaison officers. In the section on the left were the Communist staff and secretarial help. Along the bulkhead immediately behind me were Captain Hank Briggs, secretary for the delegation, and our interpreters, Navy Lieutenant Horace Underwood for Korean, and Army Warrant Officer Kenneth Wu for Chinese. We wondered who sat behind the Communist delegation in addition to their interpreters.

Maneuvers for Chance to Speak First

Nam Il and I remained standing for the exchange of credentials. The United Nations Command delegation wanted to speak first, so by employing a variation of the check-fumbling gambit I delayed in accepting his credentials until he sat down. My opening remarks called attention to the importance of the meeting, outlined the purpose for which we had met, stated that the fighting would continue until an armistice agreement was in effect, gave assurances of our own good faith and requested agreement to limit the discussions to military matters related to Korea only.

These remarks, like all that were to follow, were given a few sentences at a time and translated first into Korean and then into Chinese. It took a while to get adjusted to the procedure, but in the end it worked to advantage, in that we could use the time consumed in triple delivery of a speech to prepare a written reply to it while the speech was being given.

I sat down and took my first good look at the enemy. Nam Il stood up to read his opening statement:

"The Korean people . . . ardently support the suggestion made on June 23d by Mr. Malik that the belligerents hold talks for cease fire, and that the armed forces on both sides withdraw from the 38th parallel . . ."

He had sad eyes and a thin-lipped, determined-looking mouth that became distorted as he spat out his words. He did not address me as I had addressed him, but talked instead to his interpreter.

"The armed forces of all foreign countries should be withdrawn from Korea as early as possible . . ."

His eyes wandered restlessly as the interpreters made his remarks understood to us and the Chinese. He appeared to regard the necessity for translation as an annoyingly artificial restraint.

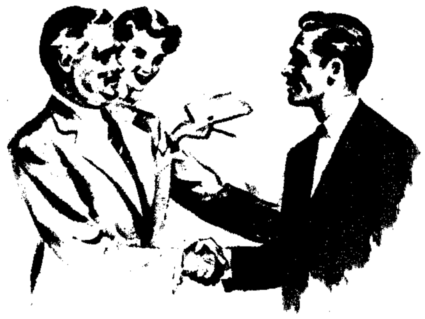
With no evidence as yet to support the notion, I judged Nam Il as able and shrewd. I guessed his age between thirty-five and forty. I knew he was the Chief of Staff of the North Korean Supreme Headquarters. He had been graduated from a university in Manchuria and later, in 1942, had gone to Russia as a teacher. He returned to North Korea in 1945 and held a succession of government education posts up to the outbreak of the war.

Nam Il concluded his remarks, "I hope we can reach an agreement through these talks so as to meet the demands of the wide mass of the people."

He sat down, and I suddenly became aware that my chin was only about six inches from the top of the table. Although he is considerably shorter than I, he appeared to be looking down on me. I turned to Underwood and said, "At the first opportunity,

Johnny won the Jack Pot!

Mary got all A's!


Pop got promoted!

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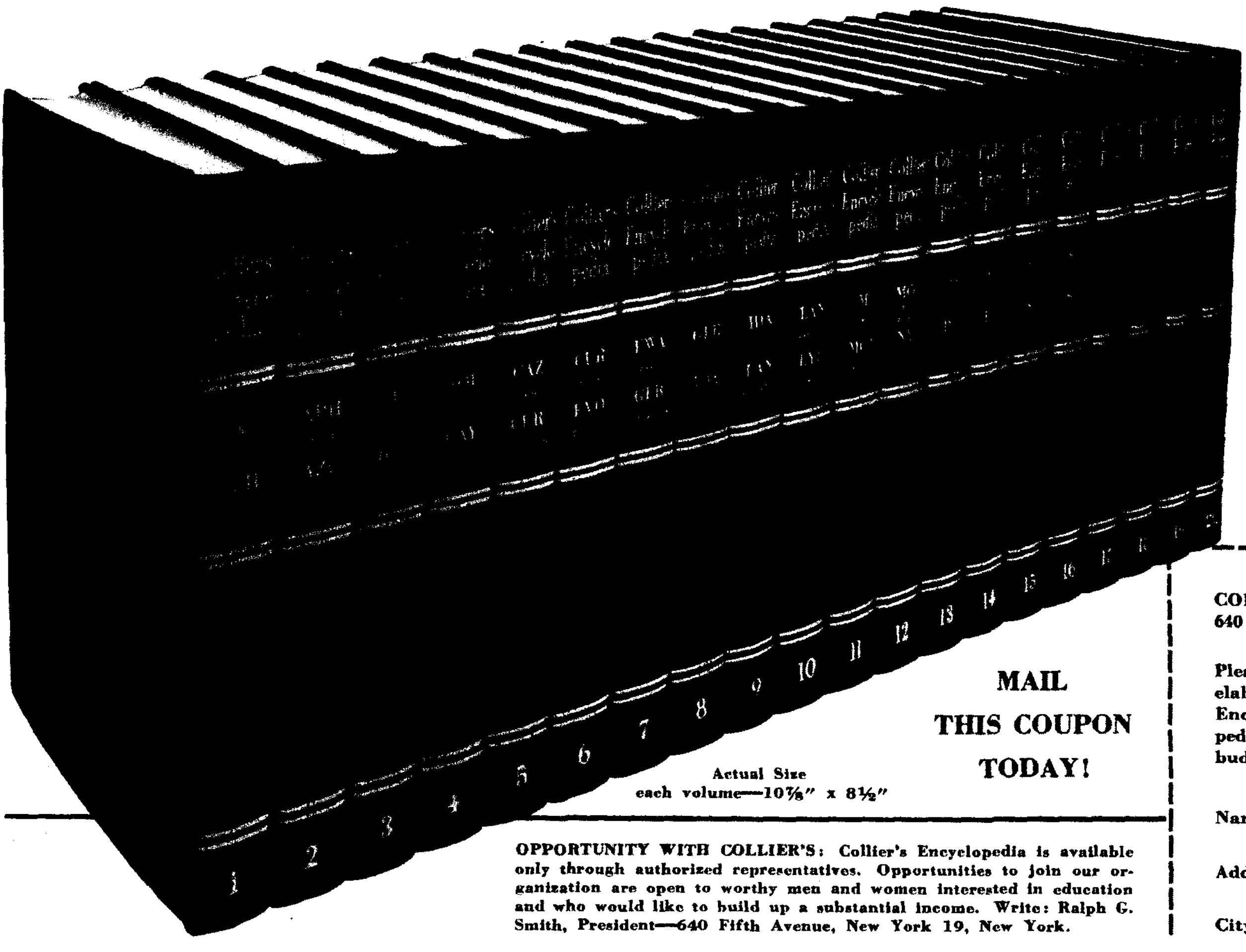

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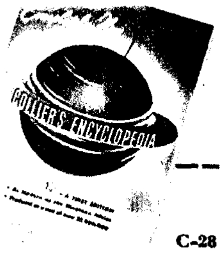

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For propaganda purposes the Commies tried to make it look as if th

I want you to find a chair that will put me on an even keel with Nam."

Lieutenant General Tung Hua, senior Chinese member of the enemy delegation, followed with a speech. "These three proposals made by the representatives of the Korean People's Army are the premise and the basis for ending the Korean war," he said. "The Chinese People's Volunteers sincerely support these proposals and take them as the starting point of these negotiations."

The proposals sounded more like final positions than starting points. I felt my first misgivings about an early armistice.

Tung, like all the Chinese we had seen, wore no insignia of rank or unit. But we knew he had been commanding general of the 15th Army Group, Fourth Field Army, since 1948 and also had served in a number of political posts. At the time of the talks he was deputy commander of Chinese Communist forces in Korea. He was fifty-one. He sat on Nam Il's right and opposite Bill Craigie, who was on my left. His head was clipped as close as that of the junior Chinese delegate, Major General Hsieh Fang, graduate of a university in Moscow and reportedly Chief of Propaganda, Political Department, Northeast Military Area (Manchuria). Hsieh sat on Tung's right and opposite Hank Hodes, at the end of the table, on my left.

Growing Dominance of Hsieh

In the early days of the conference, the Chinese delegates seemed to exercise little influence, but as time wore on they drew more water, measured by the frequency with which Nam Il consulted them. Of the two, there was no question about the dominance of Hsieh. More and more often Nam Il leaned across Tung to consult Hsieh. What Tung lacked in influence, he made up in geniality. Each morning when we entered the conference room, he and Bill Craigie would greet each other with *Hao pu hao,* (a friendly Chinese greeting meaning "good or not good?" and pronounced "how boo how"). The number of gold teeth showing was an accurate barometer of Tung's morale on any given day.

I did not guess at first sight that the moonfaced, rather jovial-looking North Korean on Nam Il's left, and opposite our own General Paik, would turn out to be the real troublemaker. Major General Lee Sang Jo, Chief of Staff, North Korean Army Front Headquarters, soon developed into a vigorous note scratcher whose efforts were sometimes just as vigorously scratched out by Nam Il. I had the idea that our sessions would have been a lot more heated had they exchanged places. However, had he been in the position of first responsibility, I think Lee would have been shrewd enough to keep things within bounds. It is easy enough to sound off when the responsibility rests with someone else.

We had no advance notice of the identity of the North Korean who occupied the chair opposite Arleigh Burke. Since the Communist liaison officers had given our liaison officers the names of only four delegates, we had no information on Major General Chang Pyong San—a pleasantly ineffectual-looking young man, who we later learned was Chief of Staff of the North Korean I Corps. If Chang ever contributed anything to the conference beyond his presence, the fact went undetected by us. We guessed he had been hastily pressed into service to bring their delegation strength up to ours. Chang's mind always seemed to be somewhere else. The chronically bloodshot eyes suggested that the night life in Kaesong must have had its attractions.

It is human to be curious. No one was more curious than I about the face and manner of the enemy. I came to identify Nam Il with a pattern of chain smoking complicated by faulty matches. After a while, I thought of Lee as a well-rehearsed professional wrestler, groaning and grimacing according to plan. But it would have been naïve to attach importance to the idiosyncrasies of the enemy delegates. Their quirks and foibles were interesting, but totally without bearing on the issues of the conference.

To our mind the pertinent issues were incorporated in the nine-point agenda which I submitted after General Tung finished his opening statement. An agenda is simply a list of general topics that both parties agree to discuss. Our proposed agenda, as approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, follows:

1. Adoption of agenda.
2. Location of, and authority for International Red Cross representatives to visit, prisoner-of-war camps.
3. Limitation of discussions at this and all subsequent meetings to purely military matters related to Korea only.
4. Cessation of hostilities and of acts of armed force in Korea under conditions which will assure against the resumption of hostilities and acts of armed force in Korea.
5. Agreement on a demilitarized zone across Korea.
6. Composition, authority and functions of military armistice commission.
7. Agreement on principle of inspection within Korea by military observer teams, functioning under a military armistice commission.
8. Composition and functions of these teams.
9. Arrangements pertaining to prisoners of war.

By design or not, Nam Il was unable to comply with my request for a written copy of their proposed agenda. Instead, he requested a three-and-a-half-hour recess, presumably to study ours and confer with his superiors about their own.

When we returned to the conference room, something new had been added. Before the start of the conference, we had placed a two-foot-high standard with a small United Nations flag in the center of the long, narrow table. When we returned following the recess, we saw a North Korean flag flying from a standard that was several inches taller than ours, and the base of which was an inch or so wider in diameter. Apparently no bet was too small to overlook.

Nam Il submitted the following agenda, with copies in English, Korean and Chinese:

1. Adoption of agenda.
2. Establishment of the 38th parallel as the military demarcation line between both sides and establishment of a demilitarized zone, as basic conditions for the cessation of hostilities in Korea.
3. Withdrawal of all armed forces of foreign countries from Korea.
4. Concrete arrangements for the realization of cease fire and armistice in Korea.
5. Arrangements relating to prisoners of war following the armistice.

I looked at Items 2 and 3 and gave up any lingering hope of arriving quickly at an agenda. As Nam Il passed the copies of the agenda to us, a group of Communist photographers rushed into the room. The photographers had started to come in in the morning but were waved out for the now apparent reason that the North Korean flag had been lacking from the table. I protested, "This matter of correspondents in the conference room should be agreed upon beforehand."

Nam Il replied, "Then what kind of opinion do you have on it?" I said that the next morning our delegation party would include 20 correspondents who would have access to the general conference area, but not to the conference room itself. Since Communist newsmen were already present, Nam Il would have found it difficult to say anything other than, "We agree." It was our first agreement. But it did not stick very long. During an afternoon recess, Nam Il had a change of heart and decided the matter would have to be ruled on by his superiors.

The rest of the day was spent in nonproductive sparring over agenda items, in the course of which we did uncover several Communist sore spots.

Nam Il was exercised and embarrassed about Item 2 on our proposed agenda. For humanitarian reasons, we had given Red Cross visits to prisoner-of-war camps the position of first importance. Nam Il objected strenuously to both the precedence and the nature of the item. This, in spite of the fact that his government had announced in July of 1950 its intention to abide by international standards of conduct with respect to prisoners of war, including authority for representatives of the International Committee of the Red Cross to visit prisoner-of-war camps. We felt there could be no objection to taking an action that had already been advertised as completed. Nam Il vehemently disagreed. Repeated attempts throughout the conference to obtain this authority failed.

Another sore spot was our use of the word "Communist." Nam Il said, "On discussing cease fire today, one side is the Korean People's army and the Chinese Volunteers, and the other side is the United Nations forces; then the term 'Communists' is not proper here because you are not handling with the Communists but with the Korean People's army and the Chinese Volunteers." Thereafter, we addressed the opposition simply as "you."

Shortly before the meeting ended, we obtained an answer to a question that had been bothering us from the beginning. Which troops did Nam Il mean when he spoke of withdrawing foreign troops from Korea? His reply, "Troops in Korea which are not Korean troops. Those are the foreign troops."

False Communist Assumptions

We could not report to General Ridgway that night that the Communists did or did not appear to be acting in good faith. We could only say that they appeared to have come to Kaesong on the assumption we would settle for the 38th parallel as a cease-fire line and that we would agree to the prompt withdrawal of foreign troops. It was too early to know whether these were Communist starting points for negotiation or final positions. But there was no question that for propaganda purposes we were made to appear as the vanquished suing for peace. General Ridgway did not think it was too early to dispel Communist illusions and get the conference "on the track."

My instructions for the following day were to press for a change in conditions in Kaesong. When Nam Il countered my protests by dodging the question, General Ridgway decided to take the bull by the horns. On the third morning of the conference, a truck carrying 20 newsmen was denied passage, and our entire convoy turned back. This incident led to a satisfactory, although temporary, solution to the problem of Kaesong as a conference site.

Because newsmen were involved, there were those who quickly jumped to the conclusion that the issue at stake was freedom of the press. Freedom of the press is of high importance, but it was not pertinent at that point. The incident was used to force a showdown on the then much larger issue of equality of treatment, including neutrality of the entire conference area, freedom of movement to and from and within the area, and the unreserved right of each commander to determine the composition of his delegation party. After a three-day recess, the Communists' commanders in chief gave the few simple assurances required by General Ridgway, and the conference was resumed.

Ten meetings over a period of 17 days were needed to agree on what we would talk about; that is, to adopt the following agenda:

1. Adoption of the agenda.
2. Fixing of military demarcation line between both sides so as to establish a demilitarized zone as a basic condition for the cessation of hostilities in Korea.
3. Concrete arrangements for the realization of cease fire and armistice in Korea, including the composition, au-

Next Week

GETTING DOWN TO CASES

The only safe way to deal with Communist name-calling, insults and childish anger, the UN truce delegates figured, was to prepare in advance. So they drew up "position papers," with names like Take It or Leave It, Firm Stand and Let's Be Reasonable. They worked pretty well —so well that the Reds imitated the procedure. Soon, the Korean talks became a "battle of position papers," says

Admiral Joy

in the second installment of

MY BATTLE INSIDE THE KOREA TRUCE TENT

thority and functions of a supervisory organ for carrying out the terms of cease fire and armistice.

4. Arrangements relating to prisoners of war.

5. Recommendations to governments of countries concerned on both sides.

The big stumbling blocks in the path to agreement were, of course, Items 2 and 3 on the original Communist agenda. Other hurdles were more easily cleared.

Reluctantly, but in the interest of reaching agreement, we gave up Item 2 on our original agenda, making it plainly understood that we would discuss it under Item 4 of the final agenda, "Arrangements relating to prisoners of war."

Our original Item 3, proposing limitation of the talks to military matters only, was removed after discussion, but without protest, because we knew it should not have been there in the first place. An agenda item should be a general statement of a problem and not a statement of position with respect to a problem. Our purpose had been served in focusing attention on the subject and in obtaining oral agreement, although the Communists honored it more often in the breach than in the observance.

Items 6, 7 and 8 on our original agenda had to do with specific phases of the problem of supervising the armistice, a problem supplementary to the larger problem of safeguarding the armistice, as stated in Item 4 of our original agenda. These four items along with Item 4 of the original Communist agenda were finally combined into the single Item 3 on the final agenda. Nam Il was extremely sensitive to the suggestion of inspection and reacted more strongly than he had to our original Item 2, also involving the idea of inspection. Our point had been made in serving notice, but it was going to be another hard nut to crack.

As previously indicated, the Communists regarded the establishment of the 38th parallel as a military demarcation line and the withdrawal of foreign troops (their original Items 2 and 3) as the "premise and the basis for the armistice negotiations." Up until the very end of the agenda debates, they insisted that the two items "are inseparable."

Deadlocked on Zone Question

Contrast their original Item 2 with our Item 5. Our Item 5 was a general statement of the problem of establishing a demilitarized zone. Their Item 2 was a statement of where the zone should be. Our item allowed for the discussion of any number of possible solutions, including one based on the 38th parallel. The wording of their item ruled out consideration of any zone except one based on the 38th parallel. Further, they took the view that the demarcation line was all-important in establishing the zone and that only one line could be considered. We took the view that the zone itself was the important thing for the purposes of an armistice, and the demarcation line, at best, had only secondary significance.

In any event, we insisted each side should be free to delineate the zone in the way it saw fit. In the fourth meeting, the Communists consented to generalize the wording of the item to permit the presentation of a view other than their own. In the sixth meeting, the actual wording was agreed upon and became Item 2 of the final agenda. In making the concession, Nam Il stated, "But we will insist on definitely having the 38th parallel as the demarcation line between both sides." Obviously, we had many easons for refusing to consider the 38th parallel as a basis for the solution to the problem of a demilitarized zone, but arguments for and against would have to await substantive discussions following the final adoption of the agenda.

The one remaining obstacle in the way of an agenda was the question of the withdrawal of foreign troops. The Communists argued that "the withdrawal of foreign troops is a necessary condition against the resumption of hostilities . . . that the appearance of foreign armed forces in Korea has been the source of the war and its continuance."

Foreign Troops Issue Debated

We reminded them there were no foreign troop formations in Korea when the war broke out. In fact, it was only a short time after foreign troops had been withdrawn that the threat of hostilities in Korea appeared, followed all too soon by actual fighting. Many pages of debate were recorded on the subject, but the nub of the matter, and the basis on which it was resolved, was the fact that a decision on the withdrawal or nonwithdrawal of foreign troops was a political matter, hence beyond the authority of the conference. General Ridgway could order the tactical deployment of United Nations troops within Korea, but he could no more order them out of Korea than he could order the respective governments to send more troops.

In the ninth meeting, following a four-day recess requested by Nam Il, presumably to refer the matter to Communist headquarters at Pyongyang and points west, the Communists eliminated the withdrawal-of-troops question as an item on the agenda. Strong public statements in Washington had helped them make up their minds. The bridge making possible this orderly retreat was our acceptance of their proposal for another item on the agenda having to do with recommendations to the governments concerned, Item 5. However, we made it clear that we were not committed in advance to any specific recommendation.

Before we succeeded in separating the "inseparable" issues of the 38th parallel and the withdrawal of foreign troops, I had thought the Chinese might be motivated by a simple desire to get out of North Korea, but when they finally gave in on the troop-withdrawal question, I was inclined to think their desire was even more elementary—they just wanted to quit fighting. In their own timeless conception of time, the question of the withdrawal of foreign troops would take care of itself.

In our tenth meeting, on July 26th, the agenda was formally adopted. I drew my first deep breath. Indulging in a moment of good feeling, I offered Nam Il a cigarette. He put his hand on his chest, bowed slightly, smiled and moved his lips without saying anything. The performance added up to "No, thank you." It was the last time I made the gesture.

In dealing with the Communists, it is idle, even for a Communist, to pretend omniscience. When we reached agreement on the agenda, I was reassured in my own mind that, for reasons best known to themselves, the Communists wanted to end the armed conflict in the Korean phase of a war that is fought around the globe, on many fronts, in many ways. I was resigned to the fact that it would take time. After all, we had only agreed on what we would talk about. The real battle lay before us.

(To be continued next week)

The opinions expressed by Admiral Joy are his personal opinions and do not necessarily coincide with the official views of the government or any department of the government

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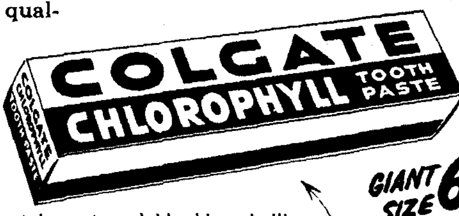

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VIRGINIA

By GORDON FORBES

"I've never stolen anyone's wife before," I told her, "but this is different." It looked so easy. It always does . . .

ONE night I was standing at my favorite crap table which is in the Frontier Club in Reno, clinking the few silver dollars that remained in the grooved money slot in front of me. I had been losing steadily all week, and if I didn't have a run soon I knew I'd have to compose another moving story for a certain used-car dealer in town. Because it was early, Benny, who was working the stick, wasn't getting much action at the table.

Someone moved in beside me, took the dice, and came out on ten. Big Dick is a tough point to make, and if you want to, you can bet some more money at two-to-one odds that you'll make it. I always take the odds because it narrows the percentage the house has on you down as far as you can get it, but what I really rely on are the little men in green in my imagination that spend all their time turning over dice to the combinations I want. The little men got them all turned over and showing combinations of ten just as the dice bounced on the table again.

"Seven! Seven the loser and the line away," Benny sang. The dealers swept up. I had a buck left in the slot.

"How do you like that?" the girl beside me said. "Not a point all night." She looked at me, pursed her lips, and shook her head slowly from side to side, making the light move on her blonde hair.

I liked it fine. The blonde hair, the slightly show-biz look of her eyes with the long lashes, the tan. Even in Nevada I get my tan from an amber spot. I play the piano for a living.

"This place is a vacuum cleaner," I said. "We're the rugs." She smiled and threw a dollar down the table toward the hardway sections. It teetered, rolling, and flopped in the one marked Any Craps.

"Good enough," the girl told the dealer. Benny was pushing a mess of dice over to me with his rake. I picked two that showed a six and five and tossed the last of my loot on the table.

"Put it on eleven, Benny. And move the lady's buck over there too." I grinned at the girl, registering confidence. "Bet-a-million Jackson will now get you the deed to this dump in five rolls," I told her, "or my name isn't Bet-a-million Jackson." I threw the dice down against the rubber-cushioned wall at the other end of the table. "Eleven!" I yelled.

"Tha—rr-ee, craps, a loser," Benny chanted. "Comin' out, he's comin' out again. Don't bet 'em thin if you want to win."

The girl watched our dollars merge on the house's rack. "What *is* your name, now that it isn't Bet-a-million Jackson?" she said.

"Sam," I said. "Come on. I'll buy you a drink. I always outguess bartenders." I made a face which was supposed to tell Benny what he could do with his dice, and we went over to the bar.

There was an old Chaplin movie on the screen down at one end. I had seen Chaplin slamming guys with ladders and opening alarm clocks with a can opener almost every night for a month, but I watched the picture for a minute, trying to think up something bright to say. Usually I don't run out of ammunition right away, but tonight it seemed to be different. The bartender brought our drinks, and as we picked them up we took a long look at each other. She was beautiful.

"Please," Virginia said, "let me tell you about last night. I hate doing that—but when I'm with Vince I have to. He has to win"

We worked on the drinks, and she told me her name was Virginia, that she was a model, and that she hoped I thought she always picked up men in bars, because she did.

"And if you laugh at that one," Virginia said, "well—"

"You'll know you picked a lemon in the garden of love, where they told you you only peaches grow."

Just for a second a sad little smile showed at the corners of her mouth. I wasn't going to be the *first* lemon, anyway. I was just beginning a two-hour thumbnail sketch of myself when there was a noise like seven bloodhounds caught on an electrified fence. With the noise came an old familiar feeling. Somebody was practicing press rolls over my kidneys.

"Hello, Crazy Horse," I said wearily, without looking. Billy Bluejacket, former fighter, present bouncer of the Frontier, and my own personal nuisance, stopped pummeling. He rested one of his huge hands on my shoulder and slowly mangled my collarbone.

"I'm yellow," I said, turning around. "And besides, I have a very low threshold of pain. And besides that, you promised. No more compound fractures this month."

THE Chief liked to hang around when I had a date. He liked to con the dame I was with and see if he could break up my parlay. All in fun, and I usually didn't care, but I was on a different kick tonight.

"How's the boy?" I said, wishing he'd fade.

"I'm in trainin'," the big Indian said. "I'm gonna' meet Jack Sharkey." He winked at Virginia. "For lunch." Virginia laughed. Before he got hit by a mortar on Iwo, the Chief had been a promising heavyweight. All that remained was a rather monotonous humor about the fight game.

"Your boss called," the Chief said to me. "Eckstine ain't keepin' the juke going. He wants you to horsewhip a couple of numbers." He winked at Virginia again. "Just till somebody can't stand it no more and coughs up a dime for the machine."

"I play the piano at the Brass Rail, right around the corner," I said to Virginia.

"They call it a club," the Chief said. "It's so small the tables is painted on the walls. They lock the door. Nobody can get out. Then Jackson here gives 'em shock treatments. While they're havin' fits the barkeeper picks up all the change that shakes loose and puts it in the juke."

"Too many right hands to the head," I said, twirling a finger beside my ear. "Punchy. His feet are so flat you could iron with them." The Chief slammed me with a bolo to the spine and walked off, whooping the way Indians are supposed to. He looked back and wagged his head in feigned disgust. "Always take a nine count," he called to me.

"It's not a bit like being hit by a four-section Diesel," I said, bending my back experimentally. "It's worse." I got up. "If you'd like to listen to my powerful mood music . . ." I said to Virginia. I stood there looking hopeful. "Rondos? Madrigals? Czerny exercises?" I had a funny feeling that I didn't ever want to lose sight of her again. In an hour I felt that way. Something in that little smile, maybe.

Virginia shook her head slowly. "I'd love to hear you. But I can't. I have to go. I'm sorry." She made me feel that she really was.

OVER in the Brass Rail there was the usual crowd of sentimental dames who came in every night and leaned on the piano. Most of them wanted the old tunes, the songs that were popular the year they got married. My repertoire went back to Blackbirds of Twenty-nine, but that wasn't far enough for some of them.

Irma, the cocktail waitress, put a drink on the upright for me and I started to play. I played Embraceable You for an old dame. I'd played it for her every night for a month, but it was always the same. The old doll sang. She'd break from the barrier and hit the first turn about a length ahead of the piano. I usually caught her during the bridge. She'd smile apologetically and dum, dum, dee da, sort of laying off the pace, but hitting "tipsy" and "gypsy" hard enough. Heading for home, she was driving all the way. She made slaw out of the lyrics. Nobody cared. I liked the old doll.

At midnight someone asked me to play Too Marvelous. "How does it go?" I said. Someone began to sing it. The voice was good. I looked up at the faces around the piano. Virginia's was second from the bass end of the piano. I found her key, and she sang two choruses. Everyone clapped at the end. They made her sing a lot of songs, and everyone in the club crowded over to listen. She had a fine voice and she knew how to phrase. She cocked her head to one side and looked faraway and kept singing, and the place got as quiet as a church.

I quit at four, and we went out together and ate breakfast.

"I'm glad you stopped by," I said, stirring her coffee.

"So am I," she said. "It was fun. I was supposed to meet a plane, but the person wasn't on it." Nothing in her face told me whether the person was male or female, a friend or worse, or if she was disappointed or relieved. It was one of those big blank items.

It stayed blank the rest of the week. She came in every night, and we had breakfast together every morning. Then one morning just before dawn I kissed her. There is something about that tired hour before the sun comes up to burn away all the intimacy. People sit closer, look closer, talk closer. When I catch myself doing or saying something I really mean and not disguising it with a lot of goof stuff and clowning, I usually know it is around five in the morning.

It was five in the morning when I kissed Vir-

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

ginia, and, allowing two minutes for the paralysis to wear off, two past when I looked at her and laid my egg.

"You know what's happened?" I said. She nodded her head. I was going to tell her anyway. "I've fallen in love," I said. "A great big thing."

For a second I thought she was going to cry. She blinked her eyes fast and wouldn't look at me.

"No?" I said.

"Oh, Jackson!"

"Oh Jackson what? Oh Jackson no thanks?"

"No, no! Not no. I've felt you were going to say something. I've been half scared you would and half scared you wouldn't. But you don't know— Honey, there are a lot of things." She reached for a cigarette. I lighted it, and my hand shook. Now for the blank, I thought. Now we get rid of the old blank.

SHE blew out a big cloud of smoke, and I watched it curling and billowing up toward the ceiling. I was scared. I mean now that I'd wound up and thrown the slider in there I had the feeling that she was going to knock it into the cheap seats. I grinned weakly.

"Throw the switch, warden, I'm ready," I said.

I saw her lips move but all I could hear was the noise like bloodhounds. It came closer and sat down with us.

"How kind of you to share your table with a poor Indian," the Chief said. "Perhaps later you will play an old favorite of mine. I'm sure you remember it from college."

"You plumber! You moronic—"

"It's called My Sweetheart Went Down with the Maine."

I glared at him. "Most of the savages prefer the reservation," I said. "There, in quiet contentment, they can pursue their ancient tribal ways. They hunt, trap, skin. How they laugh when they skin a tourist! Happy children! By the shores of Gitche Gumee, by the shining—"

"My old buddy," the Chief said contentedly. He signaled a waitress for coffee. He turned to Virginia. "The story of my life is not a pretty one," he said, adjusting his voice to the jerky cadence and hollow, down-in-a-diving-bell pitch of the punchy fighter. "I was a willing mixer, a crowd pleaser, and I t'rew a flock of punches from bell to bell. But the kids never forgive me for lickin' Dempsey."

Virginia was laughing. I gave up. That was certainly that for the night.

The next night, she didn't come in until late. At last I looked up and saw her, number two at the bass end of the piano, just like the first time.

Number one was a flashy-looking guy with a hand-painted tie and all the other trimmings of the uncertain spirit. Right away I knew he was with Virginia. One clue was his arm around her. I could see a big diamond on his hand.

"Play It's Just Too Marvelous," the guy said. He plunked a silver dollar down on the upright.

"Okay," I said. I played it hard, with a lot of loud tenths and crashy chords. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see the guy's hand kneading Virginia's arm. I didn't look at her. After one chorus I stood up. "Break," I said. "Let's listen to Eckstine for a while." I went over and put a quarter in the juke box. I watched the two chains of bubbles toiling endlessly up the front of the box. Behind the bubbles, those impossible colors, from some nembutal dream, flushed and faded, flushed and faded. I tried counting the colors, but the bubbles began laughing at me. I was all shook up.

I sat down beside Irma at the bar.

"How you doing, Burma?" I said.

"Great. And I like the act."

"How's that?"

"I ain't got cataracts," Irma said. "You look like you just been torpedoed."

"Oh, that." I turned around and looked through the indoor smog cloud toward the piano. Virginia and the guy had gone. My insides rolled over like a dying fish.

I quit for the night and went down the street. It was late, but people were cranking the bandits in all the clubs and having themselves a ball. Whenever a door would swing open, the smoke would pour out of the haze inside, and for a second it would sound as if someone had raised a trap door to hell. I went in the Frontier and had a drink. Benny was dealing in one of the Twenty-one slots. He waved at me and I wandered over. No one was at the table.

"Hi, Benny. Where are the suckers?"

Benny gave me a funny look. "You're talking to one of them," he said.

"How's that, Benny?"

"Sam, how well do you know that babe I been seeing you with? The blonde good-looker?"

I got a queer feeling on top of the queer feeling I already had. "We're acquainted. Why?"

"She was in tonight with a couple of guys. They give me a play." Benny paused. "One of the guys was crimping ten-cards. The babe was talking to me all the time and I didn't notice right away. The old gimmick. Whenever they seen I had a crimped hole card, they knew it was a ten and laid off. When they could see I had a breaking hand, they'd get on fast. The dynamiter come over and started crimping deuces and treys, but it was too late. They got up and left with eighteen hundred bucks. Mel's sore at me. He says I owe him the eighteen bills, but hell, they were pretty slick. I thought I'd tell you."

COLLIER'S "Gracious! What a thing to say to a tree!" DICK CAVALLI

"Mel didn't know them from anywhere?" Mel owned the Frontier. He was a nice guy but he knew all the artists in the country.

"Mel didn't see them," Benny said.

I couldn't believe it. So this was the big blank. The Chief came up. "Why didn't you unleash Thunder Over the Mountain, here, on them?" I asked Benny.

He shook his head. "Mel don't want a hassel in here on something like that. Bad for business. But we'll find 'em. We don't go for that stuff in Nevada."

The Chief gave me the big grin. "Hiya. I hear you got tagged by the old crusher."

"One of the guys was named Vince," Benny said. "The other guy was big."

"Thanks, Benny."

"Bigger than you, Sam," Benny said.

I got another drink and went back to the pay phone. Inside the booth I lighted a cigarette and considered the numbers on the dial. I spread some change on the ledge, still thinking. Then I put the cigarette in one of the charred little grooves on the ledge and flicked the dial.

"I want Mr. Vince what's-his-name's room—you know, the gentleman who's a friend of Miss Murray," I told the girl at the hotel. I was sure she'd know Virginia, with the wolf pack camped in that lobby. It sounded like she snickered.

"You mean Mr. Attila," she said. "Room eight-o-five."

"Yeah. Attila. I could have guessed."

"Sir?"

"Let's try eight-o-five."

"I'll ring, sir."

A man answered. "Is Miss Murray there?" I said. There was a five-second silence.

"Who is it?" the voice said at last.

"Sam Jackson."

"The fighter?"

"I don't know. How much do you weigh?"

There was another pause. Then the voice said to somebody in the room, "It's a guy. A comedian named Sam Jackson." Just as a couple of other voices began talking in the room, the man put his hand over the mouthpiece. Then he came on again. "What didja want with her?"

"I molest women. I can't help myself. I want to molest Virginia. Look, doc, my keno game is starting. Let me talk to her."

"She ain't in. She's sick."

"Sick? Where is she sick? I mean where in what hospital?"

"She ain't in a hospital."

It was getting into that real insanity stuff. I tried once more. "Well, where is she? Can she talk?"

"It's late, pal. I gotta hang up, okay?"

"Tell me where the hell Virginia is!"

"G'night, bright boy." The line clicked dead. I was sure I had heard Virginia say something in the room a minute before. The same room. I'd had enough, anyway. I told myself I didn't care if Mel found her.

The next night, Virginia came into the Brass Rail alone and early. I was noodling all by myself. She had on slacks and a white coat with a red lining. She looked tired and scared but just as beautiful. It was no use; I didn't care if she ate live babies. She gave me a sad little smile and leaned against the piano. I kept my face hard while I fluffed the bridge on Body and Soul. I lighted a cigarette. Virginia pulled my other cigarette back a little where it was burning the varnish on the piano. I tried to take a drink from an empty glass that had been sitting on the piano all night.

Virginia came around and sat beside me on the bench. "Bad as that, Jackson?" she said softly.

"The market dropped. I'm nervous."

"How's your head tonight—still sore?"

"Just soft."

"Do you want me to tell you about things?"

"Sure. Tell me how to bust in a set of flats. Tell me how to gaff a wheel. I need eighteen hundred bucks." I started to play Too Marvelous in the minor.

"That's part of it, Sam. That man that was here with me the other night is a professional gambler. He—"

"You don't say! I thought he cleaned chickens awready. I thought he bought that big ice cube on his pinky by—"

"I'm married to him, Sam."

I missed a beat all of a sudden. "Congratulations," I said.

"I met him when I was a kid. It seemed fine. Glamorous. Florida, Cuba, the Coast. Follow the tracks."

"Sounds ginger peachy. Sounds gay and mad and crazy."

"There was money for everything I used to long for in the Fifth Avenue windows. It's true about a model never owning the clothes she shows. At least it was with me."

"Snip, clip, snip, clip went the poor little model's shears. She was making a dress out of the New York Times. She lived on smoked tripe and water bagels in a cold-water flat in a basement—"

"Please don't," Virginia said. "Let me tell you about last night. I hate doing that, but when I'm with Vince I have to. He has to win. He wouldn't take what he calls the squarejohn percentage on a game if his life depended on it. That's the way he feels about me. I came out here to divorce him, and he followed me out. He said he wouldn't contest it but he was short of money, and if I'd help him this one time he'd leave me alone. He promised to leave." She shrugged her shoulders. "Last night when you called he told me he'd changed his mind. He isn't leaving and he *is* going to try to stop the divorce. He lied. Now you know." Virginia sounded whipped. I was melting faster than warm ice cream.

I RIFFED the keys, and we sat there a minute. As I looked at her again, she gave me the funny little smile. I began to feel big and strong, a real giant type. I began to get excited. "Listen," I said. "I've never stolen anyone's wife before but this is different. I know a lawyer in Las Vegas. A quiet one. He owns a little guest ranch. It's way out of the way. I'll take you down. You can put in what's left of your time and stay out of sight. Vince can't do much, and after the rumble about last night gets around he can't stay in Nevada much longer. The lawyer can fix it so you can get a decree on default or something. I've got some scratch saved up. How about it?" I was on a tea jag. Mentally I had sold the Ford, was on top of the bill at The Desert Inn, and was practically married. It looked so easy. It always does.

Virginia's face came alive like a kid's in a candy store. Then it sagged again. "You don't know Vince," she said. "There's nothing he wouldn't do. He's even jealous of you."

My head got fatter than ever. "Trust me. Where is he now?"

"He and Freddie—that's the man you talked to on the telephone—went over to the State Line Club at Lake Tahoe. I told them I felt rotten. They'll be back tomorrow morning."

"Perfect! We'll breeze right now. How soon can you be ready?"

"Oh, honey."

"Listen; you want to go, don't you?"

"Of course I do, but—"

"But what?"

"I'm afraid, that's all."

"I'm not. Go and pack. I'll be by in half an hour."

Her eyes got bright. She looked like she had spotted her horse in the lead as they turned for home. Then she gave me one of those looks, leaned over quickly, and kissed me. "You're wonderful, Jackson. Don't ever leave me." She got up and went for the door. She looked little and helpless in the long white coat.

A HALF hour later I had the Ford in front of the hotel. I looked up at the rows of windows, wondering which one was hers. Maybe I thought she'd stick her head out and yell down, "Just a moment." Three minutes later I couldn't sit still any longer. I slid out of the car and walked up and down in front of the hotel until the doorman got in my way a few times and began to sneer like he thought I'd been stood up or something. He was a bad type, dressed up like a cowboy, with sideburns.

Finally he rolled up to me and gave me some bull about was I waiting for somebody, pardner. That pardner item is the big thing in Reno. Only I didn't like the way he said it.

"Possible, possible," I drawled.

"The hotel don't like no loitering," the doorman said.

"They won't mind a harmless little ol' waddy like me."

"Just the same, I ain't supposed to letcha," he said.

Virginia was coming through the door with a bellhop. "Letcha what?" I said. I took the bags from the bellhop and put them down on the curb. I dug out two silver dollars for the bellhop.

"Letcha hang around," the doorman said, glaring at the bellhop.

I grabbed the bags again and hustled Virginia into the car. "You're lucky," I said to the doorman. "I'm one of the meanest, orneriest mavericks ever slung a runnin' iron on another man's critter. Next time we meet, come a-smokin'. It'll be you or me, pardner!"

I made a U turn and headed south out of town. "We're off," I said. I reached over and got Virginia's hand. She moved over close and stroked the back of my neck with her long fingers.

We passed the Mount Rose turnoff and started down the grade. Up on the mountain the snow sparkled in the moonlight. I was looking at the beautiful snow when a big car came up behind us, traveling fast. I eased off to let him pass. He went by, but when he got ahead he began weaving back and forth across the center line, slowing down. Virginia sat up. "It's Vince!" she said. "Oh, God!"

Snow, I thought. Beautiful, thick snow. So thick you couldn't get over the pass to the Stateline Club yet. It hadn't opened for the season, and if anyone should have known, I should, because I was going in there on a two-week date when the road opened, to play at the club. Vince and Freddie had come back to the hotel in Reno because they couldn't get over the pass, and the doorman had done the rest.

I tried to get by on the inside. I nudged the other car hard, caromed up on the bank, and hit a culvert. Virginia screamed. We turned sideways, slid across the road, and slammed into a pole on the other side. I hit my head.

Headlights flashed over us, then settled, blinding and close. Someone opened my door. A big guy stuck his head in. This, I figured, was Freddie.

"Out, bright boy." A hand grabbed my lapel and jerked me off the seat. Freddie gave me a belt, and I sat down in the mud. Vince walked around from the other side. I saw gray pant legs in the glare of the lights.

"It's all been a terrible mistake," Vince said. I dived for the gray pant legs. One of them kicked me in the head. Freddie stepped on my back and brought a heel down on my left hand. Virginia was crying and beating on Vince.

"Don't hurt him, Vince. Please, *please* don't hurt him," she said over and over.

Vince grabbed me by the hair, lifted my head, and cracked my jaw on his knee. "Of course not," he said. "Freddie. Don't hurt him."

Freddie began kicking me in the side. Every time I tried to get up he put his foot on my neck and pushed my face down in the mud. He kicked so hard it made him grunt. Once he stopped, and Vince leaned down and lifted my head up by the hair. "Can you hear, Mr. Jackson? Can you hear what I'm saying? It's all been a terrible mistake."

There was a noise like a waterfall in my head, but I could hear okay. It just sounded five miles away. Like the new voice I heard—a lovely, sweet voice, like bloodhounds.

"I got a right like chain lightning," the voice said, "an' a left like a falling safe. My heart is as big as Gibraltar. Put me on your card, Mr. Promoter, if you want action."

The hand let go of my hair and the gray pant legs soared through the lights toward the road. Two guys picked me out of the mud and propped me against the car. Benny and Mel peered at me.

"You all right?" Mel said.

"I was winning all the way. I slipped," I said. "Tell Virginia to come hold my head."

"Let's get that Vince," Mel said. Virginia got a handkerchief and found some blood. She cried and told me she loved me, and after that I felt great. I watched the Chief and Freddie swirling in and out of the lights, punching and kicking. Once the Chief tried to be funny. "Watch them laces, champ," he said, and just then Freddie caught him a beauty and he went down. He got up fast. He backed Freddie against a car, jackknifed him with a gut shot, and then nearly tore his head off.

Benny got back nearly a grand from the two of them, and Mel told him they were all even. Then we got in their car and drove back to town. "The way to handle it," Mel said. "You turn guys like that in and all they get is ten days for mopery, suspended, and an escort to the California border. This way they'll remember Nevada." He didn't say a word to Virginia. Like I said, he was a nice guy.

The Chief stopped the car in front of the hotel, and Mel got out and walked to the entrance. I saw him shake hands with the doorman. Then I saw something else.

"I'm crackin' up," I muttered weakly. "I just thought I saw Mel give that cowboy fink doorman some dough. If there is one thing I hate in all this world it's cowboy fink doormen with sideburns and bowlegs. Thank God, it was probably only due to concussion."

"You saw it," Benny said. "Mel's paying him off. A hundred clams."

"Before we heard the thrillin' news of your elopement," the Chief said, "we was wondering how we could get them two apes in a alley or someplace."

"Mel's had every doorman in town in the bag since that night," Benny said. "This guy tipped us off they was here, called us when you left, and said it looked like they were gonna' follow you, right out of town. Out of town is where we wanted 'em, so when he said that, we knew we had it made."

"Naturally," I said, feeling my jaw. "Where did you stop for sodas?"

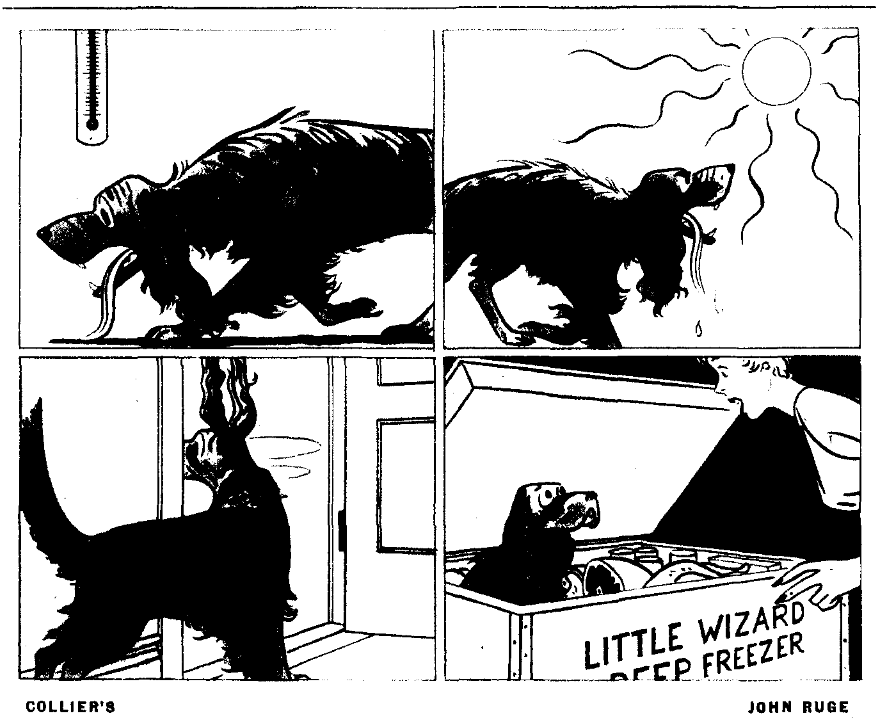
"I jus' wanna' tell all my fans," the Chief said, stoking up the voice, "that clean livin' done it. Ya can have every essential fa ring greatness, but ya will not scale the fistic heights without you don't live clean. Live clean, all you kids."

"Listen," Benny said. "That Freddie couldn't punch his way out of a dollar-thirteen shirt, and you know it."

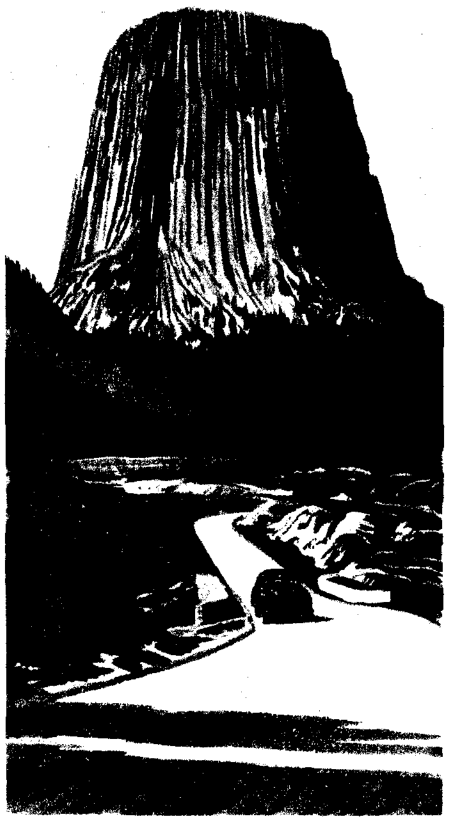
Virginia and I weren't listening any more. We just sat there in the back of the car, kissing like madmen. It was the start of a great big thing for us, and we knew it.

THE Chief likes to tell me I went chicken on him by getting married. He drops in now and then when Virginia and I have a night off from our new spot in one of the biggest hotels in Reno. We've got bookings in three more name joints after this one. She is terrific. Anyway, the Chief will tell me all about one of the dumb dames I used to have around, how mad she is now for him, how she misses me a little too, how Benny said to tell me that everybody wins at my old table these days, and so on. The clincher is usually the news that they've changed the Chaplin picture at the end of the bar. The Chief misses me, of all things. I always give him a real wistful smile and some sad garbage about how those were the days, huh, Chief, and keep 'em amused till I get there. But the truth is I don't even feel like getting out of my chair when I'm off nights. That's the beauty of the whole thing. ▲▲▲

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE



Devil's Tower, Black Hills, Wyoming

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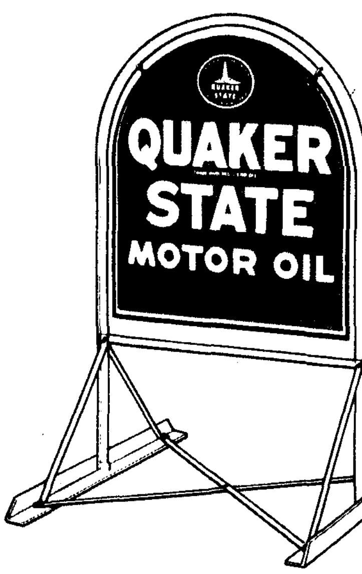

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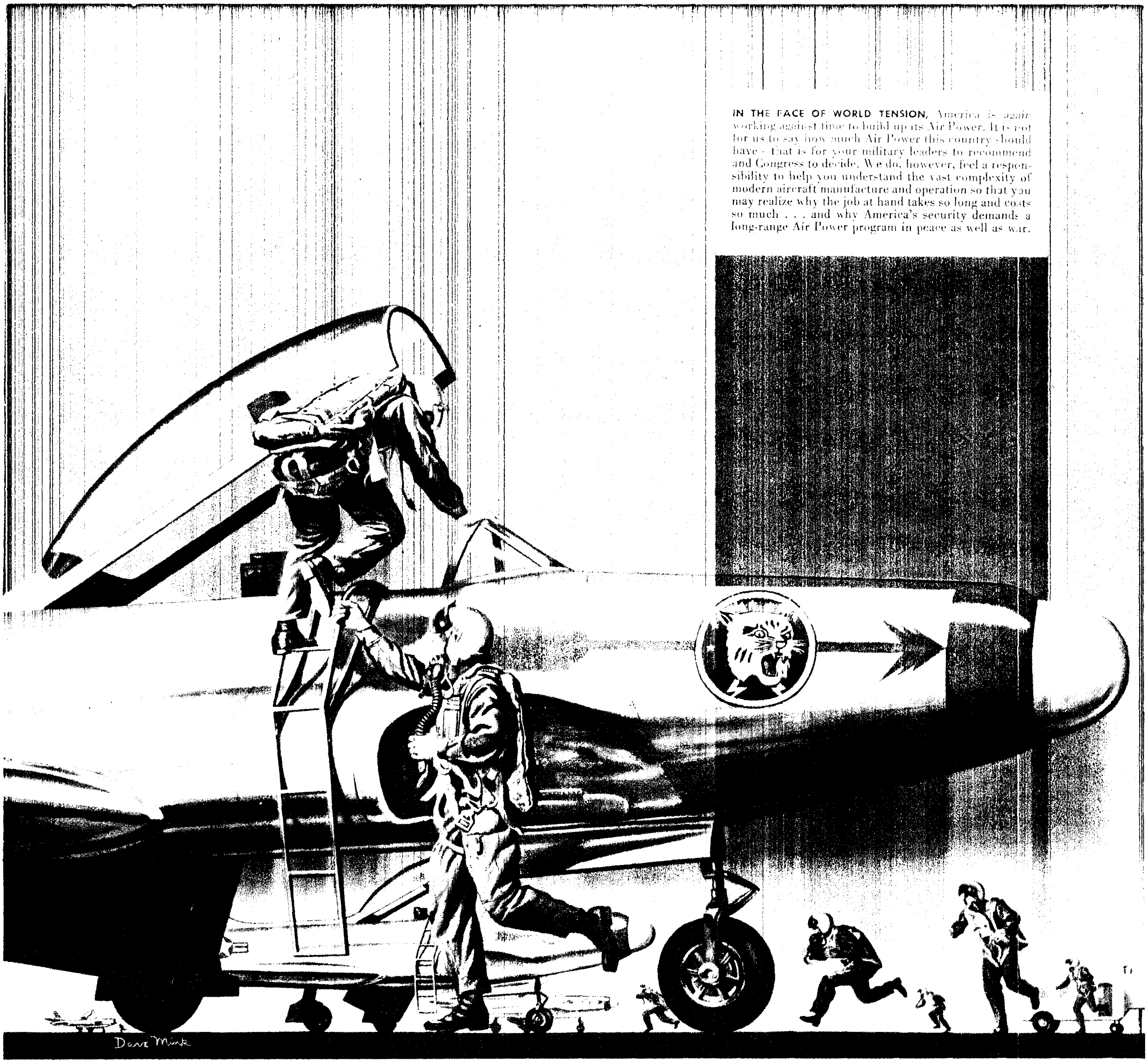


IN THE FACE OF WORLD TENSION, America is again working against time to build up its Air Power. It is not for us to say how much Air Power this country should have - that is for your military leaders to recommend and Congress to decide. We do, however, feel a responsibility to help you understand the vast complexity of modern aircraft manufacture and operation so that you may realize why the job at hand takes so long and costs so much . . . and why America's security demands a long-range Air Power program in peace as well as war.

"SCRAMBLE!"—PILOTS AND RADAR OPERATORS DASH TO MAN WAITING LOCKHEED F-94 "STARFIRE" JET INTERCEPTORS AT AN EAST COAST AIR FORCE BASE.

YOUR AIR FORCE IS TACKLING A LONG, HARD JOB—

BUILDING AN AIR DEFENSE SYSTEM AT HOME

In these perilous times men charged with national defense must be prepared for any emergency—including the possibility of a sneak attack by fleets of enemy super-bombers on cities within the U. S. These bombers could bore in at tremendous speeds, miles above the earth, far out of ordinary sight and hearing.

If such an attack were ever launched, the main job of intercepting it would fall to the U. S. Air Force's Air Defense Command.

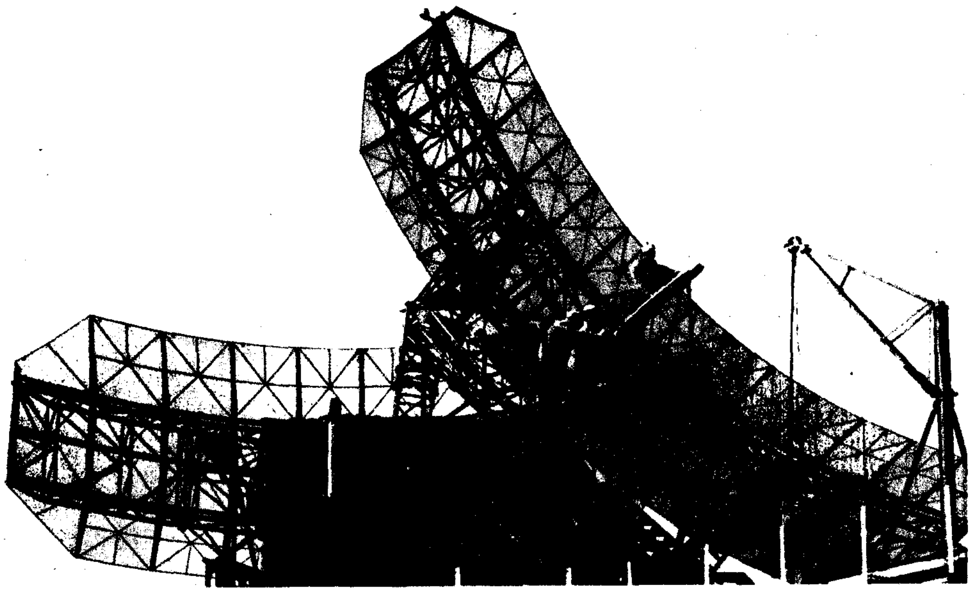
ADC's assignment is incredibly complex. First of all it involves setting up and staffing a network of radar detection stations around more than 18,000 miles of this country's borders and coastlines.

Then once an attacking flight has been detected by radar, it must be met by ADC's squadrons of jet interceptor fighters. These interceptors must be ready for instant action. Every hour that passes . . . day and night . . . hundreds of them are poised on the runways of heavily guarded airfields. Their guns are always loaded, their tanks fueled, their pilots ready.

These sleek-looking fighters are a breed apart from all other aircraft. Not only must they climb with blinding speed, but they must be able to locate, intercept and shoot down the fastest bombers—day or night, fair weather or foul. This means each must have its own elaborate radar system and heavy armament—yet still have reserve power to outfly enemy.

Add to all the above problems the need to train pilots, ground crews, radar technicians . . . build interceptor bases, filter centers . . . and provide 20,000 observation posts for civilian volunteer spotters, and you begin to see what a big job the Air Force is tackling in just this one branch of Air Power.

To succeed, the Air Force needs realistic public understanding of the time needed to expand Air Power . . . and a recognition of the hard fact that Air Power must be consistently maintained in peace, if it is to be relied upon to help prevent—or meet—the terrible emergency of war.

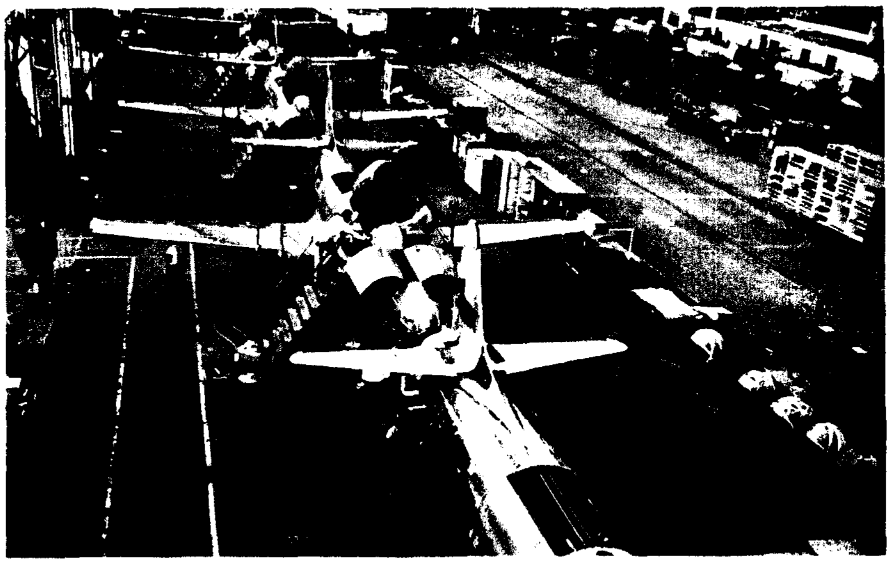


RADAR STATIONS like the one above can detect high-flying attackers about 250 miles away. ADC has spent over two years building a $295,000,000 chain of such outposts to guard air approaches to the U. S. Size of this overall task is indicated by the fact that the total equipment for just one big radar installation can fill 50 railroad cars. Radar-equipped interceptors, ships, even submarines, are used to complement the relatively limited range of land-based radar stations.

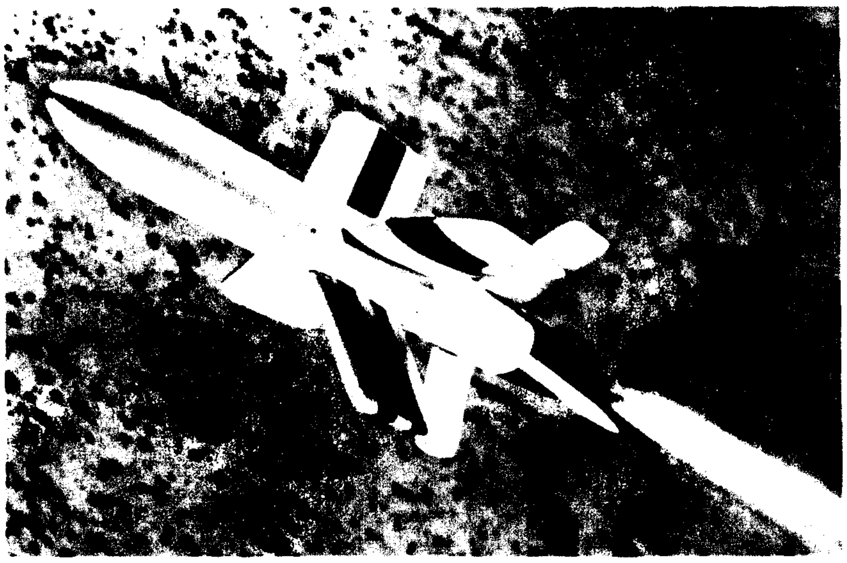
A HALF MILLION CITIZEN VOLUNTEERS working under ADC's direction are needed to man 20,000 observation posts located on the U. S.'s defense perimeter on a 24-hour basis. Their reports make up for radar's inability to quickly detect low-flying aircraft. Other volunteers at 50 filter centers assist ADC by helping to plot plane courses as reports are received.

PLANE TRACKERS at a number of ADC's secret Ground Control Intercept units correlate information from radar and filter centers and mark progress of "attacking" aircraft on huge plexiglass gridded maps. Plane controllers, seated in front, use information to alert interceptor squadrons, help direct them to targets by radio.

INTERCEPTOR CREWS are the "cream of the crop." Just one two-man crew—pilot and radar operator—requires more than two years of training and "seasoning" at a cost in excess of $70,000. The Air Defense Command also has the huge task of training thousands of highly skilled specialists to maintain aircraft and to man radar installations.



ALL-WEATHER interceptors (above, Lockheed F-94 "Starfires") are far more complex than their World War II counterparts. Today's interceptors require 12 times as many aerodynamic engineering hours, 21 times as many wind tunnel hours, and 120 times as many flight test hours as a similar type in 1942. Radar alone, for one new plane, costs about $60,000—a sum larger than cost of total airframe 10 years ago. But modern types fly 1½ times faster, 1⅓ times higher, and have engines 7 times as powerful at peak output.



GUIDED MISSILE research (above, experimental Ryan "Firebird") may lead to the creation of a pilotless weapon for interception as well as other missions. But continuous design and development of many other types of aircraft, engines, and equipment must also be carried on simultaneously by manufacturers, if the U. S. is to achieve air superiority. Only through a sound Air Power Policy—and elimination of "stop and go" planning—can America be assured of air strength to meet all emergencies.

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The UNBELIEVER

The Indians treated him with more respect than any white man ever had. He was a fool to trifle with their belief

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

MAHLON MITCHELL lived with the Crows for five years when he was a young man, left them without farewell and returned to them when he was old and defeated.

Whatever you think about Mahlon Mitchell, you must say he was a brave man. He was afraid to go back to the Crows, but he went anyway—and it does not matter that he went because he was desperate. He was never more afraid in his life.

There were six in the party that went looking for Yellow Calf's village. Lieutenant Bradford had with him Sergeant O'Hara and three troopers; that made five. The sixth man was red-haired Mahlon Mitchell, wearing buckskin while the others wore Cavalry blue. He was the scout who would find the Crows for them. He was the white man who knew Indians because he had been one. He was important for the first time in thirty years.

There was no man anywhere better fitted for his job as scout and interpreter, but he had to beg to get it.

"I got influence with the Crows," Mitchell had boasted to the major back at the fort. "I was a headman among 'em."

The major had frowned with a frozen look about his mouth that was as insulting as spoken doubt. Mitchell was not then a scout; he was only a rheumatic old civilian woodcutter for the fort, too stiffened with age and old wounds to do a good day's work. And he was desperate, because he knew he would be sent back to the States with the next wagon train, back to oblivion.

He volunteered for the mission to the Crows.

"I doubt if you could stand the trip," the major said coolly. "You might play out."

Mitchell forgot that he was a petitioner. "Play out?" he shouted. "I rode ninety miles and crawled ten with a broken leg one time. I didn't play out!"

"You're an old man now," the major reminded him.

This was no time for anger. It was a time for pride. With his head back, staring scornfully, he said, "I'm still Mahlon Mitchell. I'm the man they called Iron Head, for my red hair. I've counted coup with the best of 'em. And the Crows ain't forgot me!"

The major would not admit that white men, too, remembered Mahlon Mitchell. "Very well," he said at last. "Lieutenant Bradford is to find Yellow Calf's band and give them presents, promising more presents if they will stop trading ammunition to the Sioux."

Crows and Sioux were enemies, but they did business together when it was worth while—and ammunition the Crows got from white men was blasting at other white men out of Sioux guns.

"You will have an escort of twenty men as far as Green Springs," the major said. "That'll get you through Sioux country."

They had got through, and the escort had gone back, and the scout was Mahlon Mitchell, but that was all he had to cling to. The journey to the Crows was a new path to danger, and what end would there be if he lived through it? Only the perilous return to the fort, the banishment back to the States, the slow withering in a poorhouse.

But he would have this to remember: that he had once more courted danger.

The Crows had found them. Mitchell had been keeping the news to himself for a quarter of an hour, silently superior to the vigilant troopers who looked without seeing.

"Lieutenant," he remarked, "here's where we better wait. There's a couple of Injuns up over that hill, and right here is a good place to talk."

They waited, the soldiers as patient as their horses.

Mitchell remembered the way he had taken leave of the Crows thirty years before—on impulse, because the opportunity came, but the idea had been a long time growing.

It started with a sneer on the face of a fur trader's clerk when Mitchell rode in to a trading post with a party of Crows and saw to it they drove a hard bargain. The clerk's attitude had said without words: Squaw man. Injun lover. Living with a bunch of savages. And you were a white man once!

When the time came, Mitchell went back to be a white man again.

He had been one of a party that went afoot to steal horses from the Cheyenne. They were discovered, and, with a Crow named Drives His Horses, he had got separated in the resulting fight. Drives His Horses was wounded, and they had one horse for the two of them. When they reached a stream ten miles from the Cheyenne camp, Mitchell knew the wounded man could not live.

Mitchell stayed with him until dawn. Then he finished him off with a knife and rode away on the captured pony.

After a while he convinced himself that killing Drives His Horses had been necessary and even merciful; he had put the suffering man out of his misery. He had scalped him, too, to make it look like Cheyenne work, but he preferred to forget that.

If the Crows, to whom he was now returning, guessed the truth about his departure, his own finish would not be quick or merciful.

WHEN the two Indian scouts came down over the hill, Mitchell expelled his breath. Nobody could have said he sighed. With a sweeping gesture, he took off his ragged hat, so the Crows could see what remained of the bushy red hair that had been his pride. The thin, curling remnants hung to his shoulders.

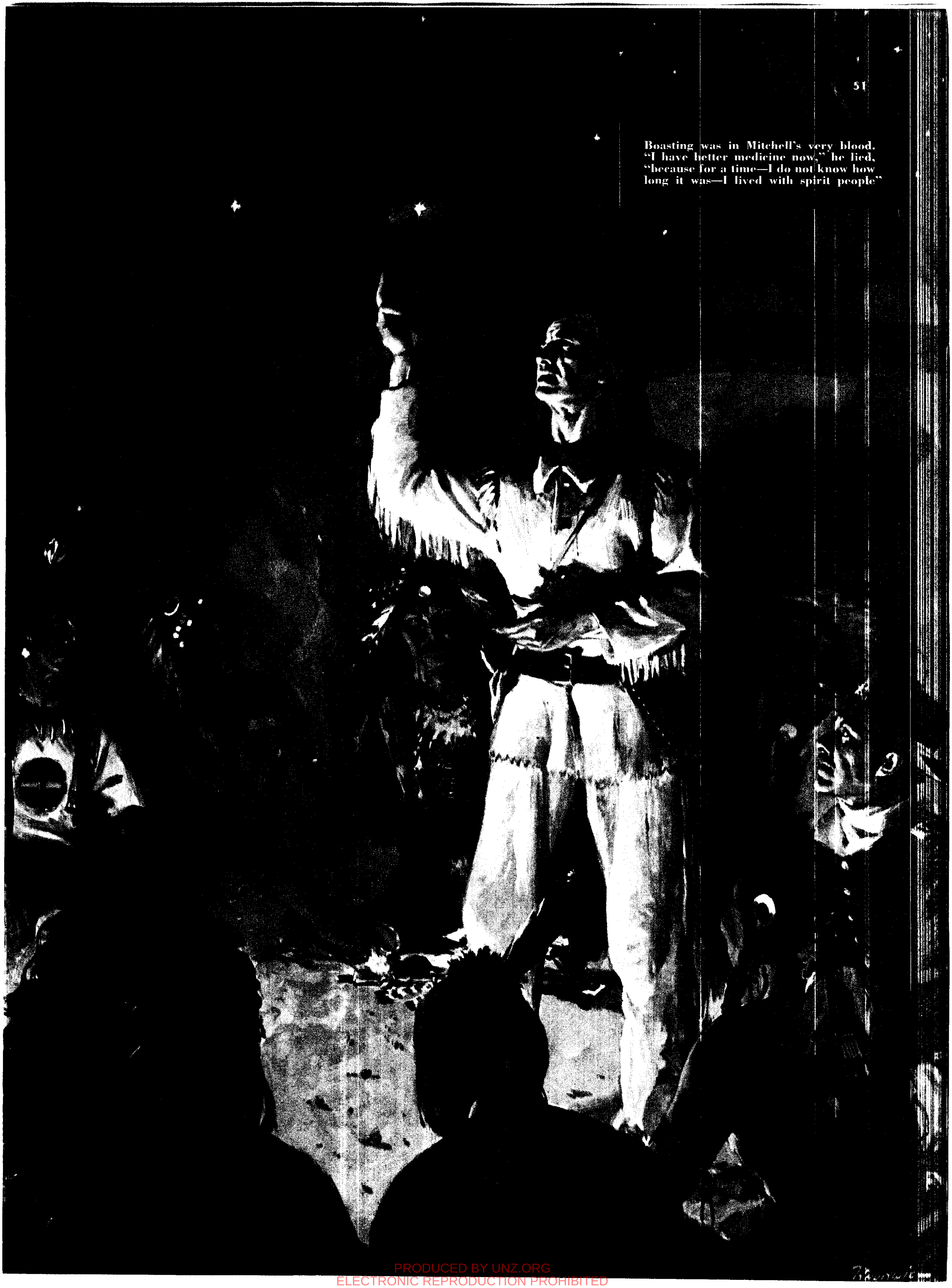
Watching the two Indians sidle their horses down the hill, he realized: They're too young to remember me.

They were seasoned warriors, from the looks of them, but not old enough to have been his comrades on horse raids against the Cheyenne or war parties seeking vengeance from the Sioux.

The two Crows pulled up their horses, staring. One of them asked a question; Mitchell could not catch the words. He knew cold terror: Have I forgot the Crow tongue, or am I getting deaf?

The Indian spoke again—and Mitchell no longer

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



Boasting was in Mitchell's very blood. "I have better medicine now," he lied, "because for a time—I do not know how long it was—I lived with spirit people" doubted anything. What the Crow said, in a tone of awe, was "Iron Head! Iron Head has come back!"

"I am Iron Head," he answered. "I have come back to my brothers."

The man who had spoken dismounted and walked forward. There was pride in his movements and honor in the ornaments he wore. He was a warrior with standing in the only profession fit for a man. But he came without arrogance. He came as one asking equality.

He stared into Mitchell's face and said, "I am Bull Shoulders. I am the son of Iron Head."

Mitchell squinted. "Well, by God," he muttered, "it could be you are!"

And what about the Quiet One, your mother? he wanted to ask. Is she living and old? Or did she die young, long ago?

He did not speak her name. There could be no good news about the Quiet One. He did not want to know that she was dead. He did not want to know that she was old.

He could feel the lieutenant's growing irritation, but he let Bradford wait for a translation of what they were saying.

To Bull Shoulders he said, "My son is a warrior. He has counted coup?"

"Many times," Bull Shoulders answered with proper pride.

Mitchell held out his hand, and the warrior took it.

Mitchell grinned at the lieutenant. "I told you I had influence with 'em. They ain't forgot Iron Head. This young fellow says he's my son, and I never knew I had one."

Mitchell and Bradford rode side by side when they entered the Crow village.

They never caught on about Drives His Horses, Mitchell told himself with relief. They remember only the good things—and that's how it ought to be. Well, I brought 'em luck all the time; they always said so. I was good medicine—until that last fight.

THEIR hunts were successful in those old days, and their war parties came home singing, with scalps and captured horses and tales of valor.

They were always lucky—until that last raid, when the warriors were surprised and scattered, and Iron Head killed his friend to become Mahlon Mitchell again.

"They think well of you," the lieutenant commented.

Mitchell could afford to be modest. "They said I was good medicine."

But I wasn't good medicine for myself after I left them, he admitted, remembering the dreary years of failure at farming and trading, as blacksmith and deck hand and bullwhacker.

He had drifted back at last to the frontier country of his youth to work for the Army, cutting wood. Life had no savor any more. Before the years of dull disaster there had been the years of danger when his blood ran hot in his veins. Youth could not be revived, but its companion, peril, could still be found by a man who took the trouble to look.

When he volunteered as a scout on the mission to the Crows, he knew he might be setting forth to his last adventure.

"You know Yellow Calf, you said," Bradford reminded him.

"Well enough. I knowed his older brother." (And I left him dead beside a creek.) "Yellow Calf is maybe ten years younger'n me. He was just a boy, getting ready to pray for his medicine, when I first met the Crows. When I left, he was a brave. I remember the first war party he ever went on."

There was a stern, fierce orderliness about life for a Crow Indian. He grew up longing for glory; he starved and prayed for magic, for medicine; when he thought he had it, he went seeking danger. And after a while, he died. The life of a white man was infinitely more complicated. There were too many things a man could want, and too many ways to fail in trying to get them.

We were young a long time ago, Mitchell realized with a shock when the chief came toward them. Time had dug furrows in the dark cheeks.

Yellow Calf did not extend his hand. He stood staring into Mitchell's face. He asked with respect, almost with humility, "Is it Iron Head himself who has come back to his brothers?"

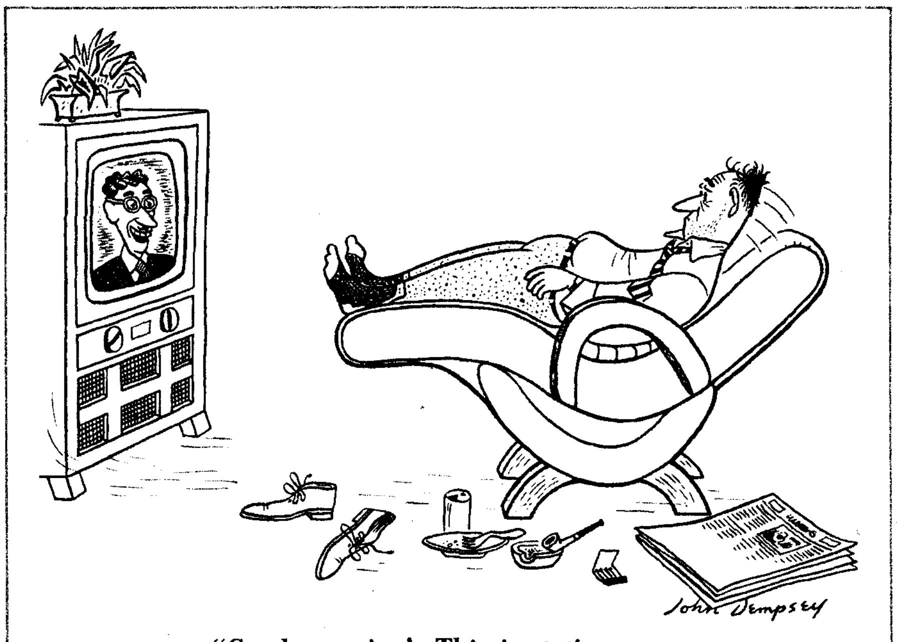
It ain't because he don't recognize me, Mitchell understood. It's because he's scared. Thinks maybe I'm a spirit.

"It is Iron Head himself, who once lived with spirits," he answered. "The story is for Yellow Calf alone."

THE warriors who sat and smoked with the lieutenant on that first night in the village were distinguished men of whose company no man need be ashamed. But they were only subchiefs.

In another lodge, Yellow Calf himself sat with Mahlon Mitchell, who was in no hurry to spin his tale.

"Yellow Calf is a great warrior and a leader of his people," Mitchell said.



COLLIER'S

"Good morning! This is station TVKW returning to your screen"

JOHN DEMPSEY

"When we were young men, I knew it would be so."

"I did not know it," Yellow Calf answered thoughtfully. "Iron Head's medicine must have told him. His medicine was always strong." He added, after a pause, "I hope my brother Iron Head still has his medicine."

Mitchell could not admit failure. Boasting was in his very blood. "I have better medicine now," he lied. "Because for a time—I do not know how long it was—I lived with spirit people."

He smoked silently, letting the chief's anxiety increase, before he told the story. He made it up as he went, borrowing from all the magic tales he had ever heard in the Crow lodges. He told of fighting side by side with Drives His Horses against a warrior who grew taller and taller and finally turned into a white wolf that took Mitchell far away on a cloud to a place where all people were wolves, and kept him there.

Yellow Calf covered his mouth, indicating wonder, and shook his head in sympathy for his friend.

Mitchell ended, "I did not see Drives His Horses any more. I did not see him today. Nor Hump Bull nor Whirlwind, who were with us that day."

Yellow Calf shook his head. "They are dead, and many others. Whirlwind lies not very far from here. Long after that fight, I went back to that place and hunted until I found my brother, Drives His Horses. I knew his bones by the things that were with them. I brought them back wrapped in a blanket. I thought the Cheyenne had killed him. Now I know it was the white wolf spirit."

Mitchell said sadly, "Even after the white wolf put me down by a river in the darkness with a crash of thunder, I did not come back to the Crows. I thought I might be unlucky for them, because the spirits took away my medicine bag. So I went back to the white men to find out. But it was not so. Everywhere I went, the white men were lucky. I think I have even better medicine now than before."

"It is true they get stronger and richer," Yellow Calf agreed. "I am glad Iron Head has come again to the Crows."

As if, Mitchell thought, he figured I was going to stay. The Crows ain't so well off as they used to be. Not so many good horses, and the lodges are ragged. Hunger is just over the next ridge.

"Iron Head planted a seed among the Crows," Yellow Calf remarked. "It has grown to a strong tree. I have sons, too, and so I do not fight any more in battle. In the lodge prepared for Iron Head, there is a woman waiting. She is old. Maybe Iron Head would rather have a young woman there."

"Iron Head is not young any more," Mitchell answered, grinning.

Walking toward the lodge, he recalled: She never was a beauty, and she'll be an old, sagging squaw now. But she never talked my head off, the way most of them do. By God, it's like coming home!

Contentment warmed him. Here, he thought, they treat a man right. When he's old, he don't have to fight any more.

She was waiting by the entrance, where old women were allowed to sit, with her blanket over her face. Without seeing, he knew how she looked. Shapeless and seamed with wrinkles, without joy—but with a silent pride that no one could take away unless she lost her son as she had lost his father.

Mitchell sat down in the master's place. Without greeting, he said, "Iron Head wants his woman to brush his hair."

She came without a word. In peaceful silence, she brushed his hair with the furry tail of an animal. She might have said his hair was thin or that he had deserted her. She might have railed in bitterness. But the only thing she said was, after a time, "It is good that Iron Head has come back to his people."

My people, he thought. More than the whites ever were. And what if I was to stay with 'em? "I had two white women for my wives," he told her. "The Quiet One is a better wife than either."

That much he could give her to remember and to tell her friends. . . .

Lieutenant Bradford's mission was accomplished with astonishing ease, though the talk about it took half a day of eloquence. Yes, the Crows would stop trading ammunition to the Sioux. The Sioux were enemies; the only reason for trading was to get things the Crows did not have. The Crows would be glad to accept these things as gifts from their white father.

Yellow Calf spoke. "Once our brother, Iron Head, lived with us. His medicine was good. We were a rich people with many strong fighting men and good horses. We were not often hungry."

He went on in detail, with proofs of his people's greatness and the bravery of Iron Head and the good luck Iron Head had brought them.

"Then Iron Head went away and we did not know why. Now he has come back to tell us what happened."

Mitchell told them the same story Yellow Calf had heard, without deviation in a single detail, as stories were supposed to be told. Then he sat down again, and when Lieutenant Bradford frowned because he had not interpreted the long speech, he paid no attention. His medicine was good again.

One after another, the stern warriors spoke, offering him paradise. Iron Head had come back; Iron Head should stay and the Crows would be strong again.

For Mahlon Mitchell there could be no better life than this, among the Crows. Age had put aches in his bones, stiffness in his joints, but he was no longer required to compete with the young men for glory. He could count his coups among his equals, and his deeds were as splendid now as when he had performed them. As long as he lived, his deeds would be examples for the chattering women to pass on to little boys. His woman would look after his comfort.

True, the Indians were never far ahead of starvation, never safe from swift attack. But here was honor and as much security as a man could get anywhere—if the man was Mitchell. But he must not let them think he was easy to woo.

"Iron Head has come back to his brothers," he replied gravely. "He would like to stay with them. But his medicine told him only to come back. He does not know whether he was meant to stay. He must ask his medicine. Tomorrow he will go to find out what to do."

Ah, my brothers, you are easier to fool than the white men! I can wind you around my finger. I will never let you guess that only with you is my medicine strong!

WHEN he set out for the hill where he would speak to his medicine, he took a roundabout way. Yellow Calf had told him where the body of Whirlwind had been placed after that warrior had died of wounds nine winters before. There had been great mourning. His women had cut their hair and gashed their legs.

On a platform of branches in a spreading tree, what was left of Whirlwind lay under the sky. Tatters of a blanket that had wrapped the body shredded down from the sagging platform. No birds were there; crows and buzzards had finished long ago. Under the tree were tumbled the time-whitened bones of a sacrificed horse.

Mitchell dismounted, grunting with stiffness and pain. He stood with his fists on his hips, looking up, feeling dull anger because the years were gone.

Whirlwind had been born in a Crow lodge and had died on the prairie. He had lived with valor and without doubts, fitting the environment to which he was destined and never needing to search for a better one.

"Does that horse they killed for you come when you whistle?" Mitchell asked aloud. "Does that rotten blanket keep you warm in winter?"

Superstitious fools, the lot of them, he told himself. They were all afraid of everything—except death. Any animal might be a spirit, any bird song might be a message. The messages were mystery, the spirits were almost always bad. The Crows were savages, shivering with terror of all that was around them, yearning for good medicine to save them from perils they did not understand.

But Mitchell burned with envy for a man whose life had been perfect, unquestioning, without deviation; for a man who was honorably dead and beyond all torment.

He hobbled his horse at the foot of a medicine hill, wanting to open his heart to the magic that would be there if he were an Indian, but scorning it as nonsense because he was a white man.

He had been through this before, the hunger and thirst alone on a mountain, and had gone back to tell the details of the medicine dream he had not had at all. But he had convinced the elders and he had got his medicine bag.

THIS time the misery was greater, because he was no longer young and had no hope of experiencing the awe and wonder that an Indian would find there because he expected it. He went through the motions of praying. Officially, he would not eat or drink until he had a message from a spirit. But who could see, after dark, if he chewed pemmican filched from a parfleche of the Quiet One or crept down to drink from a spring? In daylight he danced and chanted.

Aching with rheumatism, he danced stiffly before the unseen, unnamed spirits, but he got no message from them, because he knew they did not exist.

The third day, he rested from pain, waiting for time to pass. Mahlon Mitchell, who would soon be Iron Head again and forever, held up his face to the sun's warmth and smiled.

Lieutenant Bradford was with the Indians who came to meet him. He told Bradford his decision. "I'm going to live with the Crows," he said.

"Really, Mr. Mitchell? The choice is up to you, of course."

"It sure is. Nobody can make me go back to the fort, can they?"

Of course the white men wanted him to go back, to make sure they'd get there, maybe to back up the lieutenant when he reported to the major. But nobody was going to push Iron Head around. Mahlon Mitchell, that white man, he could be pushed; he could be licked—and had been, for too long. But Iron Head was a Crow warrior.

"I wouldn't even try to make you go back," Bradford said. "But of course if you don't choose to go, you'll never collect your pay. It seems to me that in your place I would want to come back to them with presents. I wouldn't want to come empty-handed. Poor."

"What I've got is worth more than presents," Mitchell said. "What I can give them is good luck."

They rode in silence thereafter, but Mitchell was thinking hard. Come to them poor and they'd take him in, sure, with their arms outspread in friendship. But they might remember if the good luck ran out. Come to them rich, with trade goods to hand out like a lord, and they wouldn't forget that, either.

He was still thinking about that after the sweat bath, when the Quiet One was, with humble pride, helping him to dress for the council at which he would relate what his medicine had told him to do. She brought him paint and a precious scrap of mirror. She brought him bead ornaments and a necklace made of claws. She had a feather for his hair—the single eagle feather that only a proved warrior could wear.

He was wrapped in contentment. He was going back to the good life he remembered, and this time he would stay. Oh, there would be hungry times, and winter cold was bitter when you lived in a lodge made of hides. A toothache could be sure hell, and a blacksmith with a pair of tongs could handle it better than any medicine man with all his charms. There were always stinks around an Indian camp, and their heathen religion was a nuisance, and there was always too much racket. But respect and honor and being wanted—these balanced all the rest.

The Quiet One stood away, murmuring, and he turned to see Bradford at the lodge entrance.

The lieutenant asked courteously, "Will they object if I am present at the council?"

"They might," Mitchell said. "But I can talk 'em into it."

He was suddenly ashamed at being seen in this getup of nakedness and paint and beads and bits of fur and claws. When he was young, there had been nothing extraordinary about a white man wearing Indian trimmings. But in those days there had been no uniformed Cavalry officers to observe in silence that might hide scorn.

He wanted to put the lieutenant in his place. He said, "Reckon you boys can find your way back to the fort and keep your hair besides?"

"I think so," Bradford answered. He added thoughtfully, "If it weren't for your reputation for valor, I might think you were staying here because you don't want to go back through Sioux country."

Rage flooded through Mitchell, but caution tempered it. He spoke evenly. "I'll let that pass, Lieutenant. You came to the Crows as a friend. We'll let you go that way."

When his son and several other warriors came to take him to the council lodge, Mitchell knew exactly what he was going to say.

Sitting in the council with the dark, stern-faced warriors ringing the fire, he sighed softly, letting himself sink into the warmth of old friendship, of being so much wanted. But before they could be sure of him, he would make them want him still more—and show the lieutenant something besides.

After the long smoking and the slow, ceremonial oratory, he stood. "Iron Head will live with his brothers, the Crows," he said gravely. "He is coming back, and the Crows will be his people forever. His medicine told him this."

He said it again, in English, for Bradford, while the Indians waited.

The feathered heads moved, and firelight flashed on the fierce faces.

Yellow Calf said, "It is good that Iron Head comes back to his people. Now they will be strong again, because Iron Head is good medicine. But he says he is coming back. I would like to know what this means. He is here already."

"Iron Head goes first to the fort where the white soldiers are," Mitchell explained. "He has made a vow to go to the fort and tell the white chiefs that the Crows are their friends. Then he will come back with gifts."

That, too, he repeated in English for the lieutenant.

THE response was more than he had hoped. The Indians pleaded. One after another, they gave reasons why Iron Head should stay with them now and not go back to the fort at all.

Maybe he had not understood what his medicine said, one man suggested, and the rest agreed, murmuring, that this might indeed be true. They were deeply disturbed, Mitchell saw.

Sadly, he assured them there could be no mistake. He must go first to the fort. Then he would stay with the Crows forever.

It seemed to him that he saw grief in the dark faces. I've got them in the palm of my hand! he told himself.

One thing they demanded: that he remain another day. There would be a feast for him. . . .

The white men started back early in the morning after the feast was over. The procession that went with them honored Iron Head, the good medicine.

Mitchell wished his insides felt better, so he could better enjoy this triumph. Yellow Calf went with them, and Bull Shoulders, and a dozen other men and even a few women to look after the baggage. His own woman, the Quiet One, was among them. She rode a spotted pony and led another that dragged a travois.

By noon he was feeling too sick to care what the rest of them were doing. The lieutenant commented, "Too much dog at the feast, perhaps? It turned my stomach at the time."

"I've et dog before," Mitchell grunted. "Dog meat's all right."

He almost collapsed when he dismounted. When he tried to sleep, the Quiet One sat beside him. He woke up, moaning, to feel her hand comforting his wet forehead.

In the morning he was no better.

"We'll hurry up to the fort," Bradford said.

Mitchell did not want to hurry anywhere. He was racked with stomach cramps. He could not remember how many days' travel they must be from the fort.

"I'll send a man on ahead for the doctor," Bradford promised, "when we get through Sioux country."

Mitchell, writhing, did not answer.

That day he did not ride. They tied him on a travois, to be pulled behind the spotted pony.

He revived enough to tell the lieutenant, "This is how—they brought me in—after a fight with Blackfeet."

I lived through that, he remembered, as he swayed into black sickness.

But he remembered something else: I never was as sick as this before. I could die this time!

SOMETIMES the blackness divided like a curtain, and behind it was Mitchell drowning in a flood of pain. He had glimpses of faces when the curtain parted: Bradford leaning over him, looking distressed, asking some question he could not answer; Sergeant O'Hara, bringing water he could not drink; the Quiet One, laying her hand on his forehead. That shocked him to consciousness. She had so far forgotten her place that, before them all, she showed her possession of Iron Head.

He began to know a kind of fear he had never felt before. He fought against panic. But he was too sick to push the Quiet One away.

He saw the face of his Indian son, Bull Shoulders, stern and watchful.

The lieutenant again, grim with worry.

"Stop the horse!" Mitchell gasped.

He had to wait for something. There was no use trying to keep ahead of it. Let it come now and end the agony.

He saw the dark face of his friend, Yellow Calf. The chief looked down at him with an expression he had never before seen on that dark, seamed face.

In a sweep of horror, Iron Head understood that he did not hold the Crows in the palm of his hand. For what he saw in that savage face was—compassion.

The feast—that's when they poisoned me! he realized. He cried out in English, "Why? Why?"

Yellow Calf answered in the Crow tongue, "We are sorry to do this thing. But Iron Head is good medicine for my people. Now he will never go away from his brothers who need him." . . .

The white soldiers rode on fast, without their escort, after crossing a river.

On the bank, the Quiet One, with bleeding gashes on her arms, was at work with another squaw, making a platform in a tree to receive the body of Iron Head, so that the good medicine could be kept safely forever in the country of the Crows. ▲▲▲

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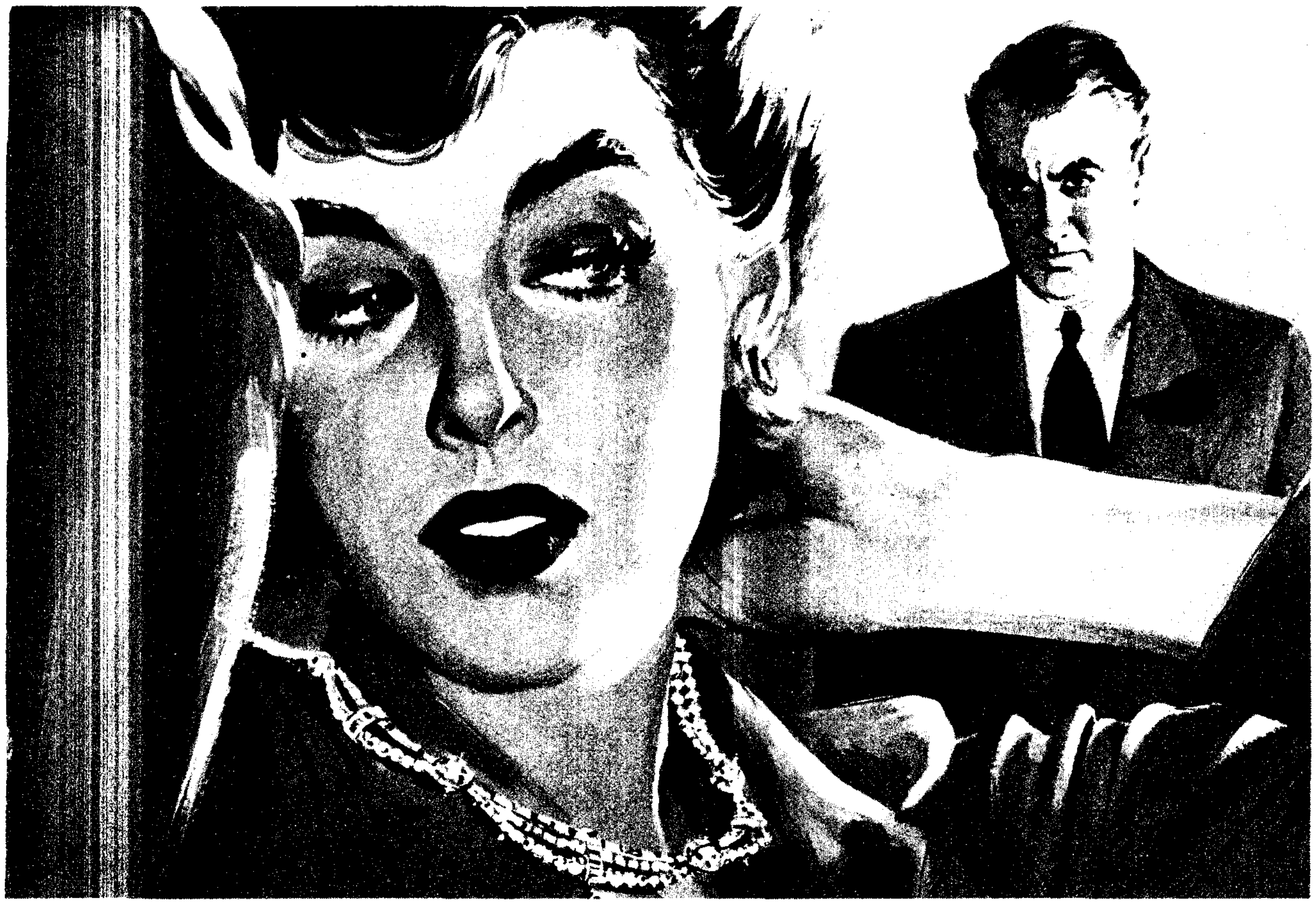

LIONEL GILBERT

• She fastened the necklace with fingers that shook slightly. Benurian's gaze was benevolent

Inside Call

By DONALD MACKENZIE

LOUISE PARRISH dressed slowly in the small bedroom of the Abbots' suite, taking extra care with her lipstick and eyebrow pencil. She could afford no false note—nothing that would suggest a maid about to impersonate her mistress.

It was a pity, she thought, that Orrin couldn't see the job she'd done. But that was impossible now. He was already on duty at the desk downstairs. Then at one o'clock he'd take over the switchboard behind the desk, as well.

She snapped tiny double circles of gold on her ears and looked with approval at the result. With her dark hair brushed back, she had the hollow-cheeked distinction of a high-fashion model. Methodically, she made sure her stocking seams were straight, then dabbed a little of Mrs. Abbot's perfume on the insides of her wrists. She put the perfume bottle in the open suitcase on the bed.

She closed the bedroom door firmly behind her. Four years of listening to Mrs. Abbot's opinions, being properly grateful for her rare praise—all that was done with. Just hours now and the real thing would start. That wasn't quite right. It had started the day Orrin came to work at Sussex House.

She'd been on her way back from the park with Bambi. As they crossed the lobby, the poodle had jumped at the desk, his ridiculous tail furious. Embarrassed, she'd found herself apologizing to a lean young man with a slow smile. It had taken her three months to decide, in her dispassionate way, on two things: to marry Orrin and to rob Mrs. Abbot.

She moved round the apartment, hiding anything that could possibly indicate the Abbots' absence. You read about it every day—people who set about killing someone, for instance, planned carefully, and then were caught because of some stupid mistake they should have foreseen.

Her mouth relaxed as she picked up the house phone. There was the usual pause, then Orrin's voice and behind it the chiming of the clock downstairs. She'd timed it correctly, she thought. One o'clock. That meant an hour in which Orrin would be the only one on duty at the desk.

The catalogue in front of her was a rich, deckle-edged affair with photographic inserts. On the cover was the legend: *paul benurian—fine gems.* She gave a Plaza number, her voice falling naturally into Mrs. Abbot's inflections. Louise had been a good listener.

As soon as the number came through, she spoke quietly. "This is Mrs. Charles Abbot at Sussex House. I'd like to speak to Mr. Benurian. It is? Good. You sent me a catalogue, and I've fallen in love with the little matched necklace and bracelet. Could you send someone up with them?" She smoothed one eyebrow with the tip of her finger. "No, I haven't an account." In a detached manner she gave the name of her bank and the names of four fashionable stores. "If you want further references you may have them." It was a meticulous copy of Mrs. Abbot's icy treatment of tradesmen. Louise hung up, smiling slightly.

She stood there a second, telling herself she had to relax. She must act as though she found all this perfectly normal. She went to the window and pulled the cord on the damask curtains, throwing the drawing room into deep shadow. That wouldn't do. It made the place look deserted. She jerked the cord again, sending the bright sunlight streaming over the furniture.

Remembering, she went back to the telephone. "Orrin? Benurian will be here in a few minutes. And, Orrin—listen. As soon as he comes, he's bound to ask you—make a point of saying that *Mrs. Abbot* expects him."

Back at the window, she was suddenly chilly in spite of the sun. This *had* to work. She'd seen Mrs. Abbot do exactly the same thing many times. She backtracked each step. The Abbots' credit rating was beyond question. Both Mr. and Mrs. Abbot disliked publicity, and only close friends could know that they were in Europe. By the time they returned, she and Orrin would be in Mexico.

Impatiently, she lighted a cigarette. Finally the phone buzzed. Orrin's voice was low and guarded. "He's on his way up."

She brushed a cigarette ash carefully from her skirt, taking a last look in the oval gilt mirror. She opened the door to a plump man with quick brown eyes and a flower in his lapel. He bowed from the neck like a china statuette. He carried nothing except his hat, which he pressed firmly against his stomach. "Mrs. Abbot?" He had small, clean teeth like a cat's. "I am Paul Benurian."

She was no longer nervous now that he was here. "Of course. Come into the drawing room."

She walked in front of him, aware of his covert inspection. He took a chair opposite her.

"I hope these pictures aren't misleading." She smiled graciously. "I'm glad you could come. There are so many calls on one's time."

He placed his hat cautiously on the table. "I understand, Mrs. Abbot." He drew a flat case from an inner pocket. "Your taste is excellent, if I may say so. You have chosen two superb pieces." He snapped the catch and passed her the suède box.

Shafted sunlight turned the jewels in her lap to a glittering bank of color. The pleasure in her voice was unaffected. "They're beautiful!" she cried, springing up. She fastened the necklace with fingers that shook slightly. Benurian's gaze was professionally benevolent as she turned from side to side, admiring herself in the mirror.

She turned around slowly. "I know you're a busy man, Mr. Benurian. How much are they?"

His hand strayed to the flower in his lapel. "Ah—twenty-two thousand the set, madam."

She covered her mouth in mock dismay. "But that's terrible!"

"You're buying quality gems, madam."

She crossed to the bureau. "I only hope my husband agrees. Do I make the check payable to you?"

"You intended paying by check?" he asked in a melancholy tone.

"You didn't suppose I kept that amount of money in the apartment?" Her voice was frigid. "I'll open an account, of course. You looked up my references?"

Benurian rearranged his feet. "I did." He sounded pious. "It's the insurance companies that insist on these precautions."

The remark shocked her. "What precautions?"

"The references you gave—they're in Mr. Abbot's name."

"Good heavens!" she said indignantly. "What difference can that make?"

He waved a hand uncomfortably. "This may sound impertinent, Mrs. Abbot, but there are such things as joint bank accounts, and occasionally husbands repudiate their wives' debts. Then the transaction is a dead loss." He looked up at her. "In your case I'm sure it's ridiculous, but perhaps some authorization from your husband . . ."

Her voice trembled with anger. "But he's in Chicago."

As if he were smitten by some great sadness, Benurian picked up the jewel case.

"Wait!" she said quickly. "I can get him on the telephone, of course." She tried to smile, holding the receiver fiercely, willing Orrin to understand. She spoke with slow emphasis. "I want to speak to Mr. Abbot personally. The Drake Hotel in Chicago."

AVOIDING one another's eyes, they sat there in an uneasy silence. The thin black hands of her watch showed two o'clock as the telephone rang.

She was brisk for Benurian's benefit. "Long-distance? Yes, this is Mrs. Charles Abbot." She nodded reassuringly at Benurian. "Charles? I'm glad I caught you. There's a jeweler here who has to know if I may pledge your credit." She hoped her voice wasn't going to crack. "I *know* its fantastic. Something to do with insurance, he says." She smiled thinly at Benurian. In her ear, Orrin was telling her to take it easy. She shrugged. "Talk to my husband," she said to Benurian.

Benurian listened attentively, the receiver cradled against his ear. Then he looked up. "Do you want to speak to your husband again, madam?"

She shook her head. He replaced the receiver and his brown button eyes were bright as he put the jewel case back in his pocket. "I'm afraid I can't let these go, Mrs. Abbot," he said thoughtfully.

"What do you mean?" she snapped.

He was rising from the chair almost imperceptibly. "You're sure Mr. Abbot's in Chicago?"

A little wail crept into her voice. "Of course. Why?"

"I wish I knew," Benurian said. "Wherever he is, it's not Chicago. I heard a clock striking."

Her voice shed some of its gentility. "You must be insane. What's that got to do with it?"

Benurian was at the door, skipping nimbly. "The clock I heard struck two, Mrs. Abbot. When it's two o'clock in New York, it's one o'clock in Chicago." He closed the door softly behind him. ▲▲▲

Collier's SHORT SHORT

DEBT OF HONOR

By JOHN SAVAGE

Jonathan's orders were marked "secret." He knew this mission was vital to his country and he had to carry it out—even though it meant meeting a man he'd hoped never to meet again

ALONE in a United States Navy sedan, Lieutenant Jonathan Gaunt left the Pelican Roads Naval Shipyard, driving fast. At the north gate he turned left, toward the industrial suburb of Canby. His uniform was in excellent trim except for one slight bulge, over an inside pocket.

Jonathan Gaunt was on a mission he wasn't going to like, and he knew it. There were only two reasons why he had done nothing to avoid the assignment. He believed in the future of atomic power for submarines, and he believed—like a long line of stubborn Vermonters who had borne the name of Gaunt before him—in doing his duty.

He got to Canby at ten o'clock. Two minutes later he left his car in the parking lot of Plant One, Great Eastern Cable Corporation, and walked across the gravel to the factory building. Opening a door marked *Employees Only*, he stepped into a room he hadn't seen for a long time.

The right wall of the room was covered with racks of workers' timecards. On his left, just as he remembered it from three years ago, was a waist-high picket fence. A blonde telephone operator behind the fence looked up, noticed his uniform, and said, "Just a minute." Then she made a connection, paused and spoke into her mouthpiece. "The man from the Navy is here, Mr. Morley. . . . Yes, I'll tell him." She turned to Jonathan. "The plant manager will be right out."

A moment later Mr. Morley opened the door from the factory and came out into the clock room. He was a well-dressed, roundish man, whom Jonathan had never seen before. "I've had an identification badge made up for you, Lieutenant," he said, as they shook hands, "but I don't think you'll need it. The uniform is enough. Let's go." He opened the factory door and let Jonathan precede him onto the floor of the plant.

The noises of the Shipboard Cable Department flooded over Jonathan Gaunt like a sudden rush of memories: the pop and crackle of hot plastic on the rollers off the mixing mill, the throbbing groan and clank of the cabling machines, the whir of the rayon braiders . . .

Mr. Morley was shouting at him over the racket as they walked down the aisle. "We'll go right to Rufus Groot's office. No use wasting time in mine. Mr. Groot is our production superintendent, and you'll be more concerned with him than with me. You've brought the specifications?"

Jonathan patted the bulge in his pocket and said, "Yes." He was thinking of Rufus Groot—the big Dutchman he had hoped never to face again.

As they climbed the stairway to the little, glassed-in office, Jonathan made a resolution. He would do his best to put personal matters out of his mind and forget the past. He would do the job he'd been sent to do, just as if he'd never been here

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

Just before he reached the other end, he found the man—dead or alive, he couldn't tell

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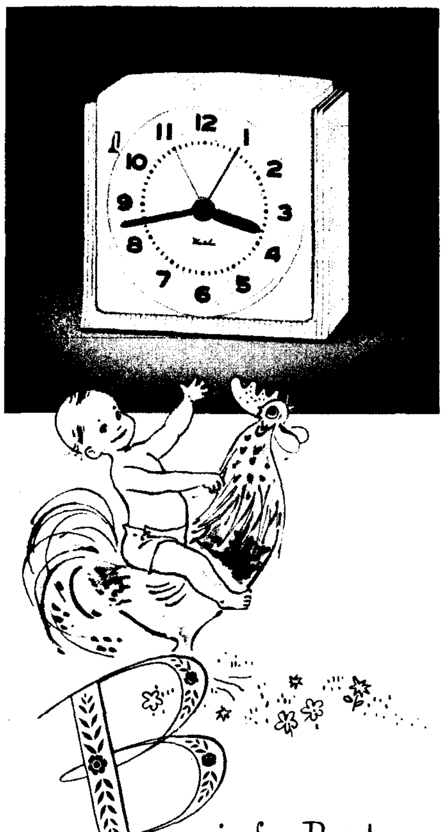

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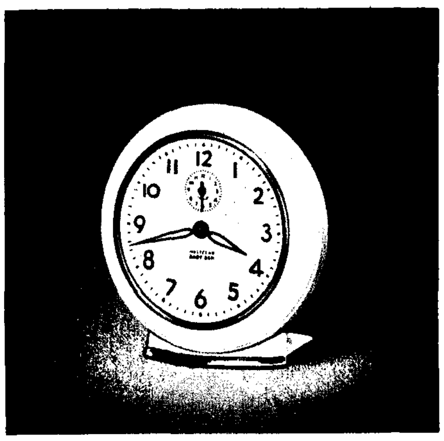

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before. He went into the office ahead of Morley. Groot was sitting at a desk, his right leg extended straight out and resting on a cushion. Jonathan deliberately kept his eyes off the bad leg. He noticed that Groot's big, square head was a little grayer than before; outside of that, he didn't seem to have changed.

The Dutchman's mouth fell open in astonishment as he watched them come in. He got to his feet and limped across the room to shake Jonathan's hand, grinning with sincere pleasure. "I always did wonder what became of you, boy!" He felt the material of the uniform and nodded his approval. "Now I know. How's everything in the—"

"Sorry, Rufus," Mr. Morley interrupted. "I'm glad you two are acquainted, but you'll have to save the talk for later. We've got work to do. May we see the spec, Lieutenant?"

Jonathan took out the envelope, broke Admiral Wyler's seal, and spread the typewritten sheets on the desk. Groot and Morley went into a huddle over the pages. "Five hundred feet," the plant manager mused. "Forty-four conductors. Heat- and flame-resistant. Armored." Then he added something that showed he was more an administrator than a production man: "Looks like an ordinary MHFA-44."

"Not very much," Groot pointed out bluntly. "Look at the extra thickness of the vinyl sheath. And the jacket of lead over that."

Morley looked up at Jonathan. "Why in the world do they want a shield of lead on it?"

Jonathan obeyed orders. He shrugged and said, "I don't know." Then he added, "My job is only ~~to~~ witness the work and supervise the tests."

Morley nodded. "Admiral Wyler explained that on the phone. He also said this was the most important piece of cable we've ever built." He looked into Jonathan's face curiously.

Jonathan said only, "The admiral probably knows what he's talking about."

MORLEY acknowledged defeat with a smile. He turned back to the big Dutchman and said, "Rufus, they want this cable in two days, for some reason. Can we do it?"

Groot shook his head decisively. Then he frowned and referred again to the specifications. "We might just make it, at that. We'll use those MHFA conductors that are already rayon-braided, and—"

"That won't work," said Jonathan Gaunt. Both of the other men turned on him. "I'll have to see the conductors through water test and spark test. That means *without* the asbestos and the rayon braid."

For a moment Jonathan thought Groot wasn't going to give him an argument. That would have been a terrible thing, because it would have meant that the Dutchman had lost some of his spirit since the injury to his leg.

Groot's face reddened gradually. "Now, you look here, Jonathan. I've already got *company* inspectors in my hair. I've also got civilian inspectors that work for the Navy." Groot warmed up. "I've got fatheads from Production Control and nincompoops from Time Study. I've got grievance committees breathing down my neck, and I've got females. Don't you figure that's enough midwives for one freak cable that we don't even know what in hell it's for?" His voice dropped to a wheedling tone. "Now, Jonathan, why don't you just sit down, smoke one of my cigars, and let me do my job in peace?"

"That's enough, Rufus," said Morley, smiling in spite of himself. "The point is, can we still make the two-day deadline, starting from scratch?"

Groot quieted down, still scowling. "It can't be done," he muttered. Then he snapped the specifications onto a clip board, threw his cigar into an ash tray and stomped out of the office. He was still carrying the specifications on the board.

Morley winked at Jonathan and said, "He'll do it."

Jonathan nodded. "I know he will." He was thinking, with a warm glow of relief, that Rufus Groot hadn't changed a bit.

But the feeling of relief didn't last.

After Morley left the office, Jonathan stood at the window, looking down over the factory, and saw Groot hobble swiftly toward the number four cabler, yelling for his foreman. The bad leg was really giving the Dutchman trouble—that was obvious from the way he favored it. Jonathan winced, almost as if his own leg were giving him pain. His eyes moved, with a deadly fascination that he couldn't resist, to the number four cabler.

The machine was working on something big today—probably a THFA-300, for power transmission inside a battleship. The great revolving carriage was spinning slowly, something like a Ferris wheel, carrying three ponderous reels, each as tall as a man. The reels held individual electrical conductors, already insulated with asbestos and varnished cambric tape; and as each reel moved up and over and down, it paid off its conductor toward the head of the machine. At the head the three conductors met, twisted together inside a smooth die, and were pulled out the other end as a single cable, perfectly rounded out with asbestos fillers, and squeezed to uniformity.

Jonathan stared at the machine, thinking about Groot's leg and about the accident. In spite of his vow to forget the past, he found himself remembering that summer afternoon three years ago. . . .

Johnny Gaunt, the boy wonder from engineering school, had been too smart. Johnny Gaunt, the Yankee blue blood, had been just a little too sure of himself.

He'd been working in the plant for almost ten months when the accident happened. He was learning the big machines with great speed and ease, perhaps because he liked them so much. Rufus Groot—who had spent his early life as a professional ballplayer—was calling Johnny Gaunt his "rookie of the year."

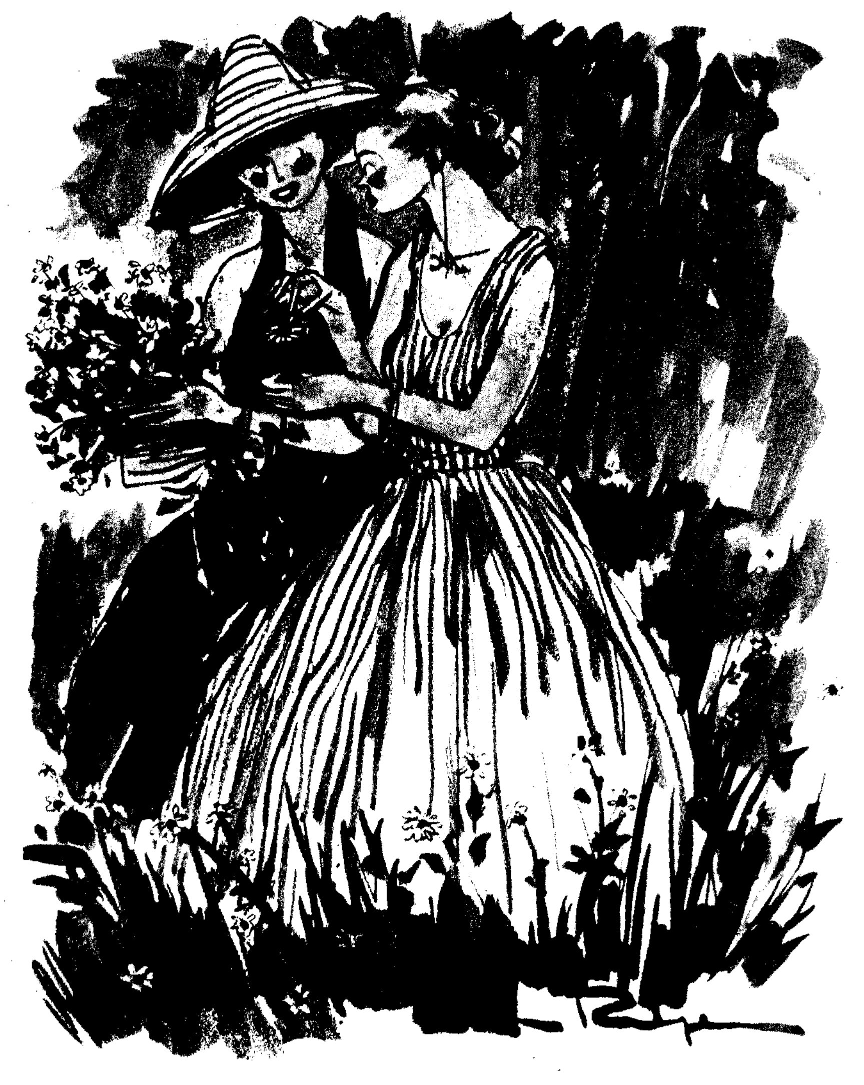
JONATHAN was operating the number four cabler that day. He ran out a cable, found that one of his reels still held several hundred feet, and sawed that off. So far, so good.

Then Jonathan crawled under the huge carriage of the machine to change gears for the next run. He did so without bothering to have the unbalanced load—two empty reels and one half-full—removed from the carriage first by the traveling crane. He didn't like the idea of asking the craneman for favors.

That was his mistake.

As soon as he tapped out the pin that held the gear, the carriage must have started to turn, seeking its balance. The heaviest of the three reels, having stopped at the top of the circle, now swept downward in a wide curve, picking up speed. And Jonathan, still so busy with the gears that he didn't hear anything, was in its path.

The only thing that saved him was the quick action of Rufus Groot. The Dutchman had started running toward the cabler as soon as he saw the carriage begin to move. By the time the reel was within ten feet of Jonathan's head, Groot was even closer, in a long, flying dive. The whole weight of the Dutchman's body hit Jonathan and knocked him clear, sprawling on the concrete floor. Groot himself tried to



COLLIER'S

"When *I* want to find out if a fellow loves me, I ask him"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

roll out of danger and almost succeeded. Almost, but not quite.

Jonathan turned over and looked back, just in time to see the reel catch Rufus Groot's right leg, just above the knee, and slam it against the frame of the machine. Still dazed, Jonathan watched the cabler rock to a stop, with Groot on his back beneath it, moaning profanities.

Jonathan spent the next forty-eight hours in and around the hospital, sweating out the long wait, wondering whether Groot would lose the leg. During the following week he spent every minute of the hospital's visiting hours sitting outside Groot's room, waiting for a chance to give blood, run an errand, read aloud—anything.

There wasn't much he could do. And his presence began to bother the Dutchman after a while. "Why don't you get out of here?" Groot yelled. "Hell, you didn't do anything wrong, Johnny! And I didn't do anything you wouldn't have done for *me*. I'll be all right, anyway. Now, go on home!" He didn't feel that Jonathan owed him anything; that was perfectly clear.

But Jonathan disagreed.

He stayed on at Great Eastern after the accident, and he was still there when Groot—his leg in a cast—came back to work. Jonathan had a plan. He would work in that factory for the rest of his life if necessary, watching over Rufus Groot. If the Dutchman ever got in a dangerous spot, Jonathan would be nearby, ready.

It took him only a few months to see how groundless the hope was. Groot didn't need any help. The big Dutchman was the kind of man who just naturally didn't have accidents. There wasn't anything Jonathan could do for him, and there never would be.

That realization changed everything. Jonathan stayed at Great Eastern as long as he could stand it. Then he quit and joined the Navy, with the idea of getting sea duty, as far away as possible. Things went ironically wrong, even in that respect. Because he was a graduate engineer, with special knowledge of electrical cables for ships, he was stationed at Pelican Roads, not ten miles from Canby. It was almost as if fate were refusing to let him run away.

DURING nearly three years at the Navy yard he played dead, so far as Rufus Groot and Great Eastern were concerned. The thought of Groot's shattered leg was something he could escape only by keeping himself very busy. Fortunately, that wasn't hard to do.

One good thing happened at the Navy yard. Spending most of his time aboard ships, Jonathan began to appreciate the full importance of cables and of his own job as a cable expert. Every vessel in the Fleet, both surface and subsurface, was a living thing, with arteries that carried electricity instead of blood. Electricity did the steering, usually, and the pumping and air conditioning. Electricity turned gun turrets, fired guns and closed watertight hatches. It powered radios, gyrocompass repeaters and a thousand other devices. And all of it traveled in cables, large or small.

Jonathan began to feel a certain pride in his work, and it was a pride that grew quietly as the years passed. By the time Admiral Wyler called him in and told him a little about the atomic-powered submarine that was being built in Groton, Connecticut, Jonathan was well prepared to understand the importance of the new sub's electrical system.

"They need a special cable in Groton, Lieutenant," the admiral said. "And they need it soon, so that they can make their own tests on it and settle some problems. You are going to see that they get what they want."

"Where is the cable to be built, sir?"

"The Canby plant of Great Eastern. They have the proper type of lead press, and they're handy."

Jonathan gulped, but he made no protest. You didn't bother admirals with your own personal preferences. "Is there anything I'll need to know about the cable, beyond what's in the specifications?" he asked. "Its purpose, or—"

The admiral smiled. "Frankly, Lieutenant, I've been told very little about that. I believe the special circumstances are something like this: the cable is not intended primarily for communications use, but several of its conductors will be so used at certain times. And the cable must unavoidably pass near the submarine's power plant, perhaps even *through* certain elements of the power plant. It's my guess that messages traveling on such a cable might possibly be interfered with by radioactivity. Perhaps the engineers at Groton hope the lead sheath will take care of that. Are there any more questions?"

"No questions, sir."

ONLY one question bothered Jonathan now, as he stood at the office window, looking down at the crippled Dutchman. In the inevitable arguments of the next two days, how would it be possible to keep personal matters from interfering with the job? He didn't know.

Below him, Rufus Groot and the foreman had finished their huddle. It was time to go to work. Jonathan walked down the stairs and out onto the floor. Groot and the foreman were standing beside the small tuber, watching the run of tin-plated 7/020 wire get its insulation of extruded plastic. The black-jacketed conductor, no larger than a matchstick now, was shooting out of the die at about ten feet per second.

Groot spoke to the foreman as Jonathan approached. "Better get those reels off the sparkers as fast as they come down and send 'em to the test cage. Tell the testers to notify Lieutenant Gaunt as soon as they're ready to shoot." Then he saw Jonathan and studied his face for a moment. "I want to talk to you, young fella."

"Go ahead."

"I mean in private." The Dutchman smiled. "How about having lunch in my office at twelve? I'll have a girl bring us something from the cafeteria."

Jonathan spent the rest of the morning watching tests. When the noon whistle blew, he looked up and saw a girl entering the superintendent's office with two trays of food. Groot was a demon for punctuality.

At one minute after twelve, Jonathan walked into the office and sat down in front of his tray. After the initial greeting, the Dutchman didn't seem in a hurry to talk. Both men attacked their roast beef in silence. After a time Jonathan asked, "How are your children?"

Groot's expression softened. "Swell! Dottie's the smartest little girl you ever saw. And Marilyn—I just bought Marilyn a new bike . . ." He took a sip of coffee and returned to the business of eating. Silence descended again. It was several minutes later that Groot came to the point. "You've been looking like hell, Johnny. Is it about what happened three years ago?" Groot leaned forward. "You think you'll never get a chance to even the score, don't you? Well, you're wrong. You will."

Suddenly more hopeful than he had been in years, Jonathan waited for the Dutchman to ask the immense favor he must have in mind. Instead, Groot relaxed and changed the subject. "How they treating you in the Navy?" he asked.

Jonathan told him, and the conversation drifted into questions and answers about other people who used to work in the plant.

Then it was time to go back to work. The meal was over, and Jonathan was left with a promise he didn't understand:

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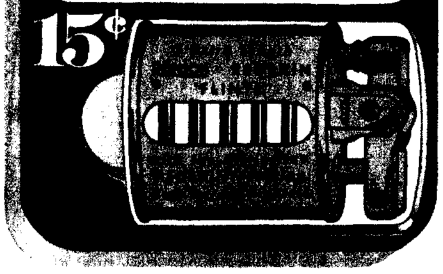

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You will. Groot wasn't a man of loose promises, and Jonathan knew it.

Jonathan stayed at the factory until midnight that night. When he left for Bachelor Officers' Quarters, the forty-four conductors that would make up his cable were just coming out of the rayon braiders, each with a different color pattern, according to the Navy code.

He lay awake long after he got to bed, wondering what would happen and what Rufus Groot had been getting at. In Jonathan's present wishful state of mind, only one possibility suggested itself: the Dutchman must be planning to risk something, and the promise he'd made had been his way of asking Jonathan to be ready to help.

Jonathan got to the plant before eight the next morning. By nine he was standing beside the bull wheel of the number three cabler, watching the wheel pull the gaudy, 44-conductor cable out through the die. Rufus Groot was beside him. Jonathan was doing his best to stay near the Dutchman today, just in case of trouble.

The cabling operation went off very smoothly. Trouble came, as it happened, not at the cabler but at the roving machine. It came soon after noon, and it was not of Rufus Groot's making.

The two men were in the cafeteria, having lunch, when a girl from the rayon braiders came in. "The foreman sent me, Mr. Groot," she said. "He'd like you to come to the big rover."

Groot said, "Damn! That'll be your special cable, Johnny." Then he remembered the "damn" and said, "Excuse me, Minnie," to the girl. He and Jonathan left their lunches and headed for the Shipboard Department.

THE big rover was a machine of many functions. It wrapped the cable: first with cellophane tape, then with two layers of asbestos. It also saturated the soft asbestos rovings with a mixture of black toughening compound and thinner. Then it ran the cable through its big oven to dry the thinner out of the compound. It did all these things in one operation, without stopping. But when Groot and Jonathan got there, it was motionless, with the cable halfway through. Groot's foreman was peering down into the oven through one of its big doors. Groot tapped him on the arm, and said, "What's wrong, Jim?"

"She's jumped off."

Jonathan knew what that meant. The rover oven was thirty feet long, and it had several six-foot wheels at each end, mounted vertically, side by side. The cable was supposed to travel back and forth over the wheels in large figure eights, while the thinner was cooked out of it. If a cable worked off the edge of one of the wheels and fell down between them, it could easily be damaged.

Groot was sweating. "Is the cable hurt any?"

"Don't know yet," said the foreman.

"Well, get in there and find out! No, wait a minute. Let me see your shoes."

Jonathan could smell the hot fumes of the thinner. Anything metallic might make enough of a spark to set them afire.

"No hobnails," the foreman said, showing Groot the bottom of one shoe. "I'll be okay. Just don't let anybody light a match." He took a flashlight from the work table and lowered himself through the oven door.

He was out again in five minutes. His face was smeared, and his hands were black, but he was grinning. "I got her back on," he said. "If she's ruined, I couldn't tell it."

"Run her on out, then," said Groot. "We'll soon see."

The operator got the machine going and ran it until the damaged portion of the cable came out of the oven. Some of the asbestos roving had been scraped off, but that seemed to be all. Groot called three girls from the cable-repair department, and they skillfully put new asbestos on the chafed places by hand. Jonathan was pleased to be able to express the Navy's official approval of the patch.

The trouble could have ended there. Actually, as Jonathan realized later, it was just beginning. While the girls were making the repair, Jonathan stripped off a sample of the asbestos roving from the end of the cable. He held the twist of brown, leathery stuff to his nose and sniffed. It was a routine check to see if all the thinner had been baked out. He expected all traces of inflammable liquid to be gone, but his nose told him they weren't. He called Rufus Groot, and held the twist of asbestos under the Dutchman's nose.

"I don't smell anything," said Groot.

"Smell again."

Groot did so, elaborately. "Nice and dry," he said.

Jonathan wondered. Maybe Groot's sense of smell was weak, but there was another explanation. Rufus Groot was a production man, above all, and he had the production man's loyalties. Jonathan could remember something the Dutchman had told him years ago, before the accident: "These cable inspectors are a lot like baseball umpires, Jonathan, and you have to treat them that way if you want to get any work done. Give 'em lots of rhubarb, and don't wait until they're wrong to do it. Let 'em know you'll fight; that's the only way to make 'em think twice before they nibble you to death."

Jonathan remembered those words, now that he was on the inspection end of things. He was pretty sure Groot could smell the thinner, but there was one sure way to prove it was there. He led Groot away from the fire hazard to an open space near the small tuber. There he put the piece of asbestos on the concrete floor and touched it with the flame of his cigarette lighter. It burned readily, with an orange flame and dark smoke. Jonathan put the fire out with his foot and looked up at Groot in silence.

Groot said, "Oh, maybe there's a *little* moisture left, sure. But it'll dry out in process."

Jonathan shook his head. "I can't let you go ahead until you get it dry."

The foreman and the rover operator had joined them and were waiting for the decision. "What do you want me to do?" Groot asked, like a man being patient with a child.

"Run it through the rover oven again."

"That'll take time, Johnny. What about your two-day deadline?"

Jonathan was worried about the deadline, too. But he shrugged and said, "The cable's no good to us unless it's right; you know that."

Groot gave in, with the look of disgust he always reserved for inspectors. He turned to his foreman. "You heard the commodore, Jim. Do just like he says."

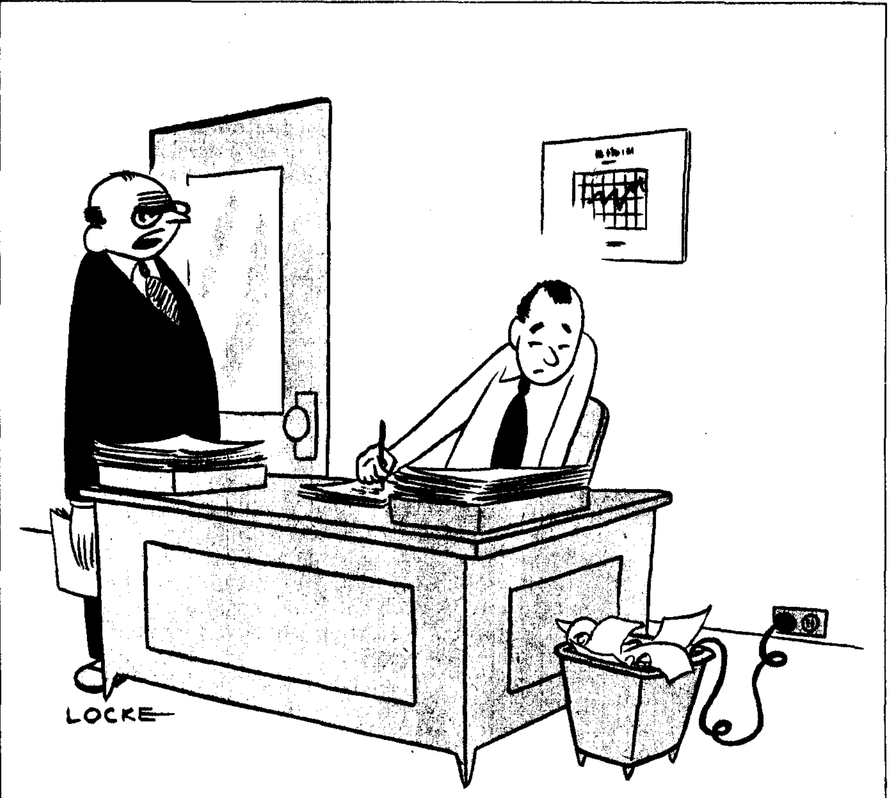
As soon as the foreman and the operator had gone, the disgusted look left Groot's face. He turned to Jonathan and said a surprising thing: "I wish I had you working for me again, Johnny. I like the way you operate." Then he turned and walked away.

IT TOOK two hours to run the five-hundred-foot cable through the oven again, but when it came out it was dry and perfect.

At four o'clock the cable started through the number eight tuber. By five, it was covered with a gleaming black sheath of vinyl plastic. At five fifteen, after an application of insulating tape to keep the plastic from being scorched in the next operation, it went to the lead press. It was scheduled for a jacket of lead, one quarter inch thick.

As Jonathan watched the slow extrusion of hot lead onto the cable, he grew reasonably sure, for the first time, that the two-day deadline would be made. Unless something terrible happened, the cable would be finished and tested by tomorrow morning. The knowledge gave him great satisfaction. So far as the Navy was concerned, he was doing a good job, fulfilling his obligations. But what about his old obligation to Groot? What about Groot's promise? There was only one way to find out.

At seven thirty, with its new lead jacket barely cool, the cable was set up in the wire braider, where it would get its protective armor of steel. Jonathan watched the job begin, used his ruler to measure the lay of the ribbons of steel



COLLIER'S "Darby, was that *your* wastebasket that just said: 'One out and nobody on'?" LAFE LOCKE wire and then set off to find Rufus Groot.

He found the superintendent in his little office at the top of the stairs, reading a comic book. "Come on in," said the Dutchman, without getting up. "Have a cigar." He seemed to be in a fine humor.

JONATHAN declined the cigar and stayed on his feet. Through the window he could see the big cabler where Groot had saved his life. "I want to ask you something," he said. He knew he sounded like a man who was looking for a fight, but he didn't care.

Groot's eyebrows went up. "Shoot."

"You said I'd get a chance to even the score."

"You will. Lots of chances, probably."

"When?"

Groot shrugged. "Maybe next week, maybe next year."

"I'm leaving this plant tomorrow morning. You know that."

"Yeah, I know it. But you're sure to do somebody a favor someday and not get paid back. See what I mean? Then you and I will be square. We're all in this world together, boy."

Jonathan snorted. "I've never heard such high-sounding bull in my life."

Groot got to his feet, hoisting himself by bracing his arms on the desk. "Listen to me, Johnny," he said patiently. "My mother died in Rotterdam when I was twelve. For twelve years she gave me everything, and then she died. I can't pay her. So—"

Jonathan opened his mouth to interrupt. Groot bellowed, "Shut up!" and immediately went on with his quiet explanation. "So what do I do? I treat my own kids as nice as I can. You understand me?" Groot was pink with embarrassment.

"No," Jonathan said. "I don't." He stood up and walked past Groot, out the door and down the stairs. He went up to the wire braiders and stood there watching his cable, with the little bobbins of wire doing their Maypole dance around it, as it snaked slowly upward through the machine. . . .

Jonathan stayed near his cable all night, with a couple of breaks for coffee. He didn't see Rufus Groot at all. It was five in the morning when the cable got through the wire braider, and a little after seven when the graveyard shift finished running it through the aluminum paint and the dryer. At seven thirty Jonathan followed the electric jitney that hauled the big reel to the cage for final testing.

The cable looked like a beautiful job—from the outside. The tester said, "It'll take us a while to get the ends stripped down for the final test, Lieutenant. Twenty minutes, anyway. I can have somebody call you."

"I'll be back in time," Jonathan said. He had an idea. He wanted to walk over and look at the number four cabler. Now that he knew his debt could never be paid, he might as well try to face it down, or something. The hope was feeble, but the fascination of the monstrous machine was strong. He walked along the aisle toward it, with the subdued activities of the graveyard shift going on all around him.

He never got to the cabler. He saw the operator of the big rover, a wiry little Negro, stop his machine and shake his head. The operator picked up a flashlight, opened the oven door and lowered himself inside.

Perhaps there were hobnails in the operator's shoes. Or maybe the spark came from his belt buckle.

Jonathan Gaunt was just opposite the machine when its doors blew off. One of them shot across the aisle in front of him, like a crumpled newspaper in a gale. The blast knocked Jonathan down. He saw tall flames rolling out of the oven doors. The girl from the rayon braiders was running for a fire extinguisher.

The operator didn't come out of the oven.

Jonathan stood up and ran toward the fire, thinking fast. A man inside that oven might not necessarily be killed when it blew, but he'd be knocked out, at least. The flames would use up all the oven's oxygen in the first couple of seconds, and after that they would burn only near the door, where they could get air. The man inside would suffocate for sure before the fire was out, unless somebody got him.

Jonathan did several things at once. He pulled his uniform cap down tight, to protect his hair from the flames, took a huge chestful of air, turned his back on the fire, shut his eyes and dropped into the oven. He felt the hot tongues lick his face as he fell.

He landed on his feet and quickly lay flat, holding his breath. For one split second he knew a crazy anger—anger at the little Negro for not being Rufus Groot.

The heat was worse than anything he had ever felt before. Cautiously he opened his eyes, hoping they would stand the temperature. In the flashing light from the flames above, he could see a gently billowing pond of smoke, a foot deep. He crawled rapidly for fifteen feet to the end of the oven, and felt for the man he was after. There was a fifty-fifty chance that this was the right end. But the chance was against him.

Still holding his breath and keeping low, he scrambled thirty feet to the other end. As he passed under the two doors, he could feel the cool spray of foam from the fire extinguishers.

Just before he reached the other end, he found the man—dead or alive, he couldn't tell. But his own lungs were giving out. He grabbed the unconscious man by both feet and dragged him toward the door. He got a solid grip on the operator's waist, hoisted him onto the doorsill and tumbled him out. A second later, he was clambering out himself, falling flat on the cool concrete, feeling somebody's hands slapping at his burning clothes, feeling himself going to sleep.

WHEN he woke up, he was in the first-aid room of the plant, and a nurse was putting grease on the blistered skin where the hair of his eyebrows had been.

"How you feeling?" The voice was Rufus Groot's.

"All right," said Jonathan. "How's the other man?"

"Alive; that's all. He's still unconscious."

Jonathan opened his eyes, found that they worked perfectly well, and sat up. "How did the cable test?"

"They're waiting for you before they put the juice to it. Feel like coming?"

Jonathan climbed off the bed and stood up. He had a headache, but that was all. "Let's go," he said.

"You look pretty funny," said Groot.

Jonathan looked down at his uniform. It was filthy, and had holes in it. "I'll change after we test the cable. Come on."

Ten minutes later, with Rufus Groot standing beisde him, Jonathan checked off the results of the test. The cable was perfect in every respect.

Jonathan Gaunt stood in the test cage for a moment, running his fingers over the gleaming silver of his cable. He felt slightly foolish and very happy—and he wasn't thinking about the cable at all. The nurse from first aid tapped him on the shoulder. "Joe Galloway is conscious now. He wants to see you."

Joe Galloway's face was solid bandages, but he was sitting up. "They tell me you saved my life, Lieutenant," he said faintly. "I'm much obliged. I wish someday I could sort of—*you* know."

Jonathan Gaunt smiled. "You will," he said.

▲▲▲

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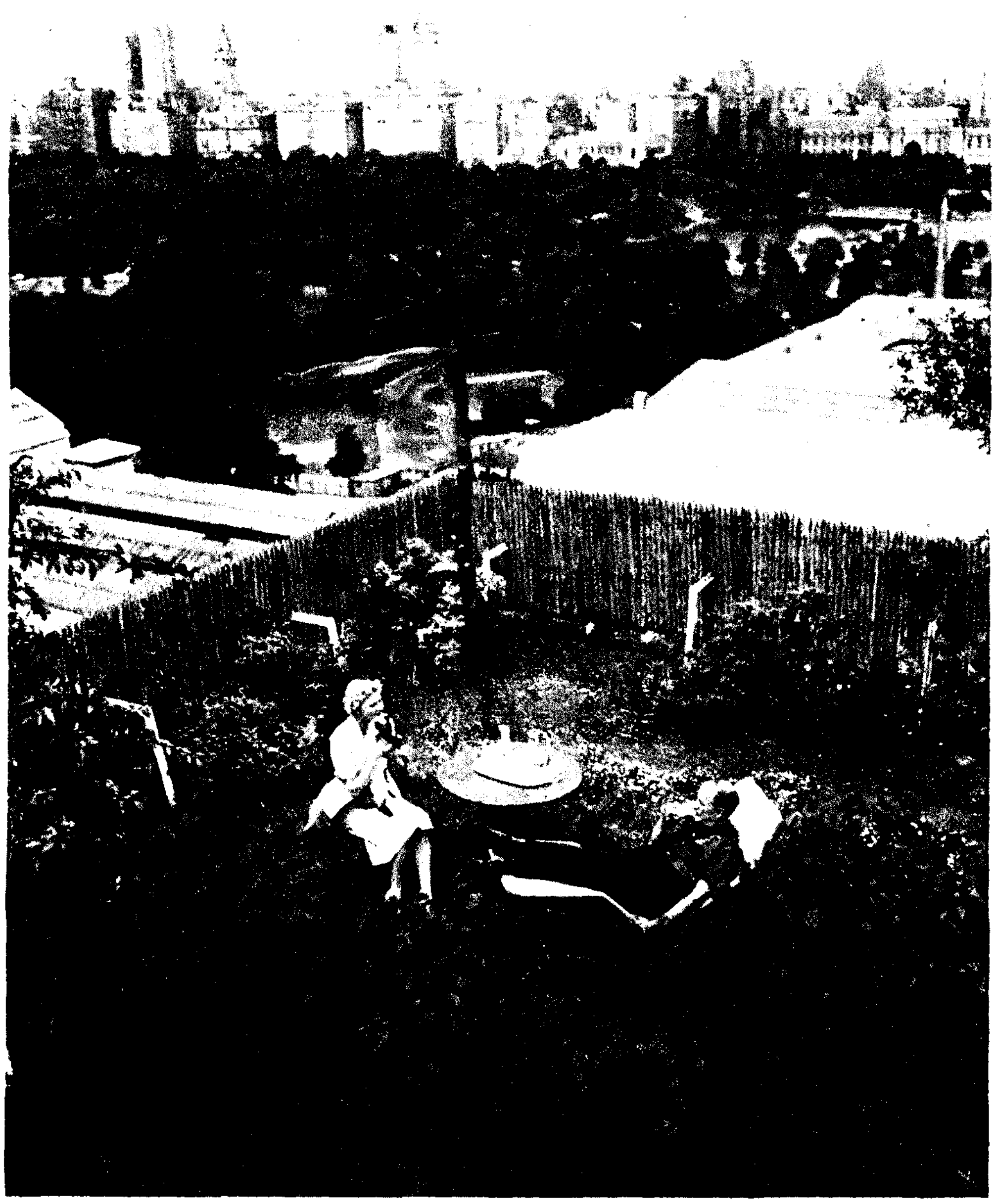
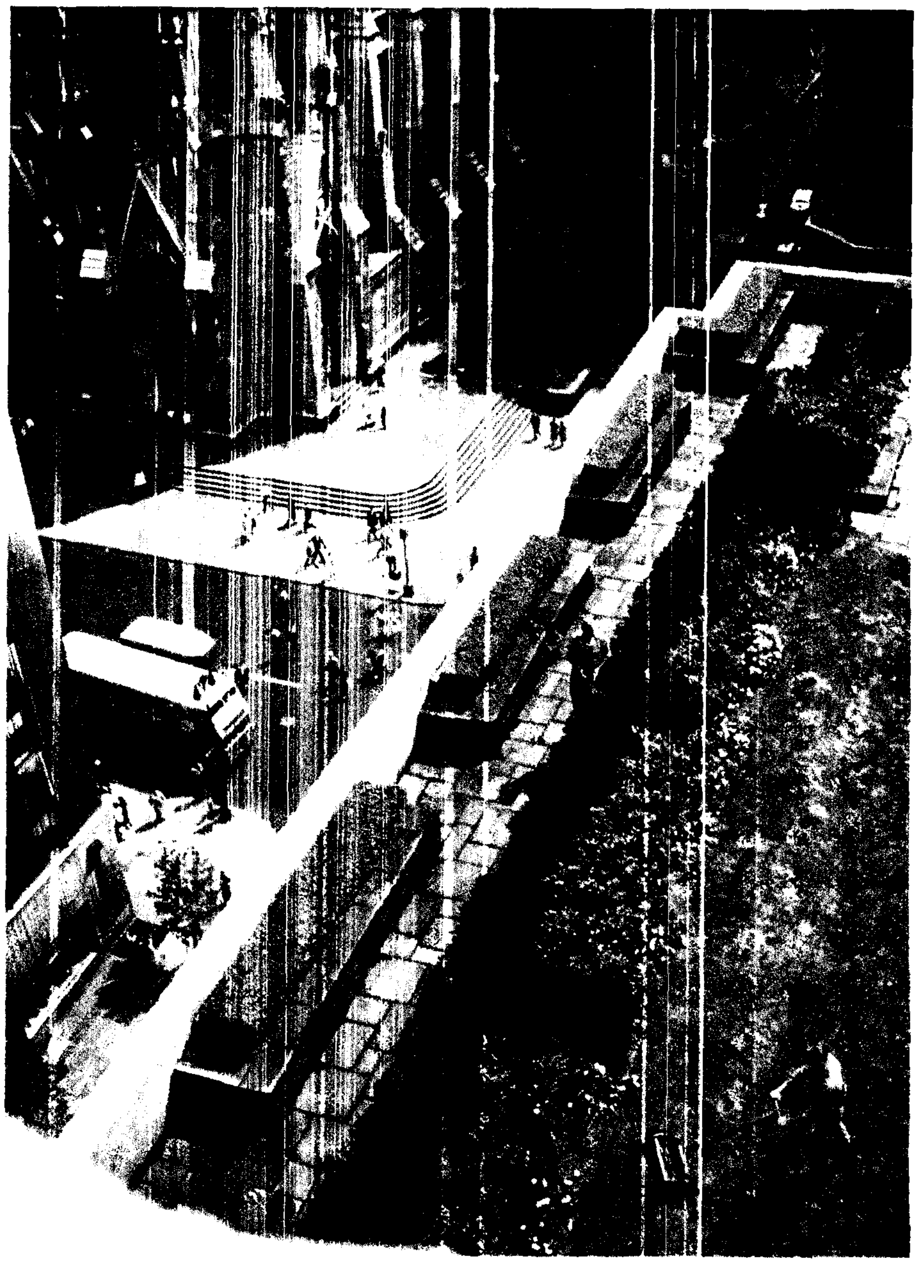


Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald (above) made their 15th-floor terrace famous on radio and TV. New tenant is Norway's ambassador to UN



Landscaped gardens atop Rockefeller Center office buildings require staff of seven gardeners, were planned for in the architectural design

Formal garden of cosmetician Mme. Helena Rubinstein on her 12th floor penthouse terrace was inspired by Williamsburg, Va., model

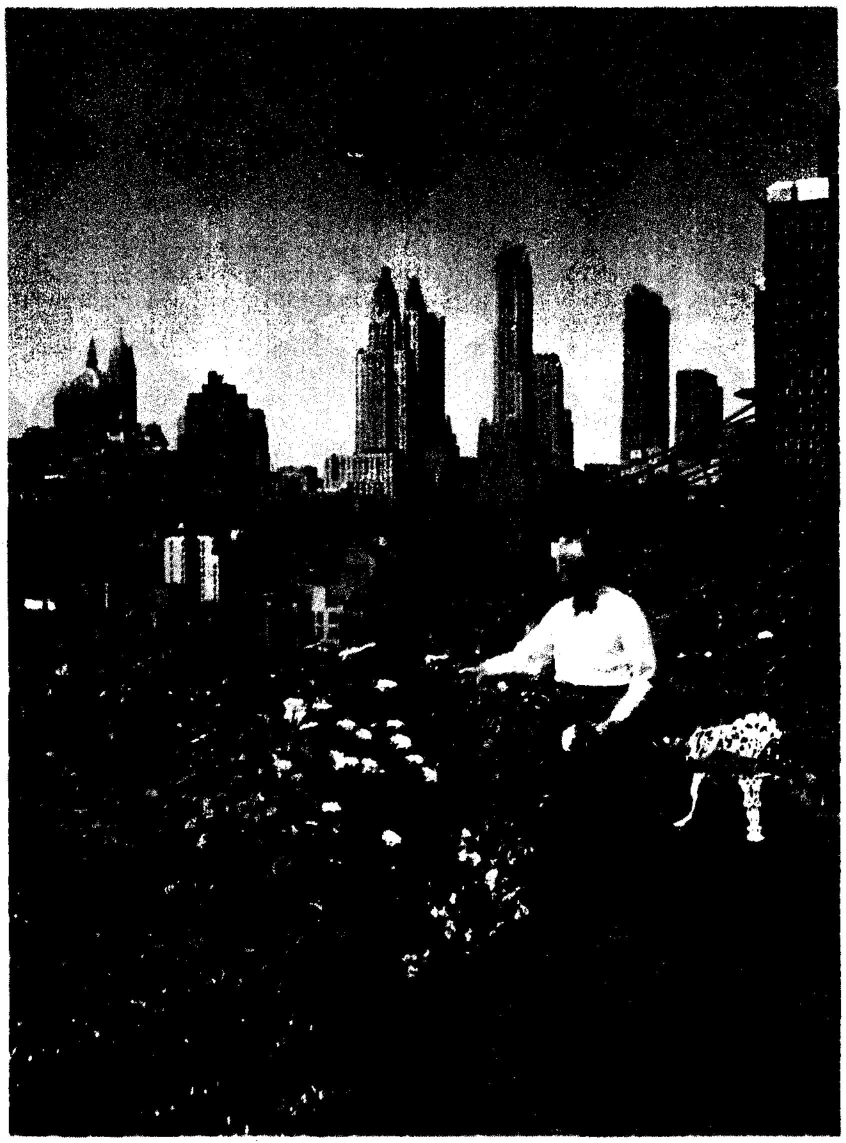
GARDENING
in the Sky

IN New York City—where grass years ago lost its war against concrete, and skyscraper masonry dwarfs the tallest trees—gardens have long been considered a hidden asset, tucked away behind low buildings, decorating tall ones on terraces and rooftops. Since the trend in the metropolitan area is toward more terraces, an increasing number of people with time, money and the will to bend a green thumb around a spade and trowel are gardening in the sky.

But gardeners in Manhattan's higher altitudes have to overcome degrees of hazards that low-altitude suburban horticulturists rarely face. Because of strong winds which damage more fragile plants and increase the rate of evaporation of water, terrace gardeners must often confine themselves to hardy-stemmed shrubs and flowers and must water their gardens more frequently. And they are forced to set out a latticework of pipes beneath the soil to carry off the excess water through the building's plumbing system.

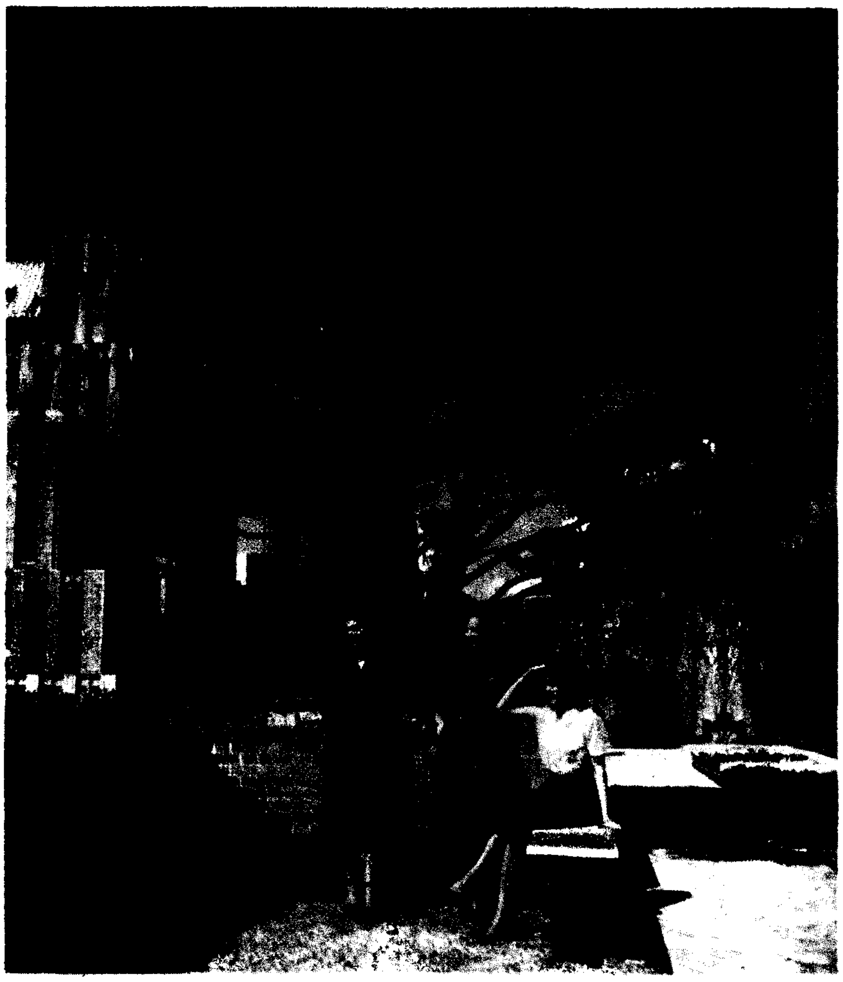
The complications, though, often result in an improvement on "down-to-earth" gardening. Stagnating water, which sours earth-bound topsoil, is drained off through the piping. Rising heat from the buildings causes terrace flowers to bloom earlier than those on terra firma, and the lawns high above the city bustle are ever green.

There are hundreds of rooftops in New York where gardens grow, but few rival those pictured on these pages. Costing many thousands of dollars to install and maintain, they prove, as one penthouse putterer put it, that "not all the green stuff comes out of a garden: a good deal goes into it, too!" ▲▲▲



Seventeenth-floor penthouse garden is hobby of Fred G. Clark of American Economic Foundation. He grows flowers, mint for drinks

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



Office terrace of Webb & Knapp, nationally known realtors, has a rare Oriental pine tree, covers more than 3,630 sq. ft. of space

These Are Our
7 DEADLY ENEMIES!

Men are rightly afraid today of the rising tide of evil and uncertainty that sweeps the world.

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Actually, the evils which afflict us are only symptoms of what ails us—only the results of causes which we allow to exist within ourselves. Back of them all is a basic human failure which many men choose to ignore, which others hold too lightly, and which some even try to glorify.

This basic failure is described in a single, simple and ugly word—sin.

It is, seemingly, a reality which all of us should understand—a human failure which everyone should be able readily to evaluate. Unfortunately, however, many overlook the fact that the external acts of sinning are but the completion of offenses against God already committed internally.

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Pigs Have Wings

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

going to London with Mr. Donaldson. Or rather with Vosper. What's she going to London for in weather like this? Silly idea."

"She has a fitting. Her dress for the County Ball. And Orlo has to see his lawyer about his income tax."

"Income tax!" cried Lord Emsworth, starting like a war horse at the sound of the bugle. Pigs and income tax were the only subjects that really stirred him. "Let me tell you—"

"I haven't time to listen," said Lady Constance, and swept from the room. These chats with the head of the family nearly always ended in her sweeping from the room.

Left alone, Lord Emsworth sat for a while, savoring that delicious sense of peace which comes to men of quiet tastes when their womenfolk have said their say and departed. Then, just as he was about to turn to Whiffle again, his eye fell on the pile of correspondence on the table, and he began glancing through it. He had read and put aside perhaps half a dozen of the dullest letters ever penned by human hand, when he came upon something of quite a different nature, something that brought a surprised "Bless my soul!" to his lips.

IT WAS one of those brightly colored picture post cards. It revealed a nude lady, presumably Venus, rising from the waves at a seashore resort with a cheery I'm in the pink, kid! coming out of her mouth in the form of a balloon; and beneath this figure, in a bold feminine hand, were the words: *Hey hey, today's the day, what, what? Many happy returns, old dear. Love and kisses, Maudie.*

It puzzled Lord Emsworth, as it might have puzzled an even deeper thinker. To the best of his knowledge, he was not acquainted with any Maudie, let alone one capable of this almost Oriental warmth of feeling. Unlike that *beau sabreur* and man about town, his brother Galahad, who had spent a lifetime courting the society of the breezier type of female, he had always taken pains to avoid the Maudies of this world.

Slipping the card absently into his pocket, he reached out for his book. But the moment had passed. What with butlers babbling about Parsloes and Connies babbling about Vospers and mystery women sending him love and kisses, he had temporarily lost the power to appreciate Whiffle's mighty prose.

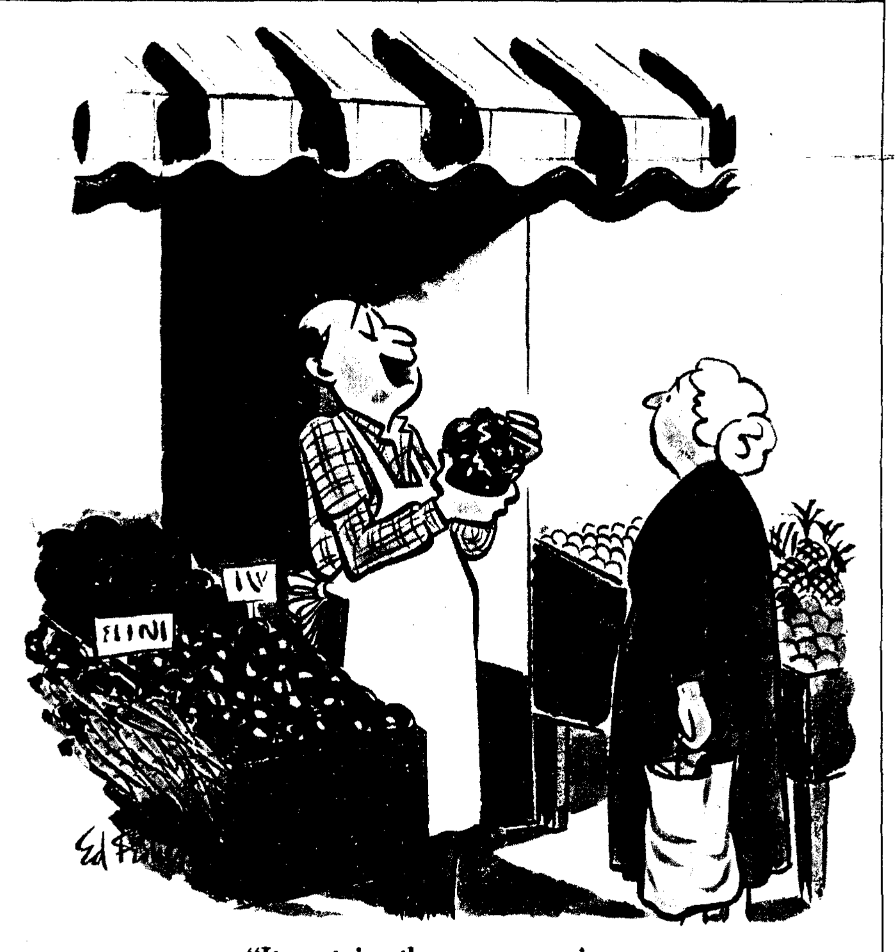
There was only one thing to be done, if he hoped to recover calm of spirit. He straightened his pince-nez, and went off to the piggeries to have a look at Empress of Blandings.

The Empress lived in a bijou residence not far from the kitchen garden, and when Lord Emsworth arrived at her boudoir, she was engaged, as she nearly always was, in hoisting into her vast interior those fifty-seven thousand eight hundred calories on which Whiffle insists. Monica Simmons, the pig-girl, had done her well in the way of barley meal, maize meal, linseed meal, potatoes and separated buttermilk, and she was digging in in a manner calculated to inspire the brightest confidence in the bosoms of her friends and admirers.

Monica Simmons was standing at the rail as Lord Emsworth pottered up, a stalwart girl in a smock and breeches, who looked like what in fact she was, one of the six daughters of a rural vicar, all of whom had played hockey for Roedean. She was not a great favorite with Lord Emsworth, who suspected her of a lack of reverence for the Empress. Of this fundamental flaw in her character she *instantly* afforded ghastly proof. "Hullo, Lord Emsworth," she said. "Have you come to see the piggy-wiggy? Well, now you're here, I'll be buzzing off and getting my tea. I've a thirst I wouldn't sell for fifty quid."

She strode off, her large feet spurning the antic hay, and Lord Emsworth gazed after her with a smoldering eye. He was thinking nostalgically of the former custodian of his pig supreme, of George Cyril Wellbeloved, now in the enemy's camp. George Cyril Wellbeloved would never have alluded to Empress of Blandings as "the piggy-wiggy."

Lord Emsworth was gradually becoming soothed by listening to that sweetest of all music, the sound of the Empress restoring her tissues, when there appeared at his side, leaning on the rail and surveying the champ through a black-rimmed monocle, a slim, trim, dapper little gentleman in his late fifties, whom Lord Emsworth greeted with a cordial "Ah, Galahad."



"It contains the same amazing chlorophyll that you find in tooth paste and chewing gum!"

"Ah, to you, Clarence old bird, with knobs on," said his brother, equally cordial.

The Honorable Galahad Threepwood was the only genuinely distinguished member of the family of which Lord Emsworth was the head. The world, it is said, knows little of its greatest men, but everyone connected with the world of clubs, bars, theaters, restaurants and race courses knew Gally, if only by reputation. A pain in the neck to his sister Constance, he was universally esteemed in less austere quarters, for his heart was of gold and his soul overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

As he stood gazing at the Empress, something between a gulp and a groan at his side caused him to transfer his scrutiny to his elder brother, and he was concerned to note that there was a twisted look on those loved features.

"Hullo, Clarence!" he said. "The old heart seems a bit bowed down. What's the matter?' Not brooding on that incident at the Emsworth Arms, are you?"

"Eh? Incident? What incident?"

"Has no word of it reached your ears? I had it from Beach, who had it from the scullery maid, who had it from the chauffeur. It appears that that butler of Parsloe's—Binstead, I think his name is—was swanking about in the taproom of the Emsworth Arms last night, offering five to one on Parsloe's pig."

Lord Emsworth stared. "On Monarch of Matchingham? The fellow's insane. How can he possibly have a chance against the Empress?"

"That's what I felt. The simple explanation is, I suppose, that Binstead had got a snootful and was talking through his hat. Well, if that's not what's worrying you, what is? Why are you looking like a bereaved tapeworm?"

Lord Emsworth was only too glad to explain to a sympathetic ear what had caused the resemblance.

"That girl Simmons upset me, Galahad. You will scarcely credit it, but she called the Empress a piggy-wiggy. 'Hullo, Lord Emsworth,' she said. 'Have you come to see the piggy-wiggy?' "

Gally frowned. "Bad," he agreed. "This would seem to show that the child is much too frivolous for the responsible position she holds. I may mention that this is the view which Beach takes. He has put a considerable slice of his savings on the Empress' nose to cop at the forthcoming Agricultural Show, and he is uneasy. He asks himself apprehensively: Is La Simmons fitted for her sacred task? And I don't blame him. For the girl who carelessly dismisses Empress of Blandings as a piggy-wiggy today is a girl who may quite easily forget to give her her lunch tomorrow. Whatever induced you, my dear fellow, to entrust such a job to the popeyed daughter of a rural vicar?"

Lord Emsworth did not actually wring his hands, but he came very near to it. "It was not my doing," he protested. "Connie insisted on my engaging her. She is related to someone Connie wanted to oblige, or something like that. Blame Connie for the whole terrible situation."

"Connie!" said Gally. "Sisters are a mistake, Clarence. You should have set your face firmly against them at the outset."

"True," said Lord Emsworth. "True."

Silence fell, as nearly as silence could ever fall in the neighborhood of a trough at which Empress of Blandings was feeding. It was broken by Lord Emsworth, who was peering about him.

"Where," he asked, "is Alice?"

"Eh?"

"Or, rather, Penelope. Penelope Donaldson. I thought you were out for a walk together."

"Oh, Penny? Yes, we have been strolling hither and thither, chewing the fat. There's a nice girl, Clarence. Not only easy on the eye, and a conversationalist who holds you spellbound, but kindhearted. I happened to express a wish for a whisky and soda, and she immediately trotted off to tell Beach to bring me one. It will save me trudging to the house, and it will enable me to drink Beach's health with a hey-nonny and a hot-cha-cha. It's his birthday."

"Beach's birthday? God bless my soul!" Lord Emsworth was fumbling in his pocket. "By the afternoon post, Galahad, I received an extraordinary communication. It was one of those picture post cards. It said, 'Many happy returns, old dear. Love and kisses,' and it was signed 'Maudie.' Now that you tell me it is Beach's birthday, I am wondering—Yes, as I thought. It was intended for Beach and must have got mixed up with my letters. Look."

Gally took the card and scrutinized the picture through his monocle. On the reverse side were the words:

Mr. Sebastian Beach
Blandings Castle
Shropshire

A grave look came into his face. "We must inquire into this," he said. "How long has Beach been at the castle? Eighteen years? Well, the exact time is immaterial. The point is that he has been here long enough for me to have grown to regard him as a son, and any son of mine who gets picture post cards of nude Venuses from girls named Maudie has got to do some brisk explaining. We can't have sex rearing its ugly head in the butler's pantry. Hoy, Beach!"

SEBASTIAN BEACH was approaching, bearing a tall glass filled to the brim with amber liquid. Beside him tripped a small, slender girl with fair hair, who looked as if she might have been a wood nymph he had picked up on his way through the grounds. Actually, she was the younger daughter of an American manufacturer of dog biscuits.

"Here come the United States Marines, Gally," she said, and Gally, having replied with a good deal of satisfaction that he could see them with the naked eye, took the glass and drank deeply.

"Happy birthday, Beach."

"Thank you, Mr. Galahad."

"Right," said Gally, finishing the contents of the glass. "And now to approach a painful task. Beach! Peruse this card."

Beach took the post card. As his gooseberry eyes scanned it, his lips moved the fraction of an inch. He looked like a butler who for two pins, had he not been restrained by the rigid rules of the Butlers' Guild, might have smiled.

"Well, Beach? We are waiting. Who is this Maudie?"

"My niece, Mr. Galahad."

"That is your story, is it?"

"My brother's daughter, Mr. Galahad. She is what might be termed the Bohemian member of the family. As a young girl, she ran away from home and became a barmaid in London."

Gally pricked up his ears, like a specialist whose particular subject has come up in the course of conversation. "A barmaid, eh? Where?"

"At the Criterion, Mr. Galahad."

"I must have known her, then. I knew them all at the Criterion. Though I don't remember any Maudie Beach."

"For business purposes she adopted the *nom de guerre* of Montrose, sir."

Gally uttered a glad cry. "Maudie Montrose? Good heavens, of course I knew her. Charming girl with blue eyes and hair like a golden bird's nest. Many is the buttered rum I have accepted from her hands. What's become of her? Is she still working the old beer engine?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Galahad. She married and retired."

"I hope her husband appreciates her many sterling qualities."

"He is no longer with us, sir. He contracted double pneumonia, standing outside a restaurant in the rain."

"What on earth did he do that for?"

"It was in pursuance of his professional duties, sir. He was the proprietor of a private investigation bureau, Digby's Day And Night Detectives. Now that he has passed on, my niece conducts the business herself."

PENNY gave an interested squeak. "You mean she's a sleuth? A genuine private eye? Golly, it takes all sorts to make a world, doesn't it?"

"So I have been given to understand, miss," said Beach indulgently. He turned to Lord Emsworth, who, finding the Maudie topic one that did not grip him, had started to scratch the Empress' back. "I should have mentioned, m'lord, that Sir Gregory has arrived."

"Oh, dash it! Where is he?"

"I left him in the morning room, m'lord, taking off his shoes. I received the impression that his feet were paining him. He expressed a desire to see your lordship at your earliest convenience."

Lord Emsworth became peevish. "What on earth does the man want, coming here? He knows that I regard him with the deepest suspicion. But if I don't see him, it will only mean an unpleasant scene with Connie. She is always telling me I must be neighborly."

"Thank goodness I don't have to be," said Gally. "I can look young Parsloe in the eye and make him wilt. That was interesting, what Beach was telling us."

"Eh?"

"About Maudie."

"Who is Maudie?"

"All right, mastermind, let it go. Trot along and see what that thug wants."

Lord Emsworth ambled off, followed at just the right respectful distance by his faithful butler, and Gally looked after them musingly.

"Amazing," he said. "Do you know how long I have known Beach? Eighteen years, or it may have been nineteen, ever since I was a slip of a boy of forty. And only today have I discovered that his name is Sebastian. The same thing happened with my old friend Fruity Biffen. In the old days he used to sign his IOUs George J. Biffen, and it was only after years that he revealed that the J. stood for—"

"Gally," said Penny, who for some moments had been giving indications of nerving herself to an embarrassing task, "can you lend me two thousand pounds?"

It was never an easy matter to disconcert the Honorable Galahad. For half a century, nursemaids, tutors, schoolmasters, Oxford dons, bookmakers, three-card-trick men, racecourse touts and members of the metropolitan police force had tried to do it, and all had failed. It was an axiom at the old Pelican Club that, no matter what slings and arrows outrageous fortune might launch in his direction, Gally Threepwood could be counted upon to preserve the calm insouciance of a pig on ice. But at these words a spasm definitely shook him. "Two thousand pounds?"

"It's sorely needed."

Gally gave a little sigh. He took her hand and patted it.

"My child, I'm a pauper. I'm a younger son. In English families the heir scoops in the jack pot and all the runners-up get are the few crumbs that fall from his table. I could no more raise two thousand pounds than balance that pig there on the tip of my nose."

"I see. I was afraid you mightn't be able to. All right, let's forget about it."

GALLY looked at her, astounded. Did she actually believe that Galahad Threepwood, one of the most inquisitive of men, a man who wished he had a quid for every time he had been called a damned old Nosy Parker, was as easily put off as this? "But, good heavens, aren't you going to explain?"

"It depends whether you can keep a secret."

"Of course I can keep a secret. Why, if I were to reveal one tithe of the things I know about my circle of acquaintance, it would rock civilization. Go on. What on earth do you want two thousand pounds for?"

"Well, it isn't exactly for me. It's for a man I know. It's the old, old story, Gally. I'm in love."

"Aha!"

"Aha to you. Why shouldn't I be in love? People do fall in love, don't they?"

"I've known of cases."

"Well, I'm in love with a man named Jerry Vail."

"Never heard of him."

"Well, I don't suppose he's ever heard of you."

Gally was indignant. "What do you mean, he's never heard of me? Of course he's heard of me. England's been ringing with my name for the last thirty years. If you weren't a benighted Yank on your first visit to the British Isles, you would have my life history at your finger tips. But to return to the dream man. I deduce that he is short of cash. What is sometimes called an impecunious suitor?"

"Well, he gets by. He's self-supporting. He's an author."

"Good heavens! Oh well, I suppose authors are also God's creatures."

"He writes thrillers. But you know the old gag. 'Crime doesn't pay—enough.' We couldn't possibly get married on what he makes."

"But your father, the well-to-do millionaire. Won't he provide?"

"Not for an impecunious suitor. If I were to write and tell Father I wanted to marry someone with an annual income of about thirty cents, he would whisk me back to America by the next boat. And anyway, Jerry's much too full of high principles to let himself be supported by his wife."

"You could talk him out of that."

"I wouldn't want to. I admire him for it. He's swell, Gally. And if only he can get this two thousand pounds. . ."

"Does he want it for some particular reason, or is it just that he likes two thousand pounds?"

"He has a friend, a doctor, who wants to start one of those health places. Did you ever hear of Muldoon's in America?"

"Of course. I was always popping in and out of America in the old days."

"This would be something on the same sort of lines, only, being in England, more—what's the word?"

"Posh?"

"I was going to say plushy. It would cater to weary millionaires, all paying terrific fees. There's a place like it up in Wales, Jerry tells me, which simply coins money. This would be the same sort of thing, only easier to get at because the house Jerry's doctor friend has his eye on is much nearer London. The idea is that if Jerry could raise this two thousand pounds and buy in, he would become a junior partner. His friend would feel the patients' pulses and prescribe diets and so on, and Jerry would take them out riding and play tennis and golf with them and generally be the life of the party. It's the sort of thing he would be awfully good at. And he would have time to write his great novel."

"Is he writing a great novel?"

"Well, naturally he hasn't been able to start it yet, being so busy winning bread, but he says it's all there, tucked away behind the frontal bone. Give him a few quiet hours each day with nothing to distract him, and he'll have it jumping through hoops. Why are you looking like a stuffed frog?"

"If you mean why am I looking like Rodin's *Le Penseur,* I was wondering how the dickens you ever managed to get acquainted with this chap. Connie met you when you landed at Southampton, and after a single night in London brought you down here, where you have been ever since. I don't see where you fitted in your billing and cooing."

"Use the bean, Gally. He was on the boat. Jerry's got vision. He realized that the only way for a writer to make a packet nowadays is to muscle in on the American market; so he took time off and dashed over to study it."

"How do you study an American market?"

"I suppose you—well, study it, as it were. And when he had finished studying it, he hopped on the boat for home."

"And who should be on the boat but you?"

"Exactly. We met the second day out, and never looked back. Oh, those moonlight nights!"

Gally removed his monocle and polished it. "Well, I don't know quite what to say. You really love this chap?"

"Haven't you been listening?"

"But you can't have known him for more than about four days. I was just thinking—Heaven knows I'm not the man to counsel prudence and all that sort of thing—the only woman I ever wanted to marry was a music-hall serio who sang songs in pink tights—but—"

"Well?"

"I think I'd watch my step, if I were you, young Penny. You can't always go by what fellows say on ocean liners. Many a man who swears eternal devotion on the boat deck undergoes a striking change in his outlook when he hits dry land."

"Gally, you make me sick."

"I'm sorry. Just thought I'd mention it. Facts of life and all that."

"If I found Jerry was like that, I'd give him the air in a second, though it would break my heart into a million quivering pieces. We Donaldsons have our pride. But he isn't. He's a baa-lamb."

THE Empress uttered a plaintive grunt. A potato, full of calories, had detached itself from the rest of her ration and rolled outside the sty. Gally returned it courteously, and the noble animal thanked him with a brief snuffle.

"But if he's a baa-lamb, it makes it all the worse. I mean, it must be agony for you, being parted from such a paragon. Here you are at Blandings, and there he is in London. Don't you chafe?"

"I did until today. This morning sunshine broke through the clouds. Lady Constance told me she is taking me to London tomorrow for a fitting. Lord Vosper is driving us in his car."

"What do you think of Vosper?"

"I like him."

"He likes you. And he's quite a good-looking chap."

"So I've noticed. But I was telling you. The expedition arrives in London tomorrow afternoon, so tomorrow night I shall be dining with my Jerry."

Her childish optimism gave Gally a pang. "With Connie keeping her fishy eye on you? Not a hope."

"Oh yes, because there's an old friend

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of Father's in London, and Father would never forgive me if I didn't take this opportunity of saying hello. So I shall dine with her."

"And she will bring your young man along?"

"Well, between us girls, Gally, she doesn't really exist. Did you ever see The Importance of Being Earnest?"

"Don't wander from the point."

"I'm not wandering from the point. Do you remember Bunbury, the friend the hero invented? This is his mother, Mrs. Bunbury. You can always arrange these things with a little tact. Well, I must be going in. I've got to telegraph to Jerry that I'm coming up and staying with Lady Garland—your sister Dora, in case you've forgotten—and tell him to meet me at the Savoy at eight."

Penny hurried away on the light feet of love, and Gally, whose youth had been passed in a world where girls, except when working behind bars or doing *entrechats* at the Alhambra, had been less resourceful, gave himself up to meditation on the spirit and enterprise of their present-day successors. There was no question that the current younger generation knew how to handle those little problems with which the growing girl is so often confronted. Having reached the conclusion that this was particularly so if their formative years had been passed in the United States of America, he was resuming his study of the Empress, when a bleating noise behind him caused him to turn. Lord Emsworth was approaching, wearing that dying-duck look which was so often on his face in times of stress. Poor old Clarence was patently all of a doodah.

"Strike me pink, Clarence," Gally exclaimed, "you look like something out of a Russian novel. What's on your mind? And what have you done with Parsloe? Did you murder him, and are you worried because you don't know how to get rid of the body?"

LORD EMSWORTH found speech. "I left him in the morning room, putting on his shoes. Galahad, an appalling thing has happened. I hardly know how to tell you. Let me begin," said Lord Emsworth, groping his way to the rail of the sty and drooping over it like a wet sock, "by saying that Sir Gregory Parsloe is nothing short of a rogue and a swindler."

"We all knew that. Get on."

Lord Emsworth became a little calmer. His eyes were resting on the Empress, and he seemed to draw strength from her massive stolidity.

"Do you ever have presentiments, Galahad?"

"Don't ramble, Clarence."

"I am not rambling," said Lord Emsworth peevishly. "I am telling you that I had one the moment I entered the morning room and saw Parsloe sitting there. Something seemed to whisper to me that the man was preparing a sinister surprise for me. And his first words told me that my presentiment had been right. From an inside pocket he produced a photograph, and said, 'Cast an eye on this, old cock.' "

"A photograph? What of?"

Lord Emsworth was obliged to fortify himself with another look at the Empress, who was now at about her fifty-four thousandth calorie.

"Galahad," he said, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "it was the photograph of an enormous pig! He thrust it under my nose with an evil leer and said, 'Emsworth, old cockywax, meet the winner of this year's Fat Pig medal at the Shropshire Agricultural Show.' "

Gally found himself unable to follow this. "You mean it was a photograph of Monarch of Matchingham?"

"Bless my soul, no. This animal would make two of Monarch of Matchingham. Don't you understand? This is a new pig. He imported it a day or two ago from a farm in Kent. Queen of Matchingham, he calls it. Galahad," said Lord Emsworth, his voice vibrating with emotion, "with this Queen of Matchingham in the field, Empress of Blandings will have to strain every nerve to repeat her triumphs of the last two years."

"You don't mean it's fatter than the Empress?"

Lord Emsworth looked shocked. "No, no, I certainly would not say that. But the contest will now become desperately close. It may be a matter of ounces."

Gally whistled. He was fully alive at last to the gravity of the situation. Apart from a natural brotherly distaste for seeing old Clarence in the depths, the thing touched him financially. As he had told Penny, he was not a rich man, but, like Beach, he had his mite on the Empress, and it appeared now that there was a grave peril that his modest investment would go down the drain.

"So that's why that butler of his was going about the place with his five to one! He knew something. But is this hornswoggling highbinder allowed to import pigs? I thought the competition was purely for native sons."

"There has always been an unwritten law to that effect, a gentleman's agreement, but Parsloe informs me that there exists no actual rule. Naturally, the possibility of such a thing happening never occurred to those who drew up the conditions governing these contests. It's abominable!"

"Monstrous," agreed Gally, with all the warmth of a man who, having slapped down his cash on what he supposed to be a sure thing, finds the sure thing in danger of coming unstuck.

"And the ghastliest part of it all is that, faced with this hideous menace, I am forced to rely on the services of that Simmons girl to prepare the Empress for the struggle."

A stern look came into Gally's face. "Simmons must go!" he said.

Lord Emsworth blinked. "But Connie—"

"Connie be blowed! Leave Connie to me. I'll see that she ceases to bung spanners into the machinery of loading you up with incompetent pig-girls when there are a thousand irreproachable pigmen who will spring to the task of fattening the Empress for the big day. And while I'm about it, I'll have a word with young Parsloe and warn him that anything in the nature of funny business on his part will not be tolerated for an instant. For don't overlook that aspect of the matter, Clarence. Parsloe, with this new pig under his belt, is certain to get ideas into his head. Unless sternly notified that his every move will be met with ruthless reprisals, he will leave no stone unturned and no avenue unexplored to nobble the Empress."

"Good heavens, Galahad!"

"But don't worry. I have the situation well in hand. My first task is to go and talk to Connie like a Dutch uncle."

Lord Emsworth drew a deep breath. "You're such a comfort, Galahad."

"I try to be, Clarence, I try to be," said Gally.

He screwed the monocle more firmly into his eye and set off on his mission, resolution on his every feature. Lord Emsworth watched him out of sight with a thrill of admiration. How a man about to talk to Connie like a Dutch uncle could be looking like that, he was unable to understand.

But Galahad was Galahad.

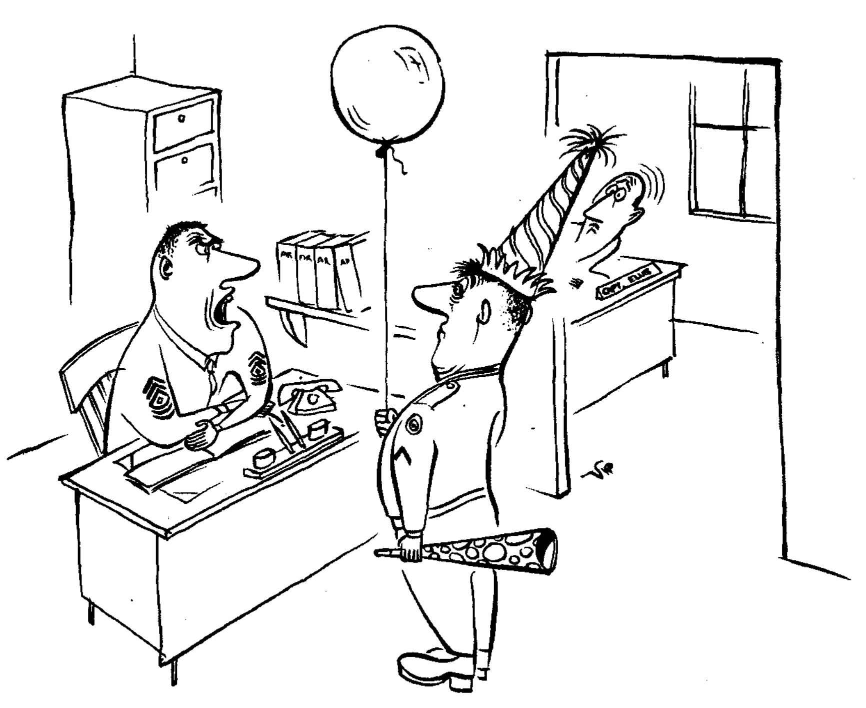
UP AT the castle, Sir Gregory Parsloe, having put on his shoes, was standing at the window of the morning room, looking out.

If you like your baronets slender and willowy, you would not have cared much for Sir Gregory Parsloe. He was a large, stout man in the middle fifties who resembled one of those florid bucks of the old Regency days.

A man with a fondness for the fleshpots and a weakness for wines and spirits, who after many lean years suddenly inherits a great deal of money and an extensive cellar, finds himself faced with temptations which are hard to resist. Arrived in the land of milk and honey, his disposition is to square his elbows and let himself go till his eyes bubble. This is what had happened to Sir Gregory Parsloe. Day by day in every way he had got fatter and fatter.

Outside the morning-room window, the terrace shimmered in the afternoon sun, but at the further end of it, in the cool shade of a spreading tree, a tea table had been set up. Presiding over it sat Lady Constance Keeble, reading a letter, and an imperative urge to join her came over Sir Gregory. After his grueling three-mile hike, a cup of tea was what he most needed.

VIP'S WAR



"Well! I suppose you have a perfectly good excuse for not making reveille this morning?"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

As he made for the terrace, limping a little, for he had a blister on his right foot, it might have been supposed that his thoughts would have been on the impending refreshment, but they were not. A week or two ago he had become engaged to be married, and he was thinking of Gloria Salt, his betrothed. And if anyone is feeling that this was rather pretty and touching of him, we must reluctantly add that he was thinking of her bitterly and coming very near to regretting that mad moment when, swept off his feet by her radiant beauty, he had said to her, "I say, old girl—uh—how about it, eh, what?" It would perhaps be too much to say that the scales had fallen from his eyes as regarded Gloria Salt, but unquestionably he had had revealed to him in the past few days certain aspects of her character and outlook which had materially diminished her charm.

Sighting him on the horizon, Lady Constance put down the letter she was reading and greeted him with a bright smile. Unlike her brothers Clarence and Galahad, she was fond of this man.

"Why, Sir Gregory," she said hospitably, "how nice to see you. I didn't hear your car drive up."

Sir Gregory explained that he had walked from Matchingham Hall, and Lady Constance twittered with amazement at the feat.

"Good gracious! Well, sit down and I'll give you a cup of tea. Won't you have a muffin?"

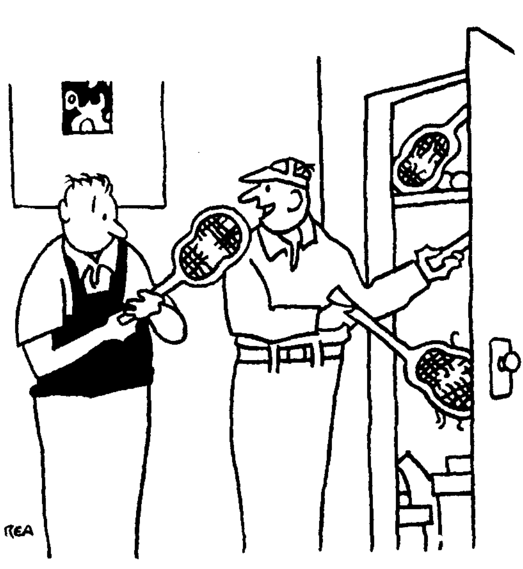
Sir Gregory took the muffin, gave it a long, strange, sad look, sighed, and put it down on his plate. Lady Constance picked up her letter.

"From Gloria," she said.

"Ah," said Sir Gregory in a rather guarded manner.

"She says she will be motoring here the day after tomorrow, and it's all right about the secretary. You remember you said you would ring her up and ask her to get a secretary for Clarence before she left London. She says she knows just the man."

It was a piece of news which would have lowered Lord Emsworth's already low spirits, had he been there to hear it.



"That's nothing, old man— wait till you see the court!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

CONNIE was always encouraging ghastly, spectacled young men with knobbly foreheads and a knowledge of shorthand to infest the castle and make life a burden to him. The last thing he wanted on the premises was anyone who could be described as just the man, with all that phrase implied of fussing him and bothering him and wanting him to sign things and do things.

"Clarence is so helpless without someone to look after his affairs. He gets vaguer every day. It was sweet of Gloria to bother. What a delightful girl she is!"

"Ah," said Sir Gregory, again in that odd, guarded manner.

"I do admire those athletic girls. So wholesome. Has she been winning any tennis tournaments lately?"

Sir Gregory did not reply. His eyes were on the muffin, as it swam in butter before him, and once more he heaved that heavy sigh.

Following his gaze, Lady Constance uttered a concerned cry. "Why, Sir Gregory, you are eating nothing. Don't you like muffins?"

This time the sound that emerged from the baronet was nothing so mild as a sigh. It was unmistakably a groan, the sort of groan that might have been wrung from the reluctant lips of a red Indian at the stake. "I love 'em," he said in a low voice that shook with feeling. "But Gloria says I've got to cut them out."

"Gloria? I don't understand."

Until this moment, like the Spartan boy who allowed the fox to gnaw his vitals without mentioning it to a soul, Sir Gregory had kept his tragedy a secret from the world. Rightly or wrongly, he thought it made a fellow look such an ass. Chaps, he felt, chaps being what they were, would, if informed that he was mortifying the flesh at the whim of a woman, be inclined to laugh their silly heads off at a chap. But now the urge to confide in this sympathetic friend was too strong for him.

"She says I'm too fat, and that if I don't reduce a bit the engagement's off. She says she positively refuses to stand at the altar with someone who looks like— Well, she was definitely outspoken about it. You know what girls are, especially these athletic girls who dash about tennis courts shouting 'Forty love' and all that. They're all for the lean, keen, trained-to-the-last-ounce stuff. Damn' silly, of course, the whole thing. I put it to her straight. I said, 'Dash it, old girl, what's all this about? I'm not proposing to enter for the six-day bicycle race or something,' but nothing would move her. She said unless I ceased to resemble a captive balloon those wedding bells would not ring out. I quote her verbatim."

"Good gracious!"

Now that he had started to pour out his soul, Sir Gregory found it coming easier. "So the upshot is no butter, no sugar, no bread, no alcohol, no soups, no sauces, and I'm not allowed to swallow so much as a single potato. And that's not all. She's mapped out a whole chart of bally exercises for me. Up in the morning. Breathe deeply. Touch the toes. Light breakfast. Brisk walk. Chop down a tree or two. Light lunch. Another brisk walk. That's one I'm taking now, and how I'm to get home under my own steam with this blister— Ah well," said Sir Gregory, summoning all his manhood to his aid, "I mustn't bore you with all this stuff. Merely observing that I am going through hell, I will now withdraw. No, no more tea, thanks. She specifies a single cup."

He rose heavily and made his way across the terrace. As he walked, he was thinking of that new pig of his. Pretty dashed ironical, he was feeling, that whereas he was under these strict orders to get thinner and thinner, Queen of Matchingham was encouraged—egged on with word and gesture, by gad—to get fatter and fatter. Why should there be one law for pigs and another for baronets?

Musing thus, he had reached the top of the drive and was congratulating himself on the fact that from here it would be all downhill, when he heard his name called in a sharp, imperious voice and, turning, perceived the Honorable Galahad Threepwood.

Gally was looking cold and stern. "A word with you, Parsloe," he said.

Sir Gregory's full height was six foot one. He drew himself to it. Even in the days when they had been lads about town together, he had never liked Gally Threepwood, and more recent association with him had done nothing to inaugurate a beautiful friendship. "I have no desire to speak to you, my good man," he said.

GALLY'S monocle flashed fire. "Well, I'm dashed well going to speak to *you.* Parsloe, it was the raw work of slippery customers of your kidney that led to the destruction of the cities of the plain and to the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. What's all this about your new pig?"

"What about it?"

"Clarence says you imported it from Kent. A low trick."

"Perfectly legitimate. Show me the rule that says I mustn't."

"There are higher things than rules, young Parsloe. There is an ethical code."

"A what?"

"Yes, I thought you wouldn't know what that meant. Let it pass. You are really proposing to enter this porker of yours in the Fat Pigs class at the Agricultural Show?"

"I have already done so."

"I see. And now, no doubt, you're getting ready to start the funny business, just as you used to do in the old days."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Gally gave a short, hard, unpleasant laugh. "He doesn't know what I'm talking about! I will ask you, Parsloe, to throw your mind back a number of years to a certain evening at the Black Footman public house in Gossiter Street. You and I were young then, and in the exuberance of youth I had matched my dog Towser against your dog Banjo for a substantial sum in a rat contest. And when the rats were brought on and all should have been bustle and activity on Towser's part, where was he? Dozing in a corner with his stomach bulging like an alderman's. And why? Because you had drawn him aside just before the starting bell and filled him up past the Plimsoll mark with steak and onions, thus rendering his interest in rats negligible and enabling your Banjo to win by default."

"I deny it!" Sir Gregory said indignantly.

"It's no good standing there saying 'I deny it.' I am perfectly aware that I am not able to prove it, but you and I know that that is what happened. Somebody had inserted steak and onions in that dog—I sniffed his breath—and the verdict of History will be that it was you. You were the world's worst twister in the old days. And—now I approach the nub—you still are. Even as we stand here, you are asking yourself, 'How can I nobble the Empress and leave the field clear for my entry?' Oh, yes, you are. If your grandmother was entered in a competition for fat pigs and your commitments made it desirable for you to get her out of the way, you would dope her bran mash and acorns without a moment's hesitation. Well, let me tell you that that is a game two can play at. Your every move will be met with ruthless reprisals. You can try to nobble our pig, and we'll nobble yours. One poisoned potato in the Empress' dinner pail, and there will be six poisoned potatoes in Queen of Matchingham's. That is all I wanted to say.

"And a very hearty good afternoon to you, Parsloe," said Gally, and he turned on his heel and strode away.

(To be continued next week)

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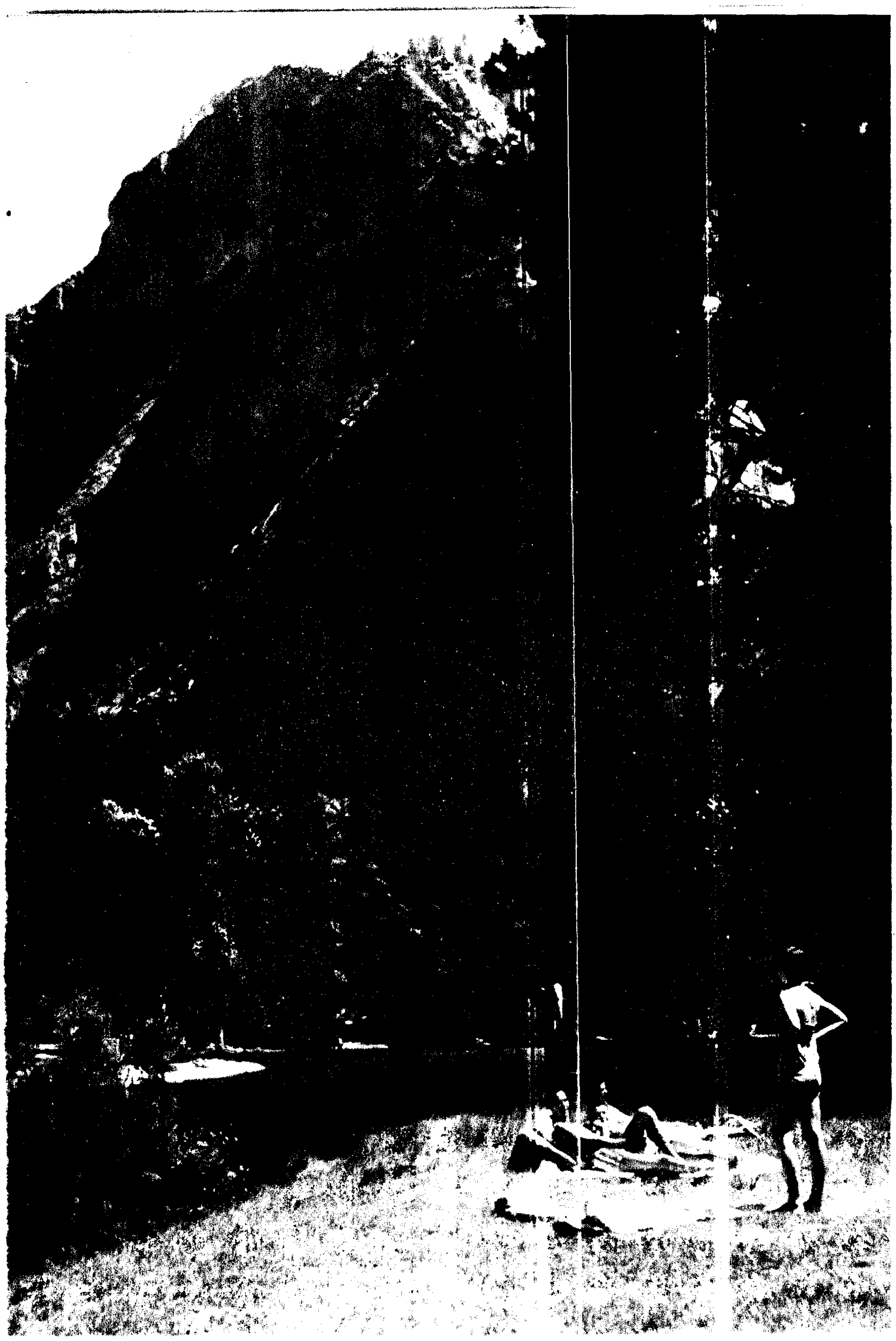


Face of Glacier Point, rising 3,254 feet above Camp Curry in Yosemite National Park, bears indelible gray scar of some 50 years of Firefalls

"LET THE FIRE FALL!"

EVERY summer evening, thousands of visitors to California's Yosemite National Park thrill to a ceremony that begins with a bull-voiced hail—"Hello, Glacier!" As the echoes of the hailer's voice die against the sheer granite walls of the canyon, the reply, faraway but clear, drifts back—"Hello, Camp Curry!" Once again from the camp below comes the call—"Let the fire fall!" And the command is answered: "The fire falls!"

Then, from towering Glacier Point, a trickle of sparks spills over the cliff. The trickle becomes a stream and the stream becomes a river. A 1,400-foot waterfall of fire—the Yosemite Firefall.

So, for more than half a century, this man-made spectacle has rivaled the natural glories of Yosemite. The idea for the Firefall, now a tradition at the park, generally is credited to James McCauley, pioneer settler in the Yosemite Valley with a flair for the dramatic. What inspired him to experiment with shoving fire over the cliff, or whether the original Firefall was accidental, is uncertain. But the few witnesses to McCauley's efforts about 1871 were so impressed that they urged him to repeat the display, and he did, using burning wood coals, fireworks and even oil-soaked gunny sacks. When McCauley moved away, the Firefall ceremony left with him.

Then, in 1899, David Curry and his wife came to Yosemite and established a camp. Curry heard of the Firefall and revived the ritual, adding the ceremony of the calls between Camp Curry and Glacier Point, 3,254 feet above. Curry's powerful voice earned for him the nickname of "The Stentor of Yosemite." Since Curry's death, various camp employees have served as stentor.

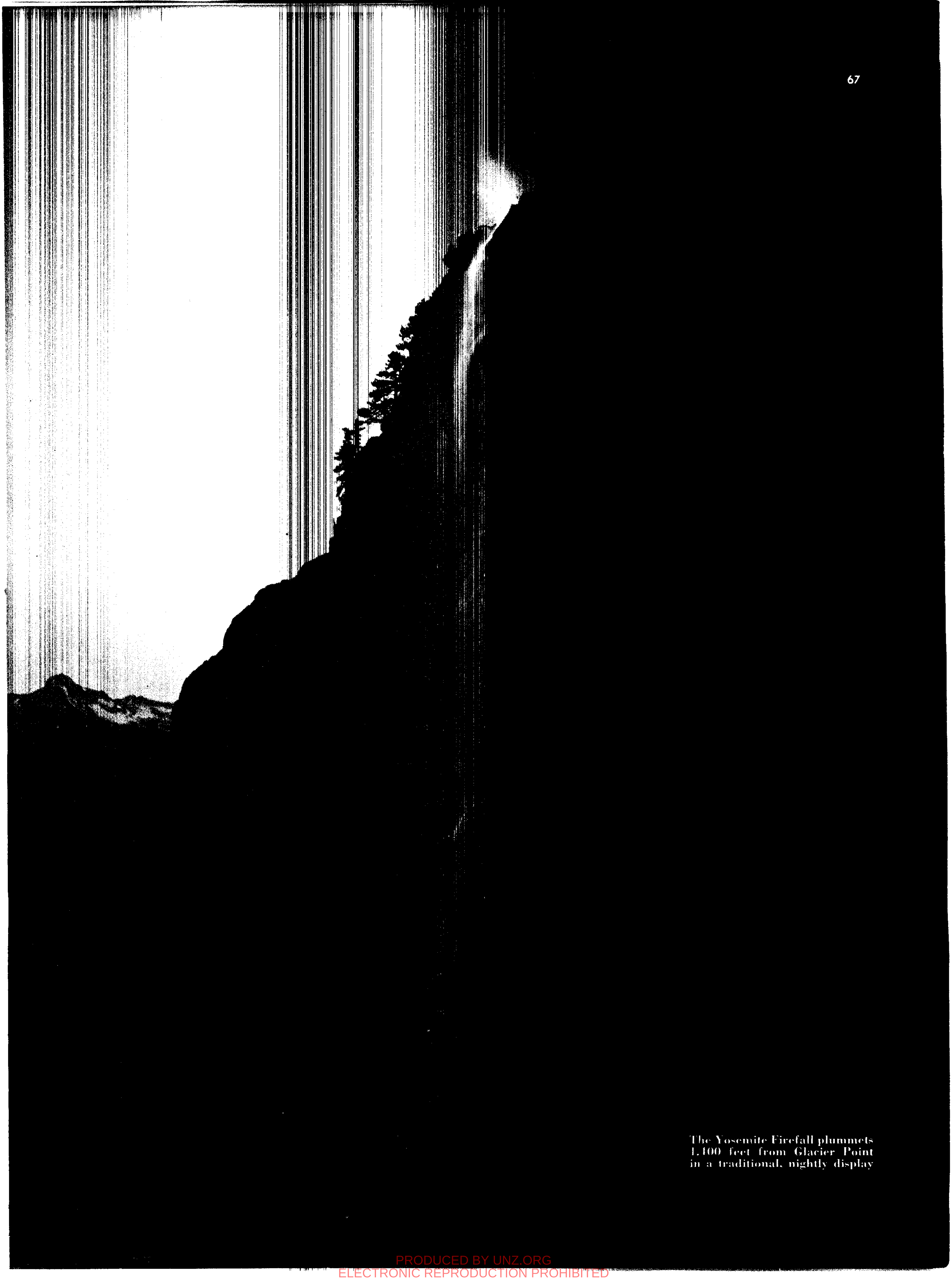
Today, the Firefall ceremony is as formal as a lodge ritual. At about seven o'clock every night, Burke Lucas, the fire tender, starts burning a supply of red fir bark. By nine o'clock, the coals are just the right size for their fiery descent. When all is ready, the stentor below hails the point. And on the command, "Let the fire fall!", the tender, using a long-handled shover, begins shoving the walnut-sized embers over the cliff to start their 1,400-foot, free-falling plunge to a barren rock ledge below. Since there's no vegetation, there's no danger of starting a forest fire.

Several minutes after the first embers have tumbled over the cliff, the last spark winks out, and the Firefall, awesome in its silent dignity, is ended for the night.

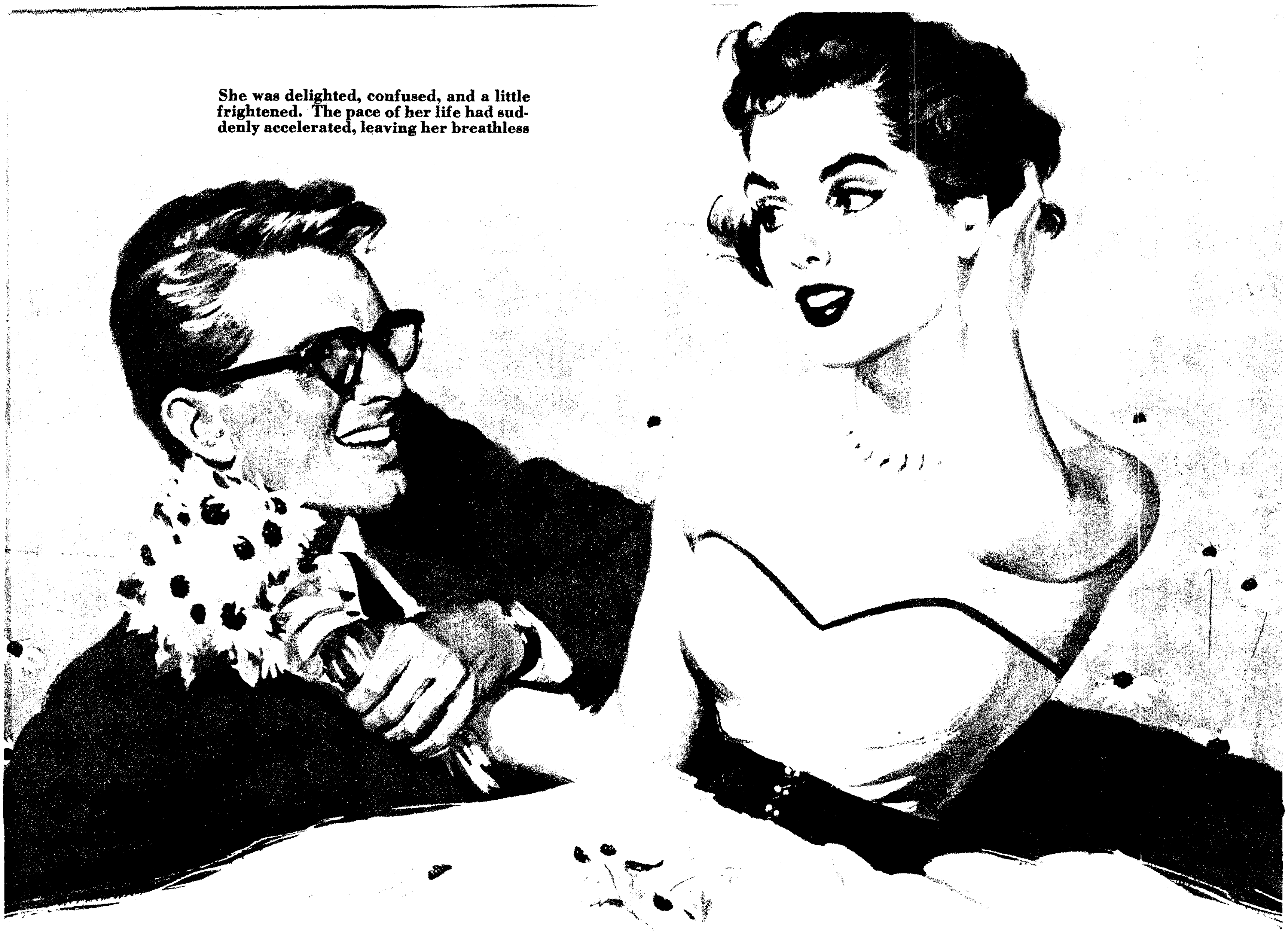
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JEFF THOMSON

To get even burning, Firefall tender Burke Lucas tosses kerosene on blazing tree bark. Walnut-sized embers give best effect during plunge

Darkness, and all is ready. Embers cascade toward precipice and the long drop. During winter, Firefalls are held weekly



The Yosemite Firefall plummets 1,100 feet from Glacier Point in a traditional, nightly display



She was delighted, confused, and a little frightened. The pace of her life had suddenly accelerated, leaving her breathless

A Place for a Beginning

By VALERIA WINKLER GRIFFITH

He was so sure of himself, so strong, so self-sufficient. He didn't seem to need her at all—and it was so important to her to be needed

THERE were six couples and Francesca at the party. That made thirteen, they reminded her, laughing, and then promised her that John Chrisholm would be along soon.

Francesca didn't know John Chrisholm, hadn't met any of them until this evening. "John is Dr. Pilmer's new assistant. He's only been in town a few months," Ellen Myers explained. She and her date sat with Francesca in the glider on the porch. They had all been so polite. Francesca, the odd one, hadn't been left alone for an instant. But it was awkward and embarrassing. She regretted that she had let Aunt Rae accept the invitation for her. She hadn't been looking for entertainment on this visit anyway. She had planned these few weeks away from home as a mental sorting-out period.

No, she said, answering Ellen's question, she wouldn't be going back to school in the fall. She'd finished school in June. No, she wasn't sure yet what she'd be doing.

That was it, she thought. She wasn't sure what she'd be doing. That was what made her different from everyone here tonight. In the fall they were all going back to the known, absorbing routine of school life. They all knew what was ahead for them, what was expected of them.

The music stopped, and one of the boys went over to reload the record player. "Here's John coming up the walk now," he said.

From her seat in the glider, Francesca watched the young man enter the house. He was of medium height, and wore a dark suit and dark-rimmed glasses. He found the hostess at once. "Sorry I'm late, Helen. Old Mrs. Hastings is worse. She sent for Dr. Pilmer, but he's out of town; so I went in his place."

He has a nice voice, Francesca thought. It has assurance and a sort of lilt, like a singer's. Helen was bringing him out to her.

For Francesca, the first two hours of the party had dragged. The last two raced by. She had come with Ellen and Pete, but now John Chrisholm would take her across town to Aunt Rae's. After their first dance together, Francesca had hoped it would work out that way. She settled back in the seat of his car and let her breath ride out in a little sigh.

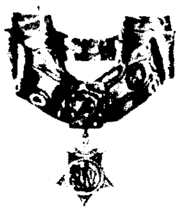
He started the engine. "Tired?"

"Oh, no. It was a wonderful party. I haven't had such a good time in months."

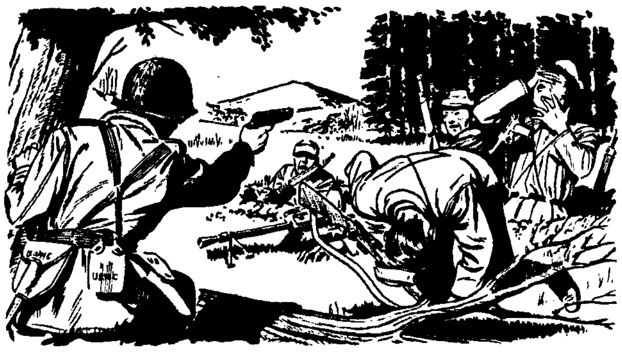
He backed the car down the driveway and into

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

First Lieutenant
Henry A. Commiskey, USMC
Medal of Honor



ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, near Yongdungp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, *and armed with only a .45 calibre pistol,* Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He dispatched its five-man crew, then reloaded, and cleaned out another foxhole. Inspired by his daring, his platoon cleared and captured the hill. Lieut. Commiskey says:



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the street. He really was rather handsome, she decided, although that hadn't occurred to her when she first saw him. He was nice too, sure of himself, but interested and friendly as well.

He said, "How would you like to go for a ride in the country, Francesca?"

She sat up. "It's after midnight," she answered stiffly. "I'm sure Aunt Rae is expecting me back any minute now."

He laughed. "I didn't mean tonight," he explained. "I meant tomorrow morning. I have to drive down to Courtney on business."

"Oh," she said, and she laughed with him. "Why, I'd like to go." She felt foolish but also pleased.

The warm, happy feeling stayed with her while she undressed quietly in the little guest room. She wasn't sleepy, and she began to play the game that was now several years old with her. She began it each time after she'd had a first date with a certain kind of man. Not one of the flashy boys who governed the school's politics and commandeered their mothers' convertibles during vacations. Those were the good-time boys whom you dated to prove to yourself and your friends that you could.

YOU only started the game again after meeting one of the others. As a rule, he wasn't particularly good-looking and rarely had much money to spend. He treated a girl with a special thoughtfulness; his seriousness made her feel that here was a man who had a plan for the future and who might incorporate a girl's future into his plan.

The thing was that Francesca hadn't a plan of her own, not one she could talk about. She hadn't trained for a career. She couldn't say that she was going to be a dress designer, a newspaper reporter, an actress, a home economist or any of the other things that her friends talked about so glibly.

What Francesca wanted was to help some man with his career, to fall in love, get married, have children and a house to care for. To have admitted to such ambitions publicly would have been most unconventional, so she played the game by herself. She played it now.

A young doctor's wife. Not much time with her husband, of course, because he was rushed to death, poor darling. Naturally, she did everything possible to help him—took his calls at night, worked on his books to save the salary of an office girl. Their house was small, but someday they planned to build a nice modern one outside the town. She sighed dreamily and extended her hand to the window, so that the moonlight fell on her ringless fingers. "Francesca Chrisholm," she murmured. "Mrs. John Chrisholm."

Then she laughed because it was so absurd. She didn't even know him. During the gay confusion of the party, they hadn't had ten minutes of private conversation. Because it was so ridiculous, the game was more fun than ever.

The next morning, she sat with Aunt Rae on the porch, waiting for John. Aunt Rae said, "That's a cute way of wearing your hair, Francie, and your dress is darling."

Francesca had spent more time than usual on her hair, and her dress was new. She had been saving it for a special occasion, like lunch at the country club. Over the strapless bodice of the full-skirted sun dress she had buttoned a white linen jacket.

Next Week

Collier's
AROUND THE WORLD ON $80
Steinbeck vs. the Reds
PATTI PAGE
Some Pops Stay Tops

AROUND THE WORLD ON $80

Steinbeck vs. the Reds

Uncle Ed wandered onto the porch and looked at her. "It must be a man," he said.

"It's John Chrisholm," Aunt Rae told him. "Francie is driving to Courtney with him."

Her uncle rubbed his hand over his chin. "John Chrisholm?"

Aunt Rae said, with mild impatience, "You know him, Ed. He's Dr. Pilmer's assistant."

"Oh, that one." Uncle Ed looked at Francesca again, quizzically this time, and she felt herself beginning to blush. When she saw John's car, she jumped up. "I'll run out and not keep him waiting." At the bottom of the steps, she turned. "I don't know when we'll be back. He didn't say. But don't worry about me."

"Worry about you? I should say not. Not when you're with young Chrisholm." The beginning of Uncle Ed's laugh was silenced by Aunt Rae's hand on his arm.

In the seat beside John was a small, pale, silent boy. John introduced him to Francesca. "This is Martin," he said, putting a hand on the boy's shoulder. "Martin Janus. He's been living with his grandmother, but she died last week and now we're taking him down to Courtney to be with a lot of other little boys."

The child didn't raise his head. Francesca saw that tears were rolling down his cheeks and spattering his shirt. "We're stopping at a farm to pick out a puppy for Martin to take along." The child didn't respond, and John began talking to Francesca, pointing out the municipal swimming pool, the buildings of the state experimental station, the lilac gardens. Miserably conscious of the drooping little figure between them, she could only nod.

They were miles into the country before Martin said a word. He pulled timidly at John's sleeve. "What kind of a puppy?"

"That's up to you," John said. "You're to pick it out. You'd better start thinking about the kind you like best."

"One with spots," Martin answered promptly. "Spotty."

The small, cheerful puppy Martin chose had a great many spots, and the boy held him the last twenty miles to the children's home, whispering to him and stroking his soft little back when he wriggled. They turned in at a gate in a long, low wall and drove up a tree-bordered lane. Martin looked questioningly at John when the car stopped, and then he saw the old brick building and shrank back against the seat. "No!" he cried frantically. "I won't go in there. You can't make me. I want to go home. I want Grandma."

Francesca turned to him. She would have put her arms around the child, held him fast as a gesture of protection, but John shook his head at her. "No," he said, and she drew back.

John didn't offer to touch the boy. "Your dog is hungry," he said. "He hasn't had anything to eat since this morning. I know Mr. Johnson, who's in charge here. He's very nice. He'll give you some milk for your dog."

The puppy planted his paws on Martin's chest, licked at the boy's tear-streaked cheeks, and whimpered. "Okay, Spotty," Martin said. "I know you're hungry. Come on. There's a nice guy inside. He'll give you something to eat."

TALKING about it afterward, Francesca said, "You did it so well, John. You were so good with him. He forgot all about himself in taking care of his dog." They had remained at the home for lunch, eating at a table with Mr. Johnson and another boy Martin's age. Then they had seen the room where Martin would sleep, walked together over the grounds and in the middle of the afternoon had left the two little boys at the barn, building a bed for Spotty.

John had started home by a different road, no more than an unpaved country lane. He had parked the car and walked with her to the riverbank, so that she could see the flowers that grew beside the clear, blue stream. Francesca sat in the deep grass and picked a handful of the little blossoms. She had taken off the linen jacket, and the sun was hot on her bare arms and shoulders. She fashioned the flowers into a tight, round bouquet and began to ring it with stiff green leaves. "When we first got there," she went on reflectively, "when Martin cried so hard, I probably would have spoiled everything if you hadn't stopped me. I'd have babied him and made everything much worse. You must have thought I was pretty silly."

John lay on his back, his arms folded beneath his head, watching the rolling banks of clouds. "I thought you were very sweet," he said.

Francesca turned away from him, reaching out to gather more of the green leaves. She was delighted, confused, a little frightened. The dependable slow pace of her life had suddenly accelerated, leaving her breathless and unprepared.

Last night John had been just another nice young man at a party. She had played the game about him when she had gone to bed, and it was still all in fun. Today it had been different. He was a man charged with responsibility, assured, capable, kind, understanding. But it wasn't that alone. When he had taken her hand to lead her down to the riverbank, she had experienced a small sharp thrill, and just now, when he called her "sweet," her heart skipped a beat. She needed to draw back, collect herself. She concentrated on the bouquet, pushing the leaves firmly into place. "What's the matter with Martin? I mean he seemed awfully small and sad but not sick at all."

"Martin?" John said. "He isn't sick. What made you think so?"

"Being taken to the home by a doctor, I suppose."

"A doctor?"

"And you said last night it was a business trip," she reminded him.

HE SAT up then, locking his arms around his knees, and looked at her. "Small, homeless boys are my business, Francesca. But I'm not a doctor. I'm a minister."

She couldn't conceal her surprise. "But they said— Last night at the party they said—" She stopped. What was it they had said? Dr. Pilmer's assistant. Aunt Rae had repeated it this morning. "Who is Dr. Pilmer?"

"The minister of Highland Church. I'm his assistant. I thought you knew."

"Oh, yes, of course," she said brightly, as if the fact had just slipped her mind.

She had loosened the hand holding the bouquet, and the flowers spilled down the skirt of her dress. She began to gather them together and wondered what she would say next. She had never talked to a minister before, all alone. Her family belonged to a church at home, but they practically never went to Sunday services. Although she had been a small girl when it happened, she still kept the frightening memory of meeting the minister on the street and remembered his question: "And were you in Sunday school yesterday, Francesca?" Tongue-tied, she had stared at him. An answer had seemed superfluous. Surely those penetrating blue eyes beneath the rough white eyebrows could see right into her mind, could see right back to the picnic on the beach where her family had been at Sunday-school time.

John was still looking at her. Self-consciously, she reached for her jacket and slipped it on, her fingers beginning to work with the long row of tiny buttons.

He said, "I didn't realize that it had cooled off."

"I guess it really hasn't," she answered uncertainly.

He stood up, brushing twigs and bits of leaves from his trousers. "Perhaps we should be starting back."

Obediently, she jumped up too. "Yes," she said, "I think we should be." They climbed the slope. She still held the reconstructed bouquet, the flowers rather bedraggled and sad now.

"Perhaps you'd rather go straight home, Francesca. We don't have to drive to Hilton for dinner, you know." There was a note of asperity in his voice that made her look at him. Across his cheek was the reddened imprint of the grass he had lain on, and a lock of his hair had separated itself from the rest and jutted out above his forehead. At once she laughed. This wasn't a minister she was talking to. It was John.

"What kind of a deal is that?" she inquired. "Asking a girl to have dinner with you and then inviting her to go home instead?"

John swung the car back onto the highway. "It's about an hour's drive to Hilton," he said, and began to whistle.

The following night he took her to a

movie. Several times during the week they played tennis, and on Saturday night they went together to Ellen Myer's square dance. When he brought her back to Aunt Rae's, he kissed her. From anyone else, it would have seemed a "good night, I had a nice time" sort of kiss. The kiss from John was different, though she couldn't say how. Exciting, disturbing—most disturbing because even while she welcomed it she also withdrew. Like the day on the riverbank with him, she had a feeling of uncertainty. And, strangely, after that first night she hadn't been able to fit him into the game.

Francesca didn't see John on Sunday. She had considered going to church, though he hadn't suggested it, but when she woke up she saw with a guilty start that it was past eleven.

She drove to Courtney with him again during the third week of her visit, this time to shop for furniture for the church office. They planned to stop at the home to see Martin. "I'll take him some chocolates," she said happily.

"Better make it hard candy," John advised. "We'll get enough for all the kids."

And, of course, he was right. Martin was one of a gang of bandanna-masked cowboys who swarmed out to the car. There were plenty of suckers in the paper bag for all of them.

At the end of the afternoon, they went back to the church, so that John could report on his trip. Francesca went with him up the narrow stairs to the second floor. Dr. Pilmer sat at a desk littered with papers. The ceiling light shone brightly on his white head. He blinked a little when they came in, greeted Francesca and sighed as he cleared a place on the desk for the folders and catalogues John had collected.

Francesca sat on a straight chair in a corner beside a battered filing cabinet and watched the two men: one young and enthusiastic, the other quite old, rather hesitant in his movements, bobbing his head each time a page was turned.

DR. PILMER took off his glasses and wiped them with a bit of frayed pink cloth. "You know, John," he said reflectively, "this room is like an old friend to me. The furniture in this office hasn't been changed since I came here."

"All the more reason it should be changed now, sir," John said briskly. "The finance committee appropriated the money for it two years ago."

Dr. Pilmer bobbed his head again. "All right. All right. You go ahead, John."

"But you'll want to see the pieces before we buy them."

"No," the old man said. "I trust your judgment, boy." He turned to Francesca. "You've no idea how spoiled I've become since this fellow turned up. I shove a lot of my responsibilities onto his shoulders."

John smiled modestly, but his face flushed with pleasure. Dr. Pilmer swept the folders aside and beamed at Francesca. Now his eyes were bright and full of interest. "It's very nice of John to bring his young lady to see me," he said.

Francesca was embarrassed. "Well, I'm not—" She hesitated. "You see, I'm—"

"Francesca is visiting her aunt and uncle, the Carters," John explained easily. "Having nothing better to do, she's been driving around with me on my errands."

Dr. Pilmer went to the door with her and held out his hand, frail looking, surprisingly firm. His eyes twinkled. "Keep your wits about you when you're with John," he warned. "He's a mighty persuasive fellow. And, young lady, along with all this functional stainless steel that is about to descend upon me, I'm counting on you to see that there's one roomy, comfortable chair with a cushion."

Francesca smiled at him, and suddenly she too regretted the stainless steel. The erect, white-haired man and the sturdy, scarred furniture seemed to match each other in dignity and integrity.

Aunt Rae was on the porch when they drove up. "Stay to dinner," she urged John, and he looked to Francesca to second the invitation.

"Of course, do stay," she repeated, but when she went in to help Aunt Rae, she wasn't sure whether she was glad or sorry he'd accepted. She laid a damask cloth on the dining-room table and got out the sprigged china and the best silver. She put a bowl of roses on the table and stood away from it, considering how Uncle Ed would appear in close conjunction with such formality. He would probably have on one of the violent plaid shirts he cherished. She went out to the kitchen. "Aunt Rae, do you suppose Uncle Ed will wear a coat tonight?"

AUNT RAE, frowning as she turned over the crisply browned pieces of chicken in a skillet, said, "Why, no, honey, I don't suppose. He never does, this hot weather." A little later, when she carried a dish of pickles to the table, Francesca was changing the white cloth for blue place mats and white pottery. Aunt Rae said, "It looks real pretty—either way."

Francesca, her cheeks flushed pink, said sternly, "You know it's just an ordinary supper like any other night. Just because he's eating with us, nobody is to act any different."

Aunt Rae set the pickles on the table. "I reckon nobody is acting any different, Francie, unless it's you." She smiled and straightened the collar of Francesca's blouse. "And you don't surprise me a bit, honey. He's a mighty fine young man. And not the kind to hang around a girl day after day unless it meant something special."

"Oh, Aunt Rae!" Francesca darted off to the kitchen.

The meal went off smoothly. Francesca waited with some trepidation for Uncle Ed to begin the jokes which were his unvaried contribution to the dinner conversation. Then he did begin to tell them, and John laughed so heartily that, old and fusty as they were, the jokes seemed funny for the first time to Francesca.

She did shrink a little when Aunt Rae, in reply to John's offer to help with the dishes, said archly, "Now, you two don't want to stay around with us old folks. You run along and have a good time."

Uncle Ed thumped John on the shoulder. "You've got plenty of years ahead of you to be hanging onto a dish towel. Believe me, I know."

It flustered Francesca, but John was smiling and unruffled. When they walked out to the car, she knew that the few simple remarks he'd made had left her aunt feeling like a matchless cook and had left her uncle satisfied that he was an expert storyteller.

"I don't see how you do it," she said.

"Do what?"

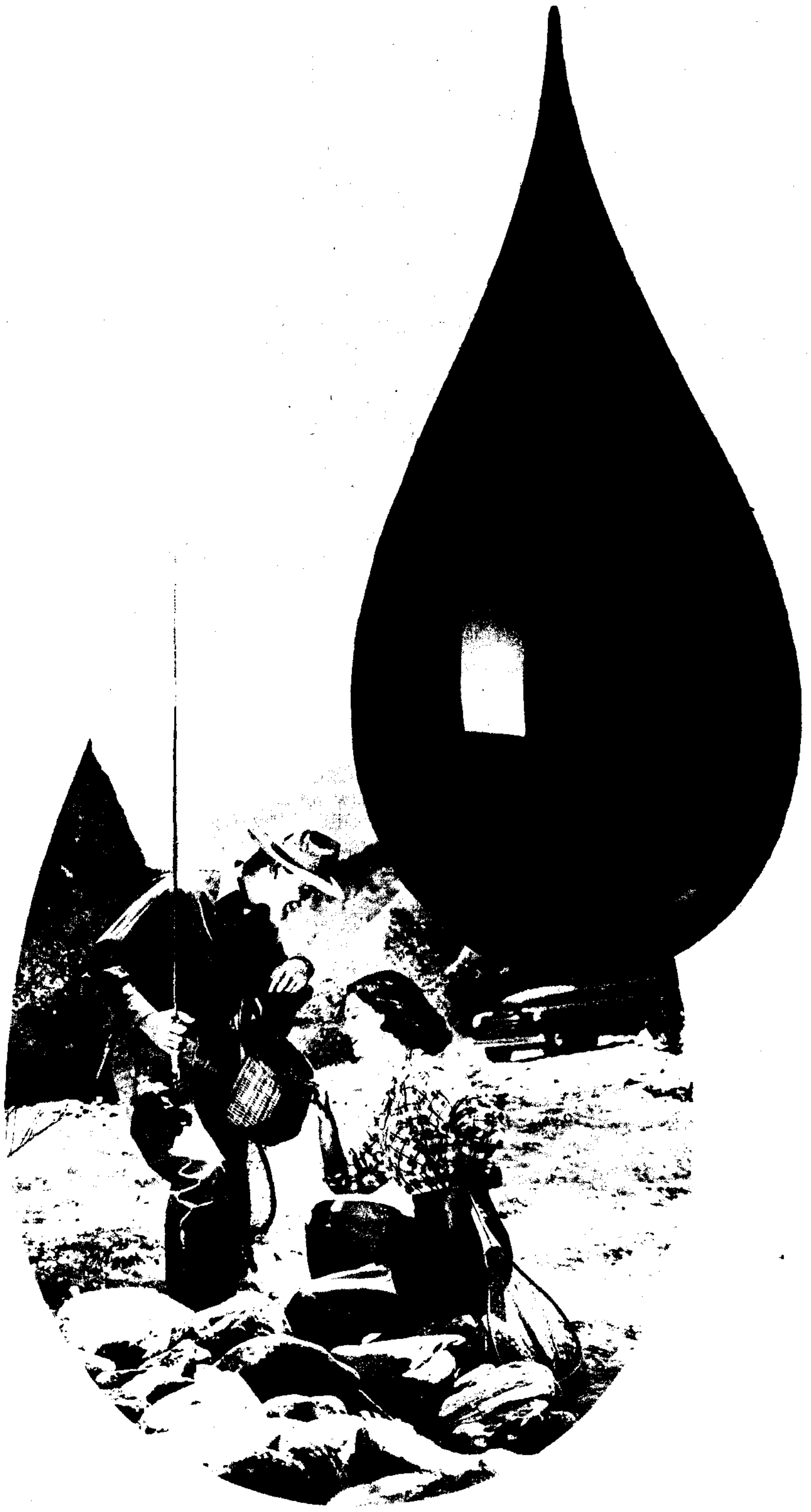
"Make everyone feel so wonderful so easily. Make everyone like you."

"It's an art," he said with affected modesty, and then he grinned at her. "Cultivated, of course."

He drove to the outskirts of the town and parked at the edge of a lot where a night baseball game was in progress. But the activity, the noise, seemed removed from them, like a scene recorded on film.

"Francesca," John said, "I'd like to cultivate my art with you." He spoke in the flippant language of his generation, but his statement was honest and direct. She knew exactly what he meant.

And there again was that odd sense of delighted anticipation, of joy—and of withdrawal, a desire for postponement. "Dr. Pilmer warned me of your per-



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suasiveness," she said with a breathless laugh. It was too glib, too coyly evasive. She added, with haste and, this time, sincerity, "John, tell me. How was it you decided what you wanted to do with your life?"

"I think I always knew." She glanced up at him. If he felt rebuffed, he didn't show it. His face was serene, his smile warm, unresentful. "There was a revival meeting in my town when I was a kid. I was moved by that and decided I wanted to be a minister. But if I hadn't made that decision then, I would have later. I simply felt it was meant to be."

"It must be wonderful to be sure of yourself, of what is ahead for you." Francesca's voice was small, wistful. He didn't hear her.

"Of course the exciting part," he went on, "the real break, was getting to come here right out of school to assist Dr. Pilmer. That was better than anything I'd ever dreamed of. That way I skipped right over the hard beginning. The most I'd hoped for was a little church somewhere in the country."

"You wouldn't have liked a little church in the country nearly so well," Francesca said earnestly. "I read a book about it once. A minister's wife wrote it. I guess the congregations can be terribly critical, and they think they ought to know everything about the minister's family. Why, those people in the book I read even criticized her hats. They thought she shouldn't wear flowers on them. I don't see how she stood it," she finished heatedly, and then stopped short, wondering what had led her into such an ill-considered outburst and wondering if she had offended him.

But John was laughing. "Well, Francesca, that's one point that shouldn't trouble you. In all the time I've known you, you haven't had a hat on your head." He was amused, interested, going along with her, but he hadn't lost sight of his objective. "Francesca," he said again, and bent his head to hers.

She stiffened against his arm. "No, John. No, please."

HE RELEASED her at once. "There's one thing Dr. Pilmer didn't tell you about me," he said quietly, without rancor. "I may be persuasive but I never try to persuade anyone directly against his will. I'll wait, Francesca."

She was glad Aunt Rae and Uncle Ed were asleep when she crept up to her room. She couldn't bear to face them, not anyone, not even herself. She stood in the center of the small, dark room, her arms hugged against her breast. "Oh, John, John, why can't I say I'll marry you when I know I love you so much?" The words whispered in the still room were at once the recognized truth. She did love him. From the beginning it had been special and quite different. It had been special and different for him too. She knew that. And yet she deliberately ruined the beauty, the peace of it, for them both.

She undressed and lay in her bed shivering a little, and faced up to her fears. What kind of a person am I? Am I so unstable, so immature that I can't make an important decision? Or—the greater fear—do I refuse him because he is a minister? She denied it to herself. But I'm not that kind of person. All the other times when she had played the game with herself, it wasn't important what the boy did. Defensively, she remembered back. Ted, who had worked in the filling station. When she played the game about Ted, she had helped him save until he could buy a station of his own. And Freddy, that boy at camp who said he was going to be an explorer someday. Hadn't she plodded through trackless jungles beside him, and at a lonely campfire transcribed endless notes and cooked meals out of practically nothing at all?

She tried to straighten it out in her mind. Everything she knew about John was good. He was gentle and kind; people respected and admired him; he was handsome, fun to be with. In addition to all this, he was in love with her, and she loved him. But still she couldn't marry him. Her hands pressed her hot cheeks. Why? Why? She thought: It will never be morning, but I don't want to sleep. I might dream, and dreaming could be even worse than thinking.

When she opened her eyes, though, it was morning and she hadn't dreamed at all. Aunt Rae was bending over her. "It's John, Francie," she said. "He called to say that he's on his way over. I didn't have a chance to tell him you were still asleep."

Francesca was downstairs, warming a pot of coffee Aunt Rae had left on the stove for her, when John burst into the house. "Francesca, something big has come up. I'm going to preach the sermon tomorrow morning!"

His pause was dramatic. "You don't preach often?" she asked uncertainly.

"This will be the first time at Highland Church," he explained rapidly, eagerly. "I'm just the assistant minister, you know. I make calls, collect pledges, run errands around the church, sometimes make the announcements during the Sunday service or even give the morning prayer, but I've never preached the sermon before. I've thought about it though—how it would be, standing there before all those people in that great auditorium. Why, Francesca, some of the greatest ministers in the world have preached from that pulpit."

"What about Dr. Pilmer?"

Some of the brightness went out of John's face. "He slipped on the stairs to the office. He isn't really hurt, but the doctor's keeping him in bed a few days."

"And so now you're to have your chance."

He unfolded the papers he carried. "I worked on my sermon all night. I want you to hear it."

"Yes, of course, John." His excitement had communicated itself to her. He took a pencil from his pocket and, holding the sheets of paper against the refrigerator, crossed out some words and scribbled in a new sentence. Francesca looked around the kitchen. On the stove, the coffeepot bubbled, and Uncle Ed's eggcup bobbed in the sink. The surroundings weren't quite right for working on a sermon. She was glad that Uncle Ed was at the office and Aunt Rae was out doing her marketing. She led the way into the living room. John followed, his head bent over the manuscript, so that he only missed walking into the doorframe.

She sat down on the davenport, impressed, a little nervous, weighted with responsibility. After all, what did she know about sermons? But she wouldn't fail him. She would do her best to help.

JOHN stood in front of the white-painted brick fireplace and, facing her, began. Watching him, she thought: How good and honest he is; no wonder people admire and trust him; no wonder I love him. Then she tried hard to concentrate on what he was saying. She couldn't really help unless she listened. His words were honest, and his voice was strong with conviction. She wasn't exactly sure what a sermon should be, but surely there had been none better than this one. It seemed scarcely possible that the John with whom she had laughed and joked could know all these things, could express so fluently such wise, fundamental ideas—things she herself believed in a vague, wondering sort of fashion but which she could never organize into spoken words. She felt humble and very proud of him.

She concentrated hard. She would help if she could. And then there was the sentence, brilliant, polished like the rest, but its meaning, to her at least, was obscure.

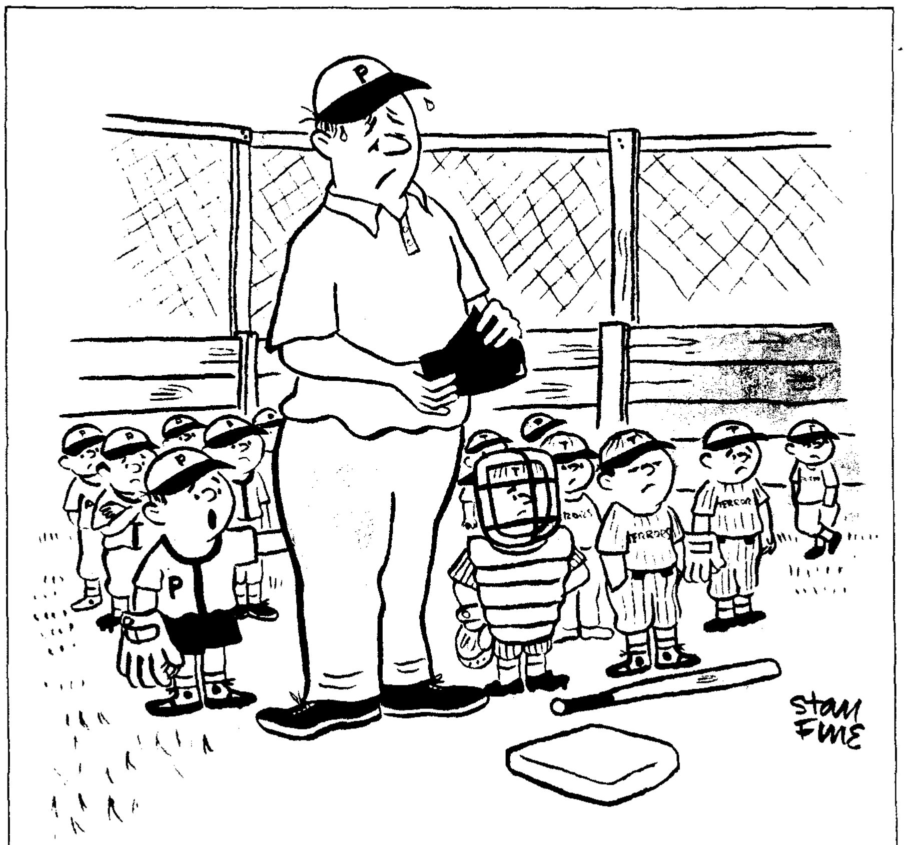
She leaned forward. "John."

He stopped speaking.

"John, I think—that last sentence—"

He raised his hand a little to check her and glanced hastily at the clock on the mantel. "Never mind now, Francesca." His smile was both an apology and a dismissal. "You can tell me later if you want to. You see, I'm timing this. It ought to run about twenty minutes."

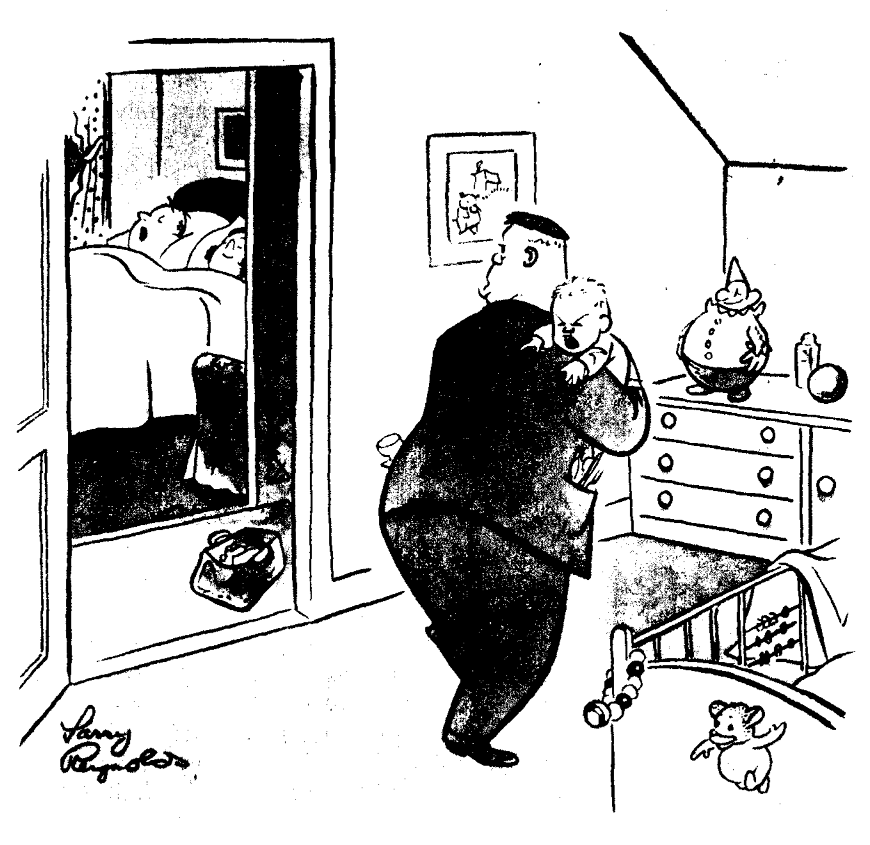
Her hands lay open in her lap. She bent her head and looked down at them. She should have known better, of course.



"The man who's running out must be the proprietor. But, one thing, Pop, you're the first one that ever reached that greenhouse from home plate in the history of our team"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "I still say you woke him yourself wit' your loud snorin' " LARRY REYNOLDS

She should have known that, sitting here facing him, she was merely a proxy for the hundreds of people who would face him as he stood in the pulpit of Highland Church in the morning. The sermon was perfect. He didn't need her help with it. He hadn't asked for her help. He hadn't asked anything of her.

He finished the sermon while she sat there looking down at her hands. It was all understandable now, reasonable and perfectly hopeless. She knew why she couldn't marry John. Marriage to her meant helping her husband, sharing in his work. John would require very little of his wife. He would assume the responsibilities of marriage as serenely, as competently as he did every other duty. His complete self-sufficiency had been evident all the time they had known each other, but she hadn't recognized it as a stumbling block, as the thing that would keep them apart. With little Martin, John had been wonderful, had known exactly how to make things easiest for the child. He had remembered to take candy for all the children, when she would have thoughtlessly bought for one. He had known how to win the approval of Uncle Ed and Aunt Rae. Even Dr. Pilmer was influenced by him. Such capability and rightness in anyone else might have antagonized people. But it was not so with John. The honesty of his smile, the sincerity of his laughter won out for him.

SHE thought, with dull pain: When I tell him I can't marry him, it will be a hurt, but it won't shatter him as it does me. He'll face the disappointment with a quiet courage and overcome it, because basically he's that kind of person.

She clasped her hands tightly. He's wonderful, and I love him, but he's not for me. Married to John, she would grow smaller and smaller, quite lose her identity, because the pivotal point of her whole plan for living was to be needed, to be essential to her husband in achieving his goal. . . .

She had determined to sleep late the next morning, right past eleven o'clock, as she had the Sunday before. In the afternoon she would tell John, and the next day she would go home. She was wide awake at ten. At a quarter of eleven, she slipped out of the side door of the house because Aunt Rae and Uncle Ed were eating breakfast on the porch.

Highland Church was one of the oldest, a stern, dignified, gray-stone building. The congregation had assembled, and she slipped into a seat on the side aisle. The old gentleman in front of her turned to give her his hymnal, open to the page of the first song.

Singing, the choir entered the stalls, and John came to the pulpit, looking strange to her in his frock coat and folded dark tie. The palms of her hands were wet, and her voice choked so that she couldn't sing. She should never have come. She was relieved that, seated far in the back as she was, he couldn't possibly see her. How idiotic of her to be frightened for him when he himself was composed.

She heard vaguely the announcements, the anthem, the morning prayer; and then there was a pause. People slipped their songbooks into the holders on the backs of the seats. Purses, gloves were settled in laps. A quiet descended on the auditorium, and John came forward to the lectern. He put a hand on either side of the square, boxlike stand and began. She remembered his opening, how forceful it was. Now it seemed even more forceful, more convincing.

He broke off and adjusted the small light on the stand. His hand jerked across the papers, and one of them fluttered to the floor. He moved as if he would retrieve it and then turned back to the lectern. He was speaking again, and again she remembered the words. But there was another pause, and he took his handkerchief from his pocket. When he continued, she realized that she was leaning forward to hear. His voice that had rung out so clearly seemed small and far away. Others around her leaned forward too.

She saw him touch his handkerchief to his forehead and then, astonished, she heard him go into the summary of his sermon, and in such a rapid, low voice that it was scarcely audible. He had skipped whole sections of his sermon. He hadn't spoken for five minutes, ten at the most. He stepped back to his chair and gave a signal to the choir director. The congregation rose and sang.

It was over, the service ended. People were heading toward the great doors at the end of the aisle. She wanted to stop them, to say, "Wait. Listen to me. He had a great sermon prepared, a wonderful sermon. Don't blame him." She looked at the gentle faces of the people. There were no expressions of criticism, no whispered comments of surprise. Just the usual quiet leave-taking of friends.

APOLOGIZING, she shoved her way through the crowd. She knew where John would be. She climbed the narrow stairs to the office on the second floor. He sat at Dr. Pilmer's desk. He had taken off the frock coat and the black tie. His white shirt was rumpled. His head rested on his folded arms. When he looked up at her, his face was haggard. "I can't do it," he said hollowly. "My very first chance, and I failed."

She lifted the coat from the floor, shook it and laid it, folded, over the back of a chair. In a voice shaky with tears, she scolded, "You look as if you hadn't had anything to eat. I bet you forgot breakfast."

"Breakfast," John repeated bitterly. "How can you stand there and talk about food? Don't you see what's happened, Francesca? This thing I've worked for all my life is gone. I'm lost. A failure before I've even begun." He got up and walked to the window, facing away from her. "It came to me quite suddenly as I stood there looking down at them—my conceit, my assurance, the fine things I had to say to them, my advice to them. My advice! I looked down into all those wise, kind faces. The things I had to tell them they already knew. And they hadn't found their knowledge in a bunch of books, as I had. They knew because they'd lived it all. My dreams were their realities. And I stood there where great men had stood, a young fool, reciting platitudes." He said wearily, "It's no use at all. I'm all wrong. My sermon was no good."

Fiercely, she said, "Your sermon was wonderful. It was—just the wrong time and the wrong place for it. You've tried to skip your beginning, John. I guess you can't do that."

He swung around to look at her. His smile was mirthless, but there was a kind of hope in his eyes. "You mean I ought to be in a little country church somewhere?"

"I mean something like that. There are churches that don't need grand preaching from a minister as much as they need patience and kindness and hard work." She stumbled a little, trying so hard in so strange a field. "There are people like me who need to hear what you have to say."

He caught at the idea. "A struggling little church somewhere. I'd try my very hardest, you know." He broke off. "But it wouldn't be easy, Francesca. There'd be very little money. Even less than I get here. And you know what you said about the hats and things." He held out his hand, not offering strength, but seeking strength from her. "I'm afraid it would be a pretty hard life."

She smiled. "Not half so hard, I'm sure, as handling a gas pump or cooking meals in a jungle." She laughed at his bewilderment. "Someday I'll tell you," she promised. "Some cold winter evening by the fire, when I'm busily ripping from my new hat the daisies a member of your congregation has found objectionable."

Then, sweet and serious, she made him another promise. "You'll preach again from this pulpit, John. When the time is right, you'll be back."

"Yes, Francesca," he said. "We will, won't we?" ▲▲▲

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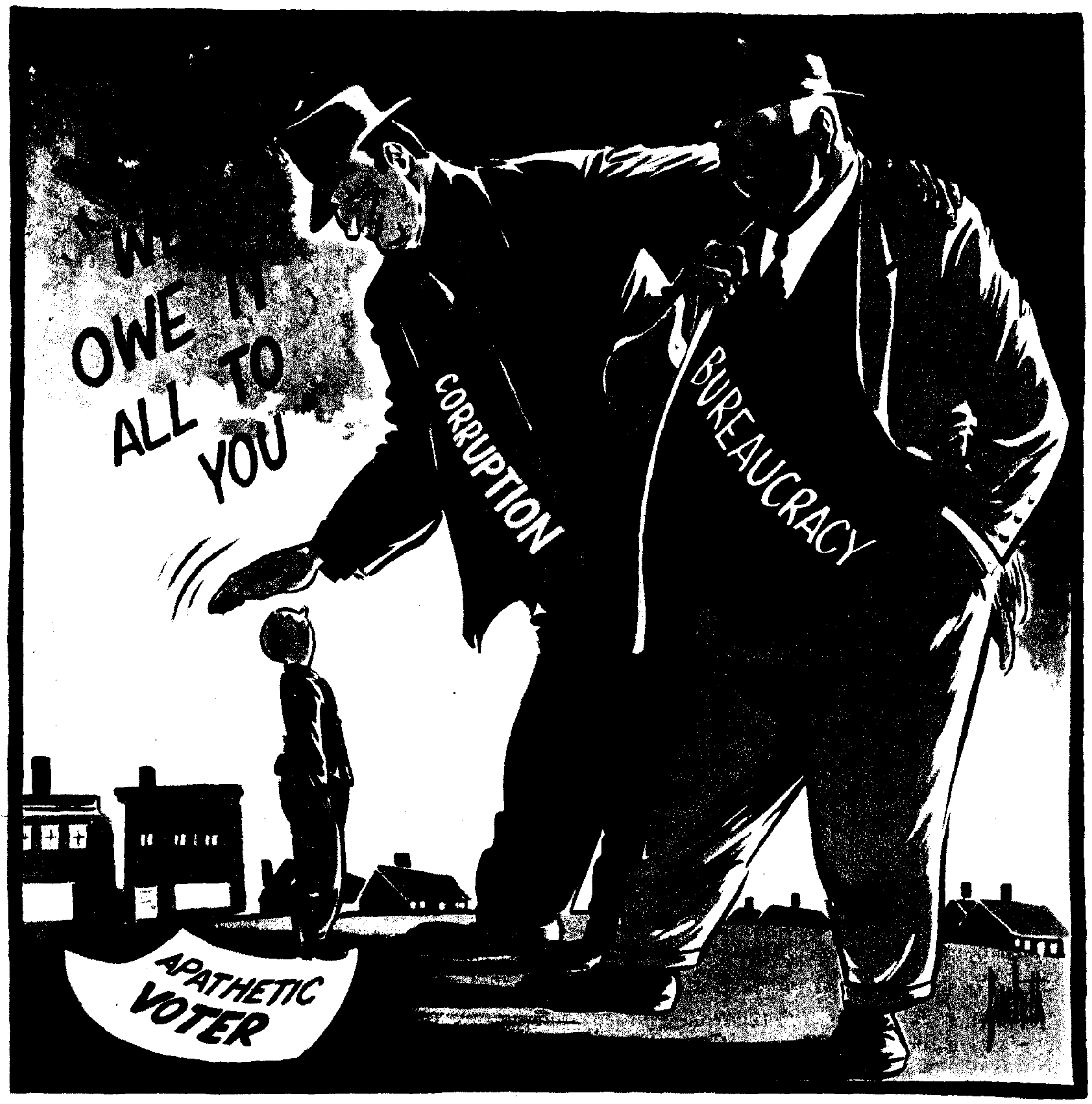

JOHN FISCHETTI

And You and You and You

WE HAVE HAD A GOOD DEAL to say on this page about the evils of Big Government. But it may be that we have not said enough about the frequently overlooked fact that Big Government really begins at home—in towns and cities all over America.

This fact emphasizes Collier's belief that the increasing tendency of the federal government to encroach on private lives and private business is unhealthy, and that the concentration of authority and influence in Washington and the ever-growing payroll of bureaucracy have been deliberately planned for political ends. But first of all there had to be a climate in which Big Government could exist and grow bigger. There was and is such a climate. It is made up of a lot of individual and local indifference. And so long as American communities keep on assigning more and more responsibilities to Washington—from financing local improvements to policing local governments—we shall have more bureaucracy and more of the corruption that goes with it.

So it seems to us that this Presidential campaign offers a real test of the American people's desire and capacity for self-government. A vast number of citizens are obviously aroused, disgusted and shocked by recent revelations of corruption in government. We think it is safe to say that those feelings are shared by members of both parties. For certainly Senator Kefauver owes the spontaneous popularity which brought him to national prominence in Democratic politics to his investigation of such corruption.

Yet it can also be said, with no discredit to the senator, that the Kefauver committee's investigations should never have been necessary. For all that they disclosed, in city after city, were situations which the local authorities were surely aware of, and which many citizens must have known. All the tools were at hand to correct those situations without federal intervention. There were laws, and there were still honest people to enforce them. But there also was a widespread indifference to what was going on.

Indifference breeds political machines. Indifference nurtures the spread of gambling and rackets. Indifference also encourages bribery and collusion between politicians and hoodlums. The shameful and too-familiar spectacle of the lowest, most lawless elements of society controlling the government of many American cities, large and small, would not be possible without the passive assistance of complacent citizens.

The total cost of all this, in money, morals and public safety, is tremendous. The gamblers' "take" runs into billions on a national scale. Those billions are diverted from family support to the pockets of racketeers, and the pockets are almost never tapped by the tax collector.

The bribery and collusion that go with the rackets lead to a general laxity of law enforcement. For crime begets crime. And a corrupt municipal government, for a price, will shut its eyes to more and more violations of the law.

When local situations get too bad, the state or federal government, or both, may have to move in. This diverts men from their regular assignments, and public money from the purpose for which it was intended. And it not only adds to the cost of indifference. It tends to undermine the public's faith in honest, efficient local government, and adds to the dependence on a higher centralized authority.

Beyond all this we must consider the political implications of local corruption that arises from local complacency. Most crooked politicians are members of a party organization. And, party loyalties being what they are, it is not unknown for a machine to protect its crooked politicians and to conceal or soft-pedal their wrongdoing. This process of concealment may sometimes reach all the way to the White House. Hence the indignation at some of the machinations of the Truman administration. We think the indignation is righteous and justified. But it might more effectively have begun at home.

Since it didn't, we hope that this general indignation will overcome indifference on Election Day. We hope and trust that a majority of the voters will favor a change of party administration. But that change won't come about if only the usual 50 or 55 per cent of the qualified voters take advantage of the privilege of naming their choice for the head of the national government.

As a proof of indifference, this country's unenviable stay-at-home record in Presidential elections is bad enough. But the small vote in the average municipal election is even worse. It shows that too many of us forget that self-government is not a passive function. It shows that we fail to realize that the home town is the cradle of self-government, and that an active interest in the home-town government is one of the principal weapons against the evils of overcentralization and corruption. It is important that all of us who are physically able and duly qualified vote in the November elections. But it is also well to remember that we do not discharge our responsibilities of self-government by one trip to the polls every four years.

Unforgotten Man

WE HOPE that Herbert Hoover's seventy-eighth birthday, on August 10th, will be a happy one. And if the former President finds satisfaction in a long life of continuing accomplishment, we believe that it will be. In the past year Congress has put into practice still more of Mr. Hoover's wise recommendations for government reorganization. The Hoover memoirs were read by millions when they first appeared in Collier's. Two volumes which have appeared in book form spent several weeks on the best-seller lists, and the third volume, to be published September 3d, should enjoy a similar success.

We wish that we had space to publish all the many letters, expressing the respect and esteem of his countrymen, which we received when the memoirs were appearing in this magazine. But we can assure Mr. Hoover that they reflected an abiding gratitude for his many years of public service. And this assurance, together with the recollection of the spontaneous ovation he received at the Republican National Convention, should help convince Mr. Hoover that after 20 years away from public office he is, to reverse the slogan of one of his political opposites, the unforgotten man.

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See for yourself why Luckies taste so CLEAN and FRESH and MILD!

Strip the paper from a Lucky by carefully tearing down the seam from end to end. Make sure it's from a newly opened pack and that you don't dig into or disturb the tobacco. Lay the cigarette down on a flat surface and gently lift out the tobacco. Then compare it with a cigarette made by any other manufacturer.

You'll see Lucky Strike doesn't fall apart, but remains a perfect cylinder of fresh, clean tobacco—round, firm, fully packed. And note how free Luckies are from air spaces or "hot spots" that smoke harsh and dry—from annoying loose ends. That's why Luckies always smoke smoothly, evenly—give you that fresh, mild, clean taste.

You've seen that Luckies are made better—to taste better. Now light up a Lucky. You can *taste* the difference! For Lucky Strike means *fine* tobacco—long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette that's made better—to taste better! So, make *your* next carton—Lucky Strike! Be Happy—Go Lucky!

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AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

Be Happy-**GO LUCKY!**